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THE
FRENCH REVOLUTION:

A HISTORY.

BY

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Μέγα ὁ ἀγὼν ἔστι, θεῖον γὰρ ἔργον· ὑπὲρ βασιλείας, ὑπὲρ ἐλευθερίας,
ὑπὲρ εὐροίας, ὑπὲρ ἀταραξίας. ARRIANUS.

Δόγμα γὰρ αὐτῶν τίς μεταβάλλει; χωρὶς δὲ δογμάτων μεταβολῆς, τί
ἄλλο ἢ δουλεία στενόντων καὶ πείθεσθαι προσποιουμένων; ANTONINUS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

THE GUILLOTINE.

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1893.

Alle Freiheits-Apostel, sie waren mir immer zuwider ;

Willkür suchte doch nur Jeder am Ende für sich.

Willst du Viele befreien, so wag' es Vielen zu dienen.

Wie gefährlich das sey, willst du es wissen? Versuch's!

GOETHE

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THE
FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE GUILLOTINE.

BOOK FIRST.

SEPTEMBER.

CHAPTER I.

THE IMPROVISED COMMUNE.

YE have roused her, then, ye Emigrants and Despots of the world ; France is roused ! Long have ye been lecturing and tutoring this poor Nation, like cruel uncalled-for pedagogues, shaking over her your ferulas of fire and steel : it is long that ye have pricked and filliped and affrighted her, there as she sat helpless in her dead cerements of a Constitution, you gathering in on her from all lands, with your armaments and plots, your invadings and truculent bullyings ;—and lo now, ye have pricked her to the quick, and she is up, and her blood is up. The dead cerements are rent into cobwebs, and she fronts you in that terrible strength of Nature, which no man has measured, which goes down to Madness and Tophet : see now how ye will deal with her.

This month of September 1792, which has become one of the memorable months of History, presents itself under two most

diverse aspects ; all of black on the one side, all of bright on the other. Whatsoever is cruel in the panic frenzy of Twenty-five million men, whatsoever is great in the simultaneous death-defiance of Twenty-five million men, stand here in abrupt contrast, near by one another. As indeed is usual when a man, how much more when a Nation of men, is hurled suddenly beyond the limits. For Nature, as green as she looks, rests everywhere on dread foundations, were we farther down ; and Pan, to whose music the Nymphs dance, has a cry in him that can drive all men distracted.

Very frightful it is when a Nation, rending asunder its Constitutions and Regulations which were grown dead cerements for it, becomes *transcendental* ; and must now seek its wild way through the New, Chaotic,—where Force is not yet distinguished into Bidden and Forbidden, but Crime and Virtue welter unseparated,—in that domain of what is called the Passions ; of what we call the Miracles and the Portents ! It is thus that, for some three years to come, we are to contemplate France, in this final Third Part of our History. Sansculottism reigning in all its grandeur and in all its hideousness : the Gospel (God's-message) of Man's Rights, Man's *mights* or strengths, once more preached irrefragably abroad ; along with this, and still louder for the time, the fearfulest Devil's-Message of Man's weaknesses and sins ;—and all on such a scale, and under such aspect : cloudy 'death-birth of a world !' huge smoke-cloud, streaked with rays as of heaven on one side ; girt on the other as with hell-fire ! History tells us many things : but for the last thousand years and more, what thing has she told us of a sort like this ? Which therefore let us two, O Reader, dwell on willingly, for a little ; and from its endless significance endeavour to extract what may, in present circumstances, be adapted for us.

It is unfortunate, though very natural, that the history of this Period has so generally been written in hysterics. Exaggeration abounds, execration, wailing ; and, on the whole, darkness. But thus too, when foul old Rome had to be swept from the Earth, and those Northmen, and other horrid sons of Nature, came in, 'swallowing formulas,' as the French now do, foul old Rome screamed execratively her loudest ; so that the true shape of many things is lost for us. Attila's Huns had arms of such length that they could lift a stone without stooping. Into the body of the poor Tatars execrative Roman History intercalated

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an alphabetic letter ; and so they continue Tartars, of fell Tartarean nature, to this day. Here, in like manner, search as we will in these multiform innumerable French Records, darkness too frequently covers, or sheer distraction bewilders. One finds it difficult to imagine that the Sun shone in this September month, as he does in others. Nevertheless it is an indisputable fact that the Sun did shine ; and there was weather and work,—nay as to that, very bad weather for harvest-work ! An unlucky Editor may do his utmost ; and after all require allowances.

He had been a wise Frenchman, who, looking close at hand on this waste aspect of France all stirring and whirling, in ways new, untried, had been able to discern where the cardinal movement lay ; which tendency it was that had the rule and primary direction of it then ! But at forty-four years' distance, it is different. To all men now, two cardinal movements or grand tendencies, in the September whirl, have become discernible enough : that stormful effluence towards the Frontiers ; that frantic crowding towards Town-houses and Council-halls in the interior. Wild France dashes, in desperate death-defiance, towards the Frontiers, to defend itself from foreign Despots ; crowds towards Townhalls and Election Committee-rooms, to defend itself from domestic Aristocrats. Let the Reader conceive well these two cardinal movements ; and what side-currents and endless vortexes might depend on these. He shall judge too, whether, in such sudden wreckage of all old Authorities, such a pair of cardinal movements, half-frantic in themselves, could be of soft nature ? As in dry Sahara, when the winds waken, and lift and winnow the immensity of sand ! The air itself (Travellers say) is a dim sand-air ; and dim looming through it, the wonderfulest uncertain colonnades of Sand-Pillars rush whirling from this side and from that, like so many mad Spinning-Dervishes, of a hundred feet in stature ; and dance their huge Desert-waltz there !—

Nevertheless, in all human movements, were they but a day old, there is order, or the beginning of order. Consider two things in this Sahara-waltz of the French Twenty-five millions ; or rather one thing, and one hope of a thing ; the *Commune* (Municipality) of Paris, which is already here ; the National Convention, which shall in a few weeks be here. The Insurrectionary Commune, which, improvising itself on the eve of the Tenth

of August, worked this ever-memorable Deliverance by explosion, must needs rule over it,—till the Convention meet. This Commune, which they may well call a spontaneous or ‘improvised’ Commune, is, for the present, sovereign of France. The Legislative, deriving its authority from the Old, how can *it* now have authority when the Old is exploded by insurrection? As a floating piece of wreck, certain things, persons and interests may still cleave to it: volunteer defenders, riflemen or pikemen in green uniform, or red nightcap (of *bonnet rouge*), defile before it daily, just on the wing towards Brunswick; with the brandishing of arms; always with some touch of Leonidas-eloquence, often with a fire of daring that threatens to outherd Herod,—the Galleries, ‘especially the Ladies, never done with applauding.’¹ Addresses of this or the like sort can be received and answered, in the hearing of all France; the Salle de Manège is still useful as a place of proclamation. For which use, indeed, it now chiefly serves. Vergniaud delivers spirit-stirring orations; but always with a prophetic sense only, looking towards the coming Convention. “Let our memory perish,” cries Vergniaud; “but let France be free!”—whereupon they all start to their feet, shouting responsive: “Yes, yes, *périssent notre mémoire, pourvu que la France soit libre!*”² Disfrocked Chabot adjures Heaven that at least we may “have done with Kings;” and fast as powder under spark, we all blaze-up once more, and with waved hats shout and swear: “Yes, *nous le jurons; plus de rois!*”³ All which, as a method of proclamation, is very convenient.

For the rest, that our busy Brissots, rigorous Rolands, men who once had authority, and now have less and less; men who love law, and will have even an Explosion explode itself as far as possible according to rule, do find this state of matters most unofficial-unsatisfactory,—is not to be denied. Complaints are made; attempts are made: but without effect. The attempts even recoil; and must be desisted from, for fear of worse: the sceptre has departed from this Legislative once and always. A poor Legislative, so hard was fate, had let itself be hand-gyved, nailed to the rock like an Andromeda, and could only wail there to the Earth and Heavens; miraculously a winged Perseus (or Improvised Commune) has dawned out of the void Blue, and cut her loose: but whether now is it she, with her softness and

¹ Moore's *Journal*, i. 85. ² *Hist. Parl.* xvii. 467. ³ *Ibid.* xvii. 437.

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musical speech, or is it he, with his hardness and sharp falchion and ægis, that shall have casting-vote? Melodious *agreement* of vote; this were the rule! But if otherwise, and votes diverge, then surely Andromeda's part is to weep,—if possible, tears of gratitude alone.

Be content, O France, with this Improvised Commune, such as it is! It has the implements, and has the hands: the time is not long. On Sunday the twenty-sixth of August, our Primary Assemblies shall meet, begin electing of Electors; on Sunday the second of September (may the day prove lucky!) the Electors shall begin electing Deputies; and so an all-healing National Convention will come together. No *marc d'argent*, or distinction of Active and Passive, now insults the French Patriot: but there is universal suffrage, unlimited liberty to choose. Old-Constituents, Present-Legislators, all France is eligible. Nay it may be said, the flower of all the Universe (*de l'Univers*) is eligible; for in these very days we, by act of Assembly, 'naturalise' the chief Foreign Friends of Humanity: Priestley, burnt out for us in Birmingham; Klopstock, a genius of all countries; Jeremy Bentham, useful Jurisconsult; distinguished Paine, the rebellious Needleman;—some of whom may be chosen. As is most fit; for a Convention of this kind. In a word, Seven-hundred and Forty-five unshackled sovereigns, admired of the universe, shall replace this hapless impotency of a Legislative,—out of which, it is likely, the best Members, and the Mountain in mass, may be re-elected. Roland is getting ready the *Salle des Cent Suisses*, as preliminary rendezvous for them; in that void Palace of the Tuileries, now void and National, and not a Palace, but a Caravansera.

As for the Spontaneous Commune, one may say that there never was on Earth a stranger Town-Council. Administration, not of a great City, but of a great Kingdom in a state of revolt and frenzy, this is the task that has fallen to it. Enrolling, provisioning, judging; devising, deciding, doing, endeavouring to do: one wonders the human brain did not give way under all this, and reel. But happily human brains have such a talent of taking up simply what they can carry, and ignoring all the rest; leaving all the rest, as if it were not there! Whereby somewhat is verily shifted for; and much shifts for itself. This Improvised Commune walks along, nothing doubting; promptly making front, without fear or flurry, at what moment soever, to the

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wants of the moment. Were the world on fire, one improvised tricolor Municipal has but one life to lose. They are the elixir and chosen-men of Sansculottic Patriotism ; promoted to the forlorn-hope ; unspeakable victory or a high gallows, this is their meed. They sit there, in the Townhall, these astonishing tricolor Municipals ; in Council General ; in Committee of Watchfulness (*de Surveillance*, which will even become *de Salut Public*, of Public Salvation), or what other Committees and Sub-committees are needful ;—managing infinite Correspondence ; passing infinite Decrees : one hears of a Decree being ‘the ninety-eighth of the day.’ Ready ! is the word. They carry loaded pistols in their pocket ; also some improvised luncheon by way of meal. Or indeed, by and by, *traiteurs* contract for the supply of repasts, to be eaten on the spot,—too lavishly, as it was afterwards grumbled. Thus they : girt in their tricolor sashes ; Municipal note-paper in the one hand, fire-arms in the other. They have their Agents out all over France ; speaking in townhouses, market-places, highways and byways ; agitating, urging to arm ; all hearts tingling to hear. Great is the fire of Anti-aristocrat eloquence : nay some, as Bibliopolic Momoro, seem to hint afar off at something which smells of Agrarian Law, and a surgery of the over-swoln dropsical strongbox itself ;—whereat indeed the bold Bookseller runs risk of being hanged, and Ex-Constituent Buzot has to smuggle him off.⁴

Governing Persons, were they never so insignificant intrinsically, have for most part plenty of Memoir-writers ; and the curious, in after-times, can learn minutely their goings out and comings in : which, as men always love to know their fellow-men in singular situations, is a comfort, of its kind. Not so with these Governing Persons, now in the Townhall ! And yet what most original fellow-man, of the Governing sort, high-chancellor, king, kaiser, secretary of the home or the foreign department, ever showed such a phasis as Clerk Tallien, Procureur Manuel, future Procureur Chaumette, here in this Sand-waltz of the Twenty-five millions now do ? O brother mortals,—thou Advocate Panis, friend of Danton, kinsman of Santerre ; Engraver Sergeant, since called *Agate* Sergeant ; thou Huguenin, with the tocsin in thy heart ! But, as Horace says, they wanted the sacred memoir-writer (*sacro vate*) ; and we know them not. Men bragged of August and its doings, publishing them in high

⁴ *Mémoires de Buzot* (Paris, 1823), p. 88.

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places ; but of this September none now or afterwards would brag. The September world remains dark, fuliginous, as Lapland witch-midnight ;—from which, indeed, very strange shapes will evolve themselves.

Understand this, however : that incorruptible Robespierre is not wanting, now when the brunt of battle is past ; in a stealthy way the seagreen man sits there, his feline eyes excellent in the twilight. Also understand this other, a single fact worth many : that Marat is not only there, but has a seat of honour assigned him, a *tribune particulière*. How changed for Marat ; lifted from his dark cellar into this luminous ‘peculiar tribune’ ! All dogs have their day ; even rabid dogs. Sorrowful, incurable Philoctetes Marat ; without whom Troy cannot be taken ! Hither, as a main element of the Governing Power, has Marat been raised. Royalist types, for we have ‘suppressed’ innumerable Durosoys, Royous, and even clapt them in prison, —Royalist types replace the worn types often snatched from a People’s-Friend in old ill days. In our ‘peculiar tribune’ we write and redact : Placards, of due monitory terror ; *Amis-du-Peuple* (now under the name of *Journal de la République*) ; and sit obeyed of men. ‘Marat,’ says one, ‘is the conscience of the Hôtel-de-Ville.’ *Keeper*, as some call it, of the Sovereign’s Conscience ; which surely in such hands will not lie hid in a napkin !

Two great movements, as we said, agitate this distracted National mind : a rushing against domestic Traitors, a rushing against foreign Despots. Mad movements both, restrainable by no known rule ; strongest passions of human nature driving them on : love, hatred, vengeful sorrow, braggart Nationality also vengeful,—and pale Panic over all ! Twelve-hundred slain Patriots, do they not, from their dark catacombs there, in Death’s dumb-show, plead (O ye Legislators) for vengeance ? Such was the destructive rage of these Aristocrats on the ever-memorable Tenth. Nay, apart from vengeance, and with an eye to Public Salvation only, are there not still, in this Paris (in round numbers) ‘Thirty-thousand Aristocrats,’ of the most malignant humour ; driven now to their last trump-card ?—Be patient, ye Patriots : our new High Court, ‘Tribunal of the Seventeenth,’ sits ; each Section has sent Four Jurymen ; and Danton, extinguishing improper judges, improper practices wheresoever found, is ‘the same man you have known at the Cordeliers.’ With such

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a Minister of Justice, shall not Justice be done?—Let it be swift, then, answers universal Patriotism ; swift and sure !—

One would hope, this Tribunal of the Seventeenth is swifter than most. Already on the 21st, while our Court is but four days old, Collenot d'Angremont, 'the Royalist enlister' (crimp, *embaucheur*), dies by torchlight. For, lo, the great *Guillotine*, wondrous to behold, now stands there ; the Doctor's *Idea* has become Oak and Iron ; the huge cyclopean axe 'falls in its grooves like the ram of the Pile-engine,' swiftly snuffing-out the light of men ! "*Mais vous, Gualches*, what have you invented?" *This?*—Poor old Laporte, Intendant of the Civil List, follows next ; quietly, the mild old man. Then Durosoy, Royalist Placarder, 'cashier of all the Anti-revolutionists of the interior : ' he went rejoicing ; said that a Royalist like him ought to die, of all days, on this day, the 25th or St. Louis's Day. All these have been tried, cast,—the Galleries shouting approval ; and handed over to the Realised Idea, within a week. Besides those whom we have acquitted, the Galleries murmuring, and have dismissed ; or even have personally guarded back to Prison, as the Galleries took to howling, and even to menacing and elbowing.⁵ Languid this Tribunal is not.

Nor does the other movement slacken ; the rushing against foreign Despots. Strong forces shall meet in death-grip ; drilled Europe against mad undrilled France ; and singular conclusions will be tried.—Conceive therefore, in some faint degree, the tumult that whirls in this France, in this Paris ! Placards from Section, from Commune, from Legislative, from the individual Patriot, flame monitory on all walls. Flags of Danger to Fatherland wave at the Hôtel-de-Ville ; on the Pont-Neuf—over the prostrate Statues of Kings. There is universal enlisting, urging to enlist ; there is tearful-boastful leave-taking ; irregular marching on the Great Northeastern Road. Marseillaise sing their wild *To arms*, in chorus ; which now all men, all women and children have learnt, and sing chorally, in Theatres, Boulevards, Streets ; and the heart burns in every bosom : *Aux armes ! Marchons !*—Or think how your Aristocrats are skulking into covert ; how Bertrand-Moleville lies hidden in some garret "in Aubry-le-boucher Street, with a poor surgeon who had known "me." Dame de Staël has secreted her Narbonne, not knowing what in the world to make of him. The Barriers are some-

⁵ Moore's *Journal*, i. 159-168.

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times open, oftenest shut ; no passports to be had ; Townhall Emissaries, with the eyes and claws of falcons, flitting watchful on all points of your horizon ! In two words : Tribunal of the Seventeenth, busy under howling Galleries ; Prussian Brunswick, 'over a space of forty miles,' with his war-tumbrils, and sleeping thunders, and Briarean 'sixty-six thousand'⁶ right hands, —coming, coming !

O Heavens, in these latter days of August, he is come ! Durosoy was not yet guillotined when news had come that the Prussians were harrying and ravaging about Metz ; in some four days more, one hears that Longwi, our first strong-place on the borders, is fallen 'in fifteen hours.' Quick therefore, O ye improvised Municipals ; quick, and ever quicker !—The improvised Municipals make front to this also. Enrolment urges itself ; and clothing, and arming. Our very officers have now 'wool epaulettes ;' for it is the reign of Equality, and also of Necessity. Neither do men now *monsieur* and *sir* one another ; *citoyen* (citizen) were suitabler ; we even say *thou*, as 'the free peoples of Antiquity did : ' so have Journals and the Improvised Commune suggested ; which shall be well.

Infinitely better, meantime, could we suggest, where arms are to be found. For the present, our *Citoyens* chant chorally *To arms* ; and have no arms ! Arms are searched for ; passionately ; there is joy over any musket. Moreover, entrenchments shall be made round Paris : on the slopes of Montmartre men dig and shovel ; though even the simple suspect this to be desperate. They dig ; Tricolor sashes speak encouragement and *well-speed-ye*. Nay finally 'twelve Members of the Legislative go daily,' not to encourage only, but to bear a hand, and delve : it was decreed with acclamation. Arms shall either be provided ; or else the ingenuity of man crack itself, and become fatuity. Lean Beaumarchais, thinking to serve the Fatherland, and do a stroke of trade in the old way, has commissioned sixty-thousand stand of good arms out of Holland : would to Heaven, for Fatherland's sake and his, they were come ! Meanwhile railings are torn up ; hammered into pikes ; chains themselves shall be welded together into pikes. The very coffins of the dead are raised ; for melting into balls. All Church-bells must down into the furnace to make cannon ; all Church-plate into the mint to make money. Also, behold the fair swan-bevies of *Citoyennes*

⁶ See Toulangeon, *Hist. de France*, ii. c. 5.

that have alighted in Churches, and sit there with swan-neck, —sewing tents and regimentals ! Nor are Patriotic Gifts wanting, from those that have aught left ; nor stingily given : the fair Villaumes, mother and daughter, Milliners in the Rue St.-Martin, give a ‘ silver thimble, and a coin of fifteen *sous* (sevenpence halfpenny),’ with other similar effects ; and offer, at least the mother does, to mount guard. Men who have not even a thimble, give a thimbleful, —were it but of invention. One Citoyen has wrought out the scheme of a wooden cannon ; which France shall exclusively profit by, in the first instance. It is to be made of *staves*, by the coopers ; —of almost boundless calibre, but uncertain as to strength ! Thus they : hammering, scheming, stitching, founding, with all their heart and with all their soul. Two bells only are to remain in each Parish, —for tocsin and other purposes.

But mark also, precisely while the Prussian batteries were playing their briskest at Longwi in the Northeast, and our dastardly Lavergne saw nothing for it but surrender, —southwestward, in remote, patriarchal La Vendée, that sour ferment about Nonjuring Priests, after long working, is ripe, and explodes : at the wrong moment for us ! And so we have ‘ eight-thousand Peasants at Châtillon-sur-Sèvre’ who will not be balloted for soldiers ; will not have their Curates molested. To whom Bonchamps, Larochejaquelins, and Seigneurs enough of a Royalist turn, will join themselves ; with Stofflets and Charettes ; with Heroes and Chouan Smugglers ; and the loyal warmth of a simple people, blown into flame and fury by theological and seignorial bellows ! So that there shall be fighting from behind ditches, death-volleys bursting out of thickets and ravines of rivers ; huts burning, feet of the pitiful women hurrying to refuge with their children on their back ; seed-fields fallow, whitened with human bones ; —‘ eighty-thousand, of all ages, ranks, sexes, flying at once across the Loire,’ with wail borne far on the winds : and in brief, for years coming, such a suite of scenes as glorious war has not offered in these late ages, not since our Albigenes and Crusadings were over, —save indeed some chance Palatinate, or so, we might have to ‘ burn,’ by way of exception. The ‘ eight-thousand at Châtillon’ will be got dispelled for the moment ; the fire scattered, not extinguished. To the dints and bruises of outward battle there is to be added henceforth a deadlier internal gangrene.

This rising in La Vendée reports itself at Paris on Wednesday the 29th of August ;—just as we had got our Electors elected ; and, in spite of Brunswick and Longwi, were hoping still to have a National Convention, if it pleased Heaven. But indeed otherwise this Wednesday is to be regarded as one of the notabest Paris had yet seen : gloomy tidings come successively, like Job's messengers ; are met by gloomy answers. Of Sardinia rising to invade the Southeast, and Spain threatening the South, we do not speak. But are not the Prussians masters of Longwi (treacherously yielded, one would say) ; and preparing to besiege Verdun ? Clairfait and his Austrians are encompassing Thionville ; darkening the North. Not Metzland now, but the Clermontais is getting harried ; flying hulans and husars have been seen on the Châlons road, almost as far as Sainte-Menehould. Heart, ye Patriots ; if ye lose heart, ye lose all !

It is not without a dramatic emotion that one reads in the Parliamentary Debates of this Wednesday evening 'past seven o'clock,' the scene with the military fugitives from Longwi. Way-worn, dusty, disheartened, these poor men enter the Legislative, about sunset or after ; give the most pathetic detail of the frightful pass they were in : Prussians billowing round by the myriad, volcanically spouting fire for fifteen hours : we, scattered sparse on the ramparts, hardly a cannoneer to two guns ; our dastard Commandant Lavergne nowhere showing face ; the priming would not catch ; there was no powder in the bombs,—what could we do ? "*Mourir*, Die !" answer prompt voices ;⁷ and the dusty fugitives must shrink elsewhither for comfort.—Yes, *Mourir*, that is now the word. Be Longwi a proverb and a hissing among French strong-places : let it (says the Legislative) be obliterated rather, from the shamed face of the Earth ;—and so there has gone forth Decree, that Longwi shall, were the Prussians once out of it, 'be rased,' and exist only as ploughed ground.

Nor are the Jacobins milder ; as how could they, the flower of Patriotism ? Poor Dame Lavergne, wife of the poor Commandant, took her parasol one evening, and escorted by her Father came over to the Hall of the mighty Mother ; and 'reads a memoir tending to justify the Commandant of Longwi.' *Lafarge*, *Président*, makes answer ; "Citoyenne, the Nation will judge Lavergne ; the Jacobins are bound to tell him the truth. He

⁷ *Hist. Parl.* xvii. 148.

“ would have ended his course there (*terminé sa carrière*), if he
 “ had loved the honour of his country.”⁸

CHAPTER II.

DANTON.

BUT better than rasing of Longwi, or rebuking poor dusty soldiers or soldiers' wives, Danton had come over, last night, and demanded a Decree to *search* for arms, since they were not yielded voluntarily. Let ‘Domiciliary visits,’ with rigour of authority, be made to this end. To search for arms ; for horses, —Aristocratism rolls in its carriage, while Patriotism cannot trail its cannon. ‘To search generally for munitions of war, ‘in the houses of persons suspect,’—and even, if it seem proper, to seize and imprison the suspect persons themselves ! In the Prisons their Plots will be harmless ; in the Prisons they will be as hostages for us, and not without use. This Decree the energetic Minister of Justice demanded last night, and got ; and this same night it is to be executed ; it is being executed at the moment when these dusty soldiers get saluted with *Mourir*. Two-thousand stand of arms, as they count, are foraged in this way ; and some four-hundred head of new Prisoners ; and, on the whole, such a terror and damp is struck through the Aristocrat heart, as all but Patriotism, and even Patriotism were it out of this agony, might pity. Yes, Messieurs ! if Brunswick blast Paris to ashes, he probably will blast the Prisons of Paris too : pale Terror, if we have got it, we will also give it, and the depth of horrors that lie in it ; the same leaky bottom, in these wild waters, bears us all.

One can judge what stir there was now among the ‘thirty-thousand Royalists :’ how the Plotters, or the accused of Plotting, shrank each closer into his lurking-place,—like Bertrand-Moleville, looking eager towards Longwi, hoping the weather would keep fair. Or how they dressed themselves in valet's clothes, like Narbonne, and, ‘got to England as Dr. Bollman's famulus :’ how Dame de Staël bestirred herself, pleading with Manuel as a Sister in Literature, pleading even with Clerk Tallien ; a prey to nameless chagrins!¹ Royalist Peltier, the Pamphleteer,

⁸ *Hist. Parl.* xix. 300.

¹ De Staël, *Considérations sur la Révolution*, ii. 67-81.

August 29th.

gives a touching Narrative (not deficient in height of colouring) of the terrors of that night. From five in the afternoon, a great city is struck suddenly silent ; except for the beating of drums, for the tramp of marching feet ; and ever and anon the dread thunder of the knocker at some door, a Tricolor Commissioner with his blue Guards (*black-guards* !) arriving. All Streets are vacant, says Peltier ; beset by Guards at each end : all Citizens are ordered to be within doors. On the River float sentinel barges, lest we escape by water : the Barriers hermetically closed. Frightful ! The Sun shines ; serenely westering, in smokeless mackerel-sky ; Paris is as if sleeping, as if dead :—Paris is holding its breath, to see what stroke will fall on it. Poor Peltier ! *Acts of Apostles*, and all jocundity of Leading-Articles, are gone out, and it is become bitter earnest instead ; polished satire changed now into coarse pike-points (hammered out of railing) ; all logic reduced to this one primitive thesis, An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth !—Peltier, dolefully aware of it, ducks low ; escapes unscathed to England ; to urge there the inky war anew ;—to have Trial by Jury, in due season, and deliverance by young Whig eloquence, world-celebrated for a day.

Of 'thirty-thousand' naturally great multitudes were left unmolested : but, as we said, some four-hundred, designated as 'persons suspect,' were seized ; and an unspeakable terror fell on all. Wo to him who is guilty of plotting, of Anti-civism, Royalism, Feuillantism ; who, guilty or not guilty, has an enemy in his Section to call him guilty ! Poor old M. de Cazotte is seized ; his young loved Daughter with him, refusing to quit him. Why, O Cazotte, wouldst thou quit romancing and *Diable Amoureux*, for such reality as this ? Poor old M. de Sombreuil, he of the *Invalides*, is seized ; a man seen askance by Patriotism ever since the Bastille days ; whom also a fond Daughter will not quit. With young tears hardly suppressed, and old wavering weakness rousing itself once more,—O my brothers, O my sisters !

The famed and named go ; the nameless, if they have an accuser. Necklace Lamotte's Husband is in these Prisons (*she* long since squelched on the London Pavements) ; but gets delivered. Gross de Morande, of the *Courrier de l'Europe*, hobbles distractedly to and fro there : but they let him hobble out ; on right nimble crutches ;—his hour not being yet come. Advocate Maton de la Varenne, very weak in health, is snatched off from

mother and kin ; Tricolor Rossignol (journeyman goldsmith and scoundrel lately, a risen man now) remembers an old Pleading of Maton's ! Jourgniac de Saint-Méard goes ; the brisk frank *soldier* : he was in the mutiny of Nanci, in that 'effervescent Regiment du Roi,'—on the wrong side. Saddest of all : Abbé Sicard goes ; a Priest who could not take the Oath, but who could teach the Deaf and Dumb : in his Section one man, he says, had a grudge at him ; one man, at the fit hour, launches an arrest against him ; which hits. In the Arsenal quarter, there are dumb hearts making wail, with signs, with wild gestures ; he their miraculous healer and speech-bringer is rapt away.

What with the arrestments on this night of the Twentyninth, what with those that have gone on more or less, day and night, ever since the Tenth, one may fancy what the Prisons now were. Crowding and confusion ; jostle, hurry, vehemence and terror ! Of the poor Queen's Friends, who had followed her to the Temple, and been committed elsewhither to Prison, some, as Governess de Tourzelle, are to be let go : one, the poor Princess de Lamballe, is not let go ; but waits in the strong-rooms of La Force there, what will betide farther.

Among so many hundreds whom the launched arrest hits, who are rolled off to Townhall or Sectionhall, to preliminary Houses of Detention, and hurled in thither as into cattle-pens, we must mention one other : Caron de Beaumarchais, Author of *Figaro* ; vanquisher of Maupeou Parlements and Gozman helldogs ; once numbered among the demigods ; and now — ? We left him in his culminant state ; what dreadful decline is this, when we again catch a glimpse of him ! 'At midnight' (it was but the 12th of August yet), 'the servant, in his shirt,' with wide-staring eyes, enters your room :—Monsieur, rise, all the people are come to seek you ; they are knocking, like to break-in the door ! 'And they were in fact knocking in a terrible 'manner (*d'une façon terrible*). I fling on my coat, forgetting 'even the waistcoat, nothing on my feet but slippers ; and say 'to him'—And *he*, alas, answers mere negatory incoherences, panic interjections. And through the shutters and crevices, in front or rearward, the dull street-lamps disclose only streetfuls of haggard countenances ; clamorous, bristling with pikes : and you rush distracted for an outlet, finding none ;—and have to take refuge in the crockery-press, down stairs ; and stand there,

palpitating in that imperfect costume, lights dancing past your key-hole, tramp of feet overhead, and the tumult of Satan, 'for four hours and more' ! And old ladies, of the quarter, started up (as we hear next morning) ; rang for their *bonnes* and cordial-drops, with shrill interjections : and old gentlemen, in their shirts, 'leapt garden-walls ;' flying while none pursued ; one of whom unfortunately broke his leg.² Those sixty-thousand stand of Dutch Arms (which never arrive), and the bold stroke of trade, have turned out so ill !—

Beaumarchais escaped for this time ; but not for the next time, ten days after. On the evening of the Twenty-ninth he is still in that chaos of the Prisons, in saddest wrestling condition ; unable to get justice, even to get audience ; 'Panis scratching his head' when you speak to him, and making off. Nevertheless let the lover of Figaro know that Procureur Manuel, a Brother in Literature, found him, and delivered him once more. But how the lean demigod, now shorn of his splendour, had to lurk in barns, to roam over harrowed fields, panting for life ; and to wait under eavesdrops, and sit in darkness 'on the Boulevarde amid paving-stones and boulders,' longing for one word of any Minister, or Minister's Clerk, about those accursed Dutch muskets, and getting none,—with heart fuming in spleen, and terror, and suppressed canine-madness ; alas, how the swift sharp hound, once fit to be Diana's, breaks his old teeth now, gnawing mere whinstones ; and must 'fly to England ;' and, returning from England, must creep into the corner, and lie quiet, toothless (moneyless),—all this let the lover of Figaro fancy, and weep for. We here, without weeping, not without sadness, wave the withered tough fellow-mortal our farewell. His Figaro has returned to the French stage ; nay is, at this day, sometimes named the best piece there. And indeed, so long as Man's Life can ground itself only on artificiality and aridity ; each new Revolt and Change of Dynasty turning up only a new stratum of *dry-rubbish*, and no *soil* yet coming to view,—may it not be good to protest against such a Life, in many ways, and even in the Figaro way ?

² Beaumarchais' Narrative, *Mémoires sur les Prisons* (Paris, 1823), i. 179-90.

CHAPTER III.

DUMOURIEZ.

SUCH are the last days of August 1792 ; days gloomy, disastrous and of evil omen. What will become of this poor France ? Dumouriez rode from the Camp of Maulde, eastward to Sedan, on Tuesday last, the 28th of the month ; reviewed that so-called Army left forlorn there by Lafayette : the forlorn soldiers gloomed on him ; were heard growling on him, “ This is one of them, *ce b—e là*, that made War be declared.”¹ Unpromising Army ! Recruits flow in, filtering through Dépôt after Dépôt ; but recruits merely : in want of all ; happy if they have so much as arms. And Longwi has fallen basely ; and Brunswick, and the Prussian King, with his sixty-thousand, will beleague Verdun ; and Clairfait and Austrians press deeper in, over the Northern marches : ‘ a hundred and fifty thousand ’ as fear counts, ‘ eighty-thousand ’ as the returns show, do hem us in ; Cimmerian Europe behind them. There is Castries-and-Broglie chivalry ; Royalist foot ‘ in red facing and nankeen trousers ; ’ breathing death and the gallows.

And lo, finally, at Verdun on Sunday the 2d of September 1792, Brunswick is here. With his King and sixty-thousand, glittering over the heights, from beyond the winding Meuse River, he looks down on us, on our ‘ high citadel ’ and all our confectionery ovens (for we are celebrated for confectionery) ; has sent courteous summons, in order to spare the effusion of blood !—Resist him to the death ? Every day of retardation precious ? How, O General Beaurepaire (asks the amazed Municipality), shall we resist him ? We, the Verdun Municipals, see no resistance possible. Has he not sixty-thousand, and artillery without end ? Retardation, Patriotism is good ; but so likewise is peaceable baking of pastry, and sleeping in whole skin.—Hapless Beaurepaire stretches out his hands, and pleads passionately, in the name of country, honour, of Heaven and of Earth : to no purpose. The Municipals have, by law, the power of ordering it ;—with an Army officered by Royalism or Crypto-Royalism, such a Law seemed needful : and they order it, as pacific Pastry-cooks, not as heroic Patriots would,—To surrender ! Beaurepaire strides home, with long steps : his valet,

¹ Dumouriez, *Mémoires*, ii. 383.

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entering the room, sees him 'writing eagerly,' and withdraws. His valet hears then, in few minutes, the report of a pistol : Beaurepaire is lying dead ; his eager writing had been a brief suicidal farewell. In this manner died Beaurepaire, wept of France ; buried in the Pantheon, with honourable Pension to his Widow, and for Epitaph these words, *He chose Death rather than yield to Despots*. The Prussians, descending from the heights, are peaceable masters of Verdun.

And so Brunswick advances, from stage to stage : who shall now stay him,—covering forty miles of country ? Foragers fly far ; the villages of the Northeast are harried ; your Hessian forager has only 'three sous a-day : ' the very Emigrants, it is said, will take silver-plate,—by way of revenge. Clermont, Sainte-Menehould, Varennes especially, ye Towns of the *Night of Spurs*, tremble ye ! Procureur Sausse and the Magistracy of Varennes have fled ; brave Boniface Le Blanc of the *Bras d'Or* is to the woods : Mrs. Le Blanc, a young woman fair to look upon, with her young infant, has to live in greenwood, like a beautiful Bessy Bell of Song, her bower thatched with rushes ; catching premature rheumatism.² Clermont may ring the tocsin now, and illuminate itself ! Clermont lies at the foot of its *Cow* (or *Vache*, so they name that Mountain), a prey to the Hessian spoiler : its fair women, fairer than most, are robbed ; not of life, or what is dearer, yet of all that is cheaper and portable ; for Necessity, on three half-pence a-day, has no law. At Sainte-Menehould the enemy has been expected more than once,—our Nationals all turning out in arms ; but was not yet seen. Post-master Drouet, he is not in the woods, but minding his Election ; and will sit in the Convention, notable King-taker, and bold Old-Dragoon as he is.

Thus on the Northeast all roams and runs ; and on a set day, the *date* of which is irrecoverable by History, Brunswick 'has engaged to dine in Paris,'—the Powers willing. And at Paris, in the centre, it is as we saw ; and in La Vendée Southwest, it is as we saw ; and Sardinia is in the Southeast, and Spain in the South, and Clairfait with Austria and sieged Thionville is in the North ;—and all France leaps distracted, like the winnowed Sahara waltzing in sand colonnades ! More desperate posture no country ever stood in. A country, one would say, which the Majesty of Prussia (if it so pleased him) might par-

² Helen Maria Williams, *Letters from France* (London, 1791-93), iii. 96.

tion and clip in pieces, like a Poland ; flinging the remainder to poor Brother Louis,—with directions to keep it quiet, or else *we* will keep it for him !

Or perhaps the Upper Powers, minded that a new Chapter in Universal History shall begin here and not farther on, may have ordered it all otherwise ? In that case, Brunswick will not dine in Paris on the set day ; nor, indeed, one knows not when !—Verily, amid this wreckage, where poor France seems grinding itself down to dust and bottomless ruin, who knows what miraculous salient-point of Deliverance and New-life may have already come into existence there ; and be already working there, though as yet human eye discern it not ! On the night of that same twenty-eighth of August, the unpromising Review-day in Sedan, Dumouriez assembles a Council of War at his lodgings there. He spreads out the map of this forlorn war-district ; Prussians here, Austrians there ; triumphant both, with broad highway, and little hinderance, all the way to Paris : we scattered, helpless, here and here : what to advise ? The Generals, strangers to Dumouriez, look blank enough ; know not well what to advise,—if it be not retreating, and retreating till our recruits accumulate ; till perhaps the chapter of chances turn up some leaf for us ; or Paris, at all events, be sacked at the latest day possible. The Many-counselled, who ‘has not closed an eye for three nights,’ listens with little speech to these long cheerless speeches ; merely watching the speaker, that he may know him ; then wishes them all good-night ;—but beckons a certain young Thouvenot, the fire of whose looks had pleased him, to wait a moment. Thouvenot waits : *Voilà*, says Polymetis, pointing to the map ! That is the Forest of Argonne, that long strip of rocky Mountain and wild Wood ; forty miles long ; with but five, or say even three practicable Passes through it : this, for they have forgotten it, might one not still seize, though Clairfait sits so nigh ? Once seized ;—the Champagne called the Hungry (or worse, Campagne *Pouilleuse*) on their side of it ; the fat Three Bishopricks, and willing France on ours ; and the Equinox rains not far :—this Argonne “might be the Thermopylæ of France !”³

O brisk Dumouriez Polymetis with thy teeming head, may the gods grant it !—Polymetis, at any rate, folds his map together, and flings himself on bed ; resolved to try, on the

³ Dumouriez, ii. 391.

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morrow morning. With astucity, with swiftness, with audacity! One had need to be a lion-fox, and have luck on one's side.

CHAPTER IV.

SEPTEMBER IN PARIS.

AT Paris, by lying Rumour which proved prophetic and veridical, the fall of Verdun was known some hours *before* it happened. It is Sunday the second of September; handiwork hinders not the speculations of the mind. Verdun gone (though some still deny it); the Prussians in full march, with gallows-ropes, with fire and faggot! Thirty-thousand Aristocrats within our own walls; and but the merest quarter-tithe of them yet put in Prison! Nay there goes a word that even these will revolt. Sieur Jean Julien, wagoner of Vaugirard,¹ being set in the Pillory last Friday, took all at once to crying, That he would be well revenged ere long; that the King's Friends in Prison would burst out, force the Temple, set the King on horseback, and, joined by the unimprisoned, ride roughshod over us all. This the unfortunate wagoner of Vaugirard did bawl, at the top of his lungs: when snatched off to the Townhall, he persisted in it, still bawling; yesternight, when they guillotined him, he died with the froth of it on his lips.² For a man's mind, padlocked to the Pillory, may go mad; and all men's minds may go mad, and 'believe him,' as the frenetic will do, '*because* it is impossible.'

So that apparently the knot of the crisis and last agony of France is come? Make front to this, thou Improvised Commune, strong Danton, whatsoever man is strong! Readers can judge whether the Flag of Country in Danger flapped soothingly or distractively on the souls of men that day.

But the Improvised Commune, but strong Danton is not wanting, each after his kind. Huge Placards are getting plastered to the walls; at two o'clock the stormbell shall be sounded, the alarm-cannon fired; all Paris shall rush to the Champ-de-Mars, and have itself enrolled. Unarmed, truly, and undrilled; but desperate, in the strength of frenzy. Haste, ye men; ye very women, offer to mount guard and shoulder the brown musket: weak clucking-hens, in a state of desperation, will fly at

¹ Moore, i. 178.² *Hist. Parl.* xvii. 409.

the muzzle of the mastiff; and even conquer him,—by vehemence of character! Terror itself, when once grown transcendental, becomes a kind of courage; as frost sufficiently intense, according to Poet Milton, will *burn*.—Danton, the other night, in the Legislative Committee of General Defence, when the other Ministers and Legislators had all opined, said, It would not do to quit Paris, and fly to Saumur; that they must abide by Paris; and take such attitude as would put their enemies in fear,—*faire peur*; a word of his which has been often repeated, and reprinted—in italics.³

At two of the clock, Beaurepaire, as we saw, has shot himself at Verdun; and, over Europe, mortals are going in for afternoon sermon. But at Paris, all steeples are clangouring not for sermon; the alarm-gun booming from minute to minute; Champ-de-Mars and Fatherland's Altar boiling with desperate terror-courage: what a *miserere* going up to Heaven from this once Capital of the Most Christian King! The Legislative sits in alternate awe and effervescence; Vergniaud proposing that Twelve shall go and dig personally on Montmartre; which is decreed by acclaim.

But better than digging personally with acclaim, see Danton enter;—the black brows clouded, the colossus figure tramping heavy; grim energy looking from all features of the rugged man! Strong is that grim Son of France and Son of Earth; a Reality and not a Formula he too: and surely now if ever, being hurled *low* enough, it is on the Earth and on Realities that he rests. "Legislators!" so speaks the stentor-voice, as the Newspapers yet preserve it for us, "it is not the alarm-cannon that you hear: it is the *pas-de-charge* against our enemies. To conquer them, to hurl them back, what do we require? *Il nous faut de l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace*, To dare, and again to dare, and without end to dare!"⁴—Right so, thou brawny Titan; there is nothing left for thee but that. Old men, who heard it, will still tell you how the reverberating voice made all hearts swell, in that moment; and braced them to the sticking-place; and thrilled abroad over France, like electric virtue, as a word spoken in season.

But the Commune, enrolling in the Champ-de-Mars? But

³ *Biographie des Ministres* (Bruxelles, 1826), p. 96.

⁴ *Moniteur* (in *Hist. Parl.* xvii. 347).

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the Committee of Watchfulness, become now Committee of Public Salvation ; whose conscience is Marat ? The Commune enrolling enrolls many ; provides tents for them in that Mars-Field, that they may march with dawn on the morrow : praise to this part of the Commune ! To Marat and the Committee of Watchfulness not praise ;—not even blame, such as could be meted out in these insufficient dialects of ours ; expressive silence rather ! Lone Marat, the man forbid, meditating long in his Cellars of refuge, on his Stylites Pillar, could see salvation in one thing only : in the fall of ‘two-hundred and sixty thousand Aristocrat heads.’ With so many score of Naples Bravoës, each a dirk in his right-hand, a muff on his left, he would traverse France, and do it. But the world laughed, mocking the severe-benevolence of a People’s-Friend ; and his idea could not become an action, but only a fixed-idea. Lo now, however, he has come down from his Stylites Pillar to a *Tribune particulière* ; here now, without the dirks, without the *muffs* at least, were it not grown possible,—now in the knot of the crisis, when salvation or destruction hangs in the hour !

The Ice-Tower of Avignon was noised of sufficiently, and lives in all memories ; but the authors were not punished : nay we saw Jourdan Coupe-tête, borne on men’s shoulders, like a copper Portent, ‘traversing the cities of the South.’—What phantasms, squalid-horrid, shaking their dirk and muff, may dance through the brain of a Marat, in this dizzy pealing of tocsin-miserere and universal frenzy, seek not to guess, O Reader ! Nor what the cruel Billaud ‘in his short brown coat’ was thinking ; nor Sergent, not yet *Agate-Sergent* ; nor Panis the confidant of Danton ;—nor, in a word, how gloomy Orcus does breed in her gloomy womb, and fashion her monsters and prodigies of Events, which thou seest her visibly bear ! Terror is on these streets of Paris ; terror and rage, tears and frenzy : tocsin-miserere pealing through the air ; fierce desperation rushing to battle ; mothers, with streaming eyes and wild hearts, sending forth their sons to die. ‘Carriage-horses are seized by the bridle,’ that they may draw cannon ; ‘the traces cut, the carriages left standing.’ In such tocsin-miserere, and murky bewilderment of Frenzy, are not Murder, Até and all Furies near at hand ? On slight hint—who knows on how slight ?—may not Murder come ; and, with *her* snaky-sparkling head, illuminate this murk !

How it was and went, what part might be premeditated, what was improvised and accidental, man will never know, till the great Day of Judgment make it known. But with a Marat for keeper of the Sovereign's Conscience—And we know what the *ultima ratio* of Sovereigns, when they are driven to it, is ! In this Paris there are as wicked men, say a hundred or more, as exist in all the Earth : to be hired, and set on ; to set on, of their own accord, unhired.—And yet we will remark that premeditation itself is not performance, is not surety of performance ; that it is perhaps, at most, surety of *letting* whosoever wills perform. From the purpose of crime to the act of crime there is an abyss ; wonderful to think of. The finger lies on the pistol ; but the man is not yet a murderer : nay his whole nature staggering at such consummation, is there not a confused pause rather,—one last instant of possibility for him ? Not yet a murderer ; it is at the mercy of light trifles whether the most fixed idea may not yet become unfixed. One slight twitch of a muscle, the death-flash bursts ; and he is it, and will for Eternity be it ; and Earth has become a penal Tartarus for him ; his horizon girdled now not with golden hope, but with red flames of remorse ; voices from the depths of Nature sounding, Wo, wo on him !

Of such stuff are we all made ; on such powder-mines of bottomless guilt and criminality,—‘if God restrained not,’ as is well said,—does the purest of us walk. There are depths in man that go the length of lowest Hell, as there are heights that reach highest Heaven ;—for are not both Heaven and Hell made out of him, made by him, everlasting Miracle and Mystery as he is ?—But looking on this Champ-de-Mars, with its tent-buildings and frantic enrolments ; on this murky-simmering Paris, with its crammed Prisons (supposed about to burst), with its tocsin-miserere, its mothers’ tears, and soldiers’ farewell shoutings,—the pious soul might have prayed, that day, that God’s grace would restrain, and greatly restrain ; lest on slight hest or hint, Madness, Horror and Murder rose, and this Sabbathday of September became a Day black in the Annals of men.

The tocsin is pealing its loudest, the clocks inaudibly striking *Three*, when poor Abbé Sicard, with some thirty other Non-jurant Priests, in six carriages, fare along the streets, from their preliminary House of Detention at the Townhall, west-

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ward towards the Prison of the Abbaye. Carriages enough stand deserted on the streets; these six move on,—through angry multitudes, cursing as they move. Accursed Aristocrat Tartuffes, this is the pass ye have brought us to! And now ye will break the Prisons, and set Capet Veto on horseback to ride over us? Out upon you, Priests of Beelzebub and Moloch; of Tartuffery, Mammon and the Prussian Gallows,—which ye name Mother-Church and God!—Such reproaches have the poor Nonjurants to endure, and worse; spoken-in on them by frantic Patriots, who mount even on the carriage-steps; the very Guards hardly refraining. Pull up your carriage-blinds?—No! answers Patriotism, clapping its horny paw on the carriage-blind, and crushing it down again. Patience in oppression has limits: we are close on the Abbaye, it has lasted long: a poor Nonjurant, of quicker temper, smites the horny paw with his cane; nay, finding solacement in it, smites the unkempt head, sharply and again more sharply, twice over,—seen clearly of us and of the world. It is the last that we see clearly. Alas, next moment the carriages are locked and blocked in endless raging tumults; in yells deaf to the cry for mercy, which answer the cry for mercy with sabre-thrusts through the heart.⁵ The thirty Priests are torn out, are massacred about the Prison-Gate, one after one,—only the poor Abbé Sicard, whom one Moton a watchmaker, knowing him, heroically tried to save and secrete in the prison, escapes to tell;—and it is Night and Orcus; and Murder's snaky-sparkling head *has* risen in the murk!—

From Sunday afternoon (exclusive of intervals and pauses not final) till Thursday evening, there follow consecutively a Hundred Hours. Which hundred hours are to be reckoned with the hours of the Bartholomew Butchery, of the Armagnac Massacres, Sicilian Vespers, or whatsoever is savagest in the annals of this world. Horrible the hour when man's soul, in its paroxysm, spurns asunder the barriers and rules; and shows what dens and depths are in it! For Night and Orcus, as we say as was long prophesied, have burst forth, here in this Paris, from their subterranean imprisonment: hideous, dim-confused; which it is painful to look on; and yet which cannot, and indeed which should not, be forgotten.

⁵ Féléhmehesi (anagram for Méhée Fils), *La Vérité tout entière sur les vrais auteurs de la journée du 2 Septembre 1792* (reprinted in *Hist. Parl.* xviii. 156-181), p. 167.

The Reader, who looks earnestly through this dim Phantasmagory of the Pit, will discern few fixed certain objects ; and yet still a few. He will observe, in this Abbaye Prison, the sudden massacre of the Priests being once over, a strange Court of Justice, or call it Court of Revenge and Wild-Justice, swiftly fashion itself, and take seat round a table, with the Prison-Registers spread before it ;—Stanislas Maillard, Bastille hero, famed Leader of the Menads, presiding. O Stanislas, one hoped to meet thee elsewhere than here ; thou shifty Riding-Usher, with an inkling of Law ! This work also thou hadst to do ; and then—to depart forever from our eyes. At *La Force*, at the *Châtelet*, the *Conciergerie*, the like Court forms itself, with the like accompaniments : the thing that one man does, other men can do. There are some Seven Prisons in Paris, full of Aristocrats with conspiracies ;—nay not even *Bicêtre* and *Salpêtrière* shall escape, with their Forgers of Assignats : and there are seventy times seven hundred Patriot hearts in a state of frenzy. Scoundrel hearts also there are ; as perfect, say, as the Earth holds,—if such are needed. To whom, in this mood, law is as no-law ; and killing, by what name soever called, is but work to be done.

So sit these sudden Courts of Wild-Justice, with the Prison-Registers before them ; unwonted wild tumult howling all round ; the Prisoners in dread expectancy within. Swift : a name is called ; bolts jingle, a Prisoner is there. A few questions are put ; swiftly this sudden Jury decides : Royalist Plotter or not ? Clearly not ; in that case, let the Prisoner be enlarged with *Vive la Nation*. Probably yea ; then still, Let the Prisoner be enlarged, but without *Vive la Nation* ; or else it may run, Let the Prisoner be conducted to *La Force*. At *La Force* again their formula is, Let the Prisoner be conducted to the Abbaye —“To *La Force*, then !” Volunteer bailiffs seize the doomed man ; he is at the outer gate ; ‘enlarged,’ or ‘conducted,’ not into *La Force*, but into a howling sea ; forth, under an arch of wild sabres, axes and pikes ; and sinks, hewn asunder. And another sinks, and another ; and there forms itself a piled heap of corpses, and the kennels begin to run red. Fancy the yells of these men, their faces of sweat and blood ; the crueller shrieks of these women, for there are women too ; and a fellow-mortal hurled naked into it all ! Jourgniac de Saint-Méard has seen battle, has seen an effervescent Regiment du Roi in mutiny ; but

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the bravest heart may quail at this. The Swiss Prisoners, remnants of the Tenth of August, 'clasped each other spasmodically, 'and hung back; gray veterans crying: "Mercy, Messieurs; ah, 'mercy!" But there was no mercy. Suddenly, however, one of 'these men steps forward. He had on a blue frockcoat; he 'seemed about thirty, his stature was above common, his look 'noble and martial. "I go first," said he, "since it must be so; 'adieu!" Then dashing his hat sharply behind him: "Which 'way?" cried he to the Brigands: "Show it me, then." They 'open the folding gate; he is announced to the multitude. He 'stands a moment motionless; then plunges forth among the 'pikes, and dies of a thousand wounds.'⁶

Man after man is cut down; the sabres need sharpening, the killers refresh themselves from wine-jugs. Onward and onward goes the butchery; the loud yells wearying down into bass growls. A sombre-faced shifting multitude looks on; in dull approval, or dull disapproval; in dull recognition that it is Necessity. 'An *Anglais* in drab greatcoat' was seen, or seemed to be seen, serving liquor from his own dram-bottle;—for what purpose, 'if not set on by Pitt,' Satan and himself know best! Witty Dr. Moore grew sick on approaching, and turned into another street.⁷—Quick enough goes this Jury-Court; and rigorous. The brave are not spared, nor the beautiful, nor the weak. Old M. de Montmorin, the Minister's Brother, was acquitted by the Tribunal of the Seventeenth; and conducted back, elbowed by howling galleries; but is not acquitted here. Princess de Lamballe has lain down on bed: "Madame, you are to be removed to the Abbaye." "I do not wish to remove; I am well enough here." There is a need-be for removing. She will arrange her dress a little, then; rude voices answer, "You have not far to go." She too is led to the hell-gate; a manifest Queen's-Friend. She shivers back, at the sight of bloody sabres; but there is no return: Onwards! That fair hind head is cleft with the axe; the neck is severed. That fair body is cut in fragments; with indignities, and obscene horrors of mustachio *grands-lèbres*, which human nature would fain find incredible,—which shall be read in the original language only. She was beautiful, she was good, she had known no happiness. Young hearts, generation after generation, will

⁶ Félémhesi, *La Vérité tout entière* (ut suprà), p. 173.

⁷ Moore's *Journal*, i. 185-195.

think with themselves : O worthy of worship, thou king-descended, god-descended, and poor sister-woman ! why was not I there ; and some Sword Balmung or Thor's Hammer in my hand ? Her head is fixed on a pike ; paraded under the windows of the Temple ; that a still more hated, a Marie Antoinette, may see. One Municipal, in the Temple with the Royal Prisoners at the moment, said, " Look out." Another eagerly whispered, " Do not look." The circuit of the Temple is guarded, in these hours, by a long stretched tricolor riband : terror enters, and the clangour of infinite tumult ; hitherto not regicide, though that too may come.

But it is more edifying to note what thrillings of affection, what fragments of wild virtues turn up in this shaking asunder of man's existence ; for of these too there is a proportion. Note old Marquis Cazotte : he is doomed to die ; but his young Daughter clasps him in her arms, with an inspiration of eloquence, with a love which is stronger than very death : the heart of the killers themselves is touched by it ; the old man is spared. Yet he was guilty, if plotting for his King is guilt : in ten days more, a Court of Law condemned him, and he had to die elsewhere ; bequeathing his Daughter a lock of his old gray hair. Or note old M. de Sombreuil, who also had a Daughter :—My Father is not an Aristocrat : O good gentlemen, I will swear it, and testify it, and in all ways prove it ; we are not ; we hate Aristocrats ! " Wilt thou drink Aristocrats' blood ?" The man lifts blood (if universal Rumour can be credited) ;⁸ the poor maiden does drink. " This Sombreuil is innocent, then !" Yes, indeed,—and now note, most of all, how the bloody pikes, at this news, do rattle to the ground ; and the tiger-yells become bursts of jubilee over a brother saved ; and the old man and his daughter are clasped to bloody bosoms, with hot tears ; and borne home in triumph of *Vive la Nation*, the killers refusing even money ! Does it seem strange, this temper of theirs ? It seems very certain, well proved by Royalist testimony in other instances ;⁹ and very significant.

⁸ Dulaure, *Esquisses historiques des principaux événemens de la Révolution*, ii. 206 (cited in Montgaillard, iii. 205).

⁹ Bertrand-Moleville (*Mém. particuliers*, ii. 213), &c. &c.

CHAPTER V.

A TRILOGY.

As all Delineation, in these ages, were it never so Epic, 'speaking itself and not singing itself,' must either found on Belief and provable Fact, or have no foundation at all (nor, except as floating cobweb, any existence at all),--the Reader will perhaps prefer to take a glance with the very eyes of eye-witnesses ; and see, in that way, for himself, how it was. Brave Jourgniac, innocent Abbé Sicard, judicious Advocate Maton, these, greatly compressing themselves, shall speak, each an instant. Jourgniac's *Agony of Thirty-eight Hours* went through 'above a hundred editions,' though intrinsically a poor work. Some portion of it may here go through above the hundred-and-first, for want of a better.

'*Towards seven o'clock*' (Sunday night at the Abbaye ; for Jourgniac goes by dates) : 'We saw two men enter, their hands 'bloody and armed with sabres ; a turnkey, with a torch, 'lighted them ; he pointed to the bed of the unfortunate Swiss, 'Reding. Reding spoke with a dying voice. One of them 'paused ; but the other cried, *Allons donc* ; lifted the unfortunate man ; carried him out on his back to the street. He 'was massacred there.

'We all looked at one another in silence, we clasped each 'other's hands. Motionless, with fixed eyes, we gazed on the 'pavement of our prison ; on which lay the moonlight, chequered 'with the triple stancheons of our windows.'

'*Three in the morning* : They were breaking-in one of the 'prison-doors. We at first thought they were coming to kill 'us in our room ; but heard, by voices on the staircase, that 'it was a room where some Prisoners had barricaded themselves. They were all butchered there, as we shortly gathered.'

'*Ten o'clock* : The Abbé Lenfant and the Abbé de Chapt-Rastignac appeared in the pulpit of the Chapel, which was 'our prison ; they had entered by a door from the stairs. 'They said to us that our end was at hand ; that we must 'compose ourselves, and receive their last blessing. An electric movement, not to be defined, threw us all on our knees, 'and we received it. These two white-haired old men, blessing 'us from their place above ; death hovering over our heads, on

‘all hands environing us; the moment is never to be forgotten. Half an hour after, they were both massacred, and we heard their cries.’¹—Thus Jourgniac in his *Agony* in the Abbaye: how it ended with Jourgniac, we shall see anon.

But now let the good Maton speak, what he, over in La Force, in the same hours, is suffering and witnessing. This *Résurrection* by him is greatly the best, the least theatrical of these Pamphlets; and stands testing by documents:

‘Towards seven o’clock,’ on Sunday night, ‘prisoners were called frequently, and they did not reappear. Each of us reasoned, in his own way, on this singularity: but our ideas became calm, as we persuaded ourselves that the Memorial I had drawn up for the National Assembly was producing effect.’

‘At one in the morning, the grate which led to our quarter opened anew. Four men in uniform, each with a drawn sabre and blazing torch, came up to our corridor, preceded by a turnkey; and entered an apartment close to ours, to investigate a box there, which we heard them break up. This done, they stept into the gallery, and questioned the man Cuissa, to know where Lamotte’ (Necklace’s Widower) ‘was. Lamotte, they said, had some months ago, under pretext of a treasure he knew of, swindled a sum of three-hundred livres from one of them, inviting him to dinner for that purpose. The wretched Cuissa, now in their hands, who indeed lost his life this night, answered trembling, That he remembered the fact well, but could not tell what was become of Lamotte. Determined to find Lamotte and confront him with Cuissa, they rummaged, along with this latter, through various other apartments; but without effect, for we heard them say: “Come search among the corpses, then; for, *nom de Dieu!* we must find where he is.”

‘At this same time, I heard Louis Bardy, the Abbé Bardy’s name called: he was brought out; and directly massacred, as I learnt. He had been accused, along with his concubine, five or six years before, of having murdered and cut in pieces his own Brother, Auditor of the *Chambre des Comptes* of Montpellier; but had by his subtlety, his dexterity, nay his eloquence, outwitted the judges, and escaped.

‘One may fancy what terror these words, “Come search

¹ Jourgniac Saint-Méard, *Mon Agonie de trente-huit heures* (reprinted in *Hist. Parl.* xviii. 103-135).

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‘among the corpses, then,” had thrown me into. I saw nothing for it now but resigning myself to die. I wrote my last-will ; concluding it by a petition and adjuration, that the paper should be sent to its address. Scarcely had I quitted the pen, when there came two other men in uniform ; one of them, whose arm and sleeve up to the very shoulder, as well as his sabre, were covered with blood, said, He was as weary as a hodman that had been beating plaster.’

‘Baudin de la Chenaye was called ; sixty years of virtues could not save him. They said, *À l’Abbaye* : he passed the fatal outer-gate ; gave a cry of terror, at sight of the heaped corpses ; covered his eyes with his hands, and died of innumerable wounds. At every new opening of the grate, I thought I should hear my own name called, and see Rossignol enter.’

‘I flung off my nightgown and cap ; I put on a coarse unwashed shirt, a worn frock without waistcoat, an old round hat ; these things I had sent for, some days ago, in the fear of what might happen.

‘The rooms of this corridor had been all emptied but ours. We were four together ; whom they seemed to have forgotten : we addressed our prayers in common to the Eternal to be delivered from this peril.’

‘Baptiste the turnkey came up by himself, to see us. I took him by the hands ; I conjured him to save us ; promised him a hundred louis, if he would conduct me home. A noise coming from the grates made him hastily withdraw.

‘It was the noise of some dozen or fifteen men, armed to the teeth ; as we, lying flat to escape being seen, could see from our windows. “Up stairs !” said they : “Let not one remain.” I took out my penknife ; I considered where I should strike myself,—but reflected ‘that the blade was too short,’ and also ‘on religion.’

Finally, however, between seven and eight o’clock in the morning, enter four men with bludgeons and sabres !—‘To one of whom Gérard my comrade whispered, earnestly, apart. During their colloquy I searched everywhere for shoes, that I might lay off the Advocate pumps (*pantoufles de Palais*) I had on,’ but could find none.—‘Constant, called le Sauvage, Gérard, and a third whose name escapes me, they let clear off : as for me, four sabres were crossed over my breast, and they led me down. I was brought to their bar ; to the Personage with the scart,

' who sat as judge there. He was a lame man, of tall lank stature. He recognised me on the streets and spoke to me, seven months after. I have been assured that he was son of a retired attorney, and named Chepy. Crossing the Court called *Des Nourrices*, I saw Manuel haranguing in tricolor scarf.' The trial, as we see, ends in acquittal and *resurrection*.²

Poor Sicard, from the *violon* of the Abbaye, shall say but a few words; true-looking, though tremulous. Towards three in the morning, the killers bethink them of this little *violon*; and knock from the court. 'I tapped gently, trembling lest the murderers might hear, on the opposite door, where the Section Committee was sitting: they answered gruffly, that they had no key. There were three of us in this *violon*; my companions thought they perceived a kind of loft overhead. But it was very high; only one of us could reach it by mounting on the shoulders of both the others. One of them said to me, that my life was usefuller than theirs: I resisted, they insisted: no denial! I fling myself on the neck of these two deliverers; never was scene more touching. I mount on the shoulders of the first, then on those of the second, finally on the loft; and address to my two comrades the expression of a soul overwhelmed with natural emotions.'³

The two generous companions, we rejoice to find, did not perish. But it is time that Jourgniac de Saint-Méard should speak his last words, and end this singular trilogy. The night had become day; and the day has again become night. Jourgniac, worn down with uttermost agitation, was fallen asleep, and had a cheering dream: he has also contrived to make acquaintance with one of the volunteer bailiffs, and spoken in native Provençal with him. On Tuesday, about one in the morning, his *Agony* is reaching its crisis.

' By the glare of two torches, I now descried the terrible tribunal, where lay my life or my death. The President, in gray coat, with a sabre at his side, stood leaning with his hands against a table, on which were papers, an inkstand, tobacco-pipes and bottles. Some ten persons were around, seated or standing; two of whom had jackets and aprons: others were sleeping stretched on benches. Two men, in bloody shirts,

² Maton de la Varenne, *Ma Résurrection* (in *Hist. Parl.* xviii. 135-156).

³ Abbé Sicard, *Relation adressée à un de ses amis* (in *Hist. Parl.* xviii. 98-103).

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' guarded the door of the place; an old turnkey had his hand on the lock. In front of the President three men held a Prisoner, ' who might be about sixty' (or seventy: he was old Marshal Maillé, of the Tuileries and August Tenth). ' They stationed ' me in a corner; my guards crossed their sabres on my breast. ' I looked on all sides for my Provençal: two National Guards, ' one of them drunk, presented some appeal from the Section of ' Croix Rouge in favour of the Prisoner; the Man in Gray answered: "They are useless, these appeals for traitors." Then ' the Prisoner exclaimed: "It is frightful; your judgment is a ' murder." The President answered: "My hands are washed of ' it; take M. Maillé away." They drove him into the street; ' where, through the opening of the door, I saw him massacred.

' The President sat down to write; registering, I suppose, ' the name of this one whom they had finished; then I heard ' him say: "Another, *À un autre!*"

' Behold me then haled before this swift and bloody judgment-bar, where the best protection was to have no protection, ' and all resources of ingenuity became null if they were not ' founded on truth. Two of my guards held me each by a hand, ' the third by the collar of my coat. "Your name, your profession?" said the President. "The smallest lie ruins you," added ' one of the Judges.—"My name is Jourgniac Saint-Méard; I ' have served, as an officer, twenty years: and I appear at your ' tribunal with the assurance of an innocent man, who therefore ' will not lie."—"We shall see that," said the President: "Do ' you know why you are arrested?"—"Yes, Monsieur le Président; I am accused of editing the Journal *De la Cour et de ' la Ville*. But I hope to prove the falsity"—But no; Jourgniac's proof of the falsity, and defence generally, though of excellent result as a defence, is not interesting to read. It is longwinded; there is a loose theatricality in the reporting of it, which does not amount to untruth, yet which tends that way. We shall suppose him successful, beyond hope, in proving and disproving; and skip largely,—to the catastrophe, almost at two steps.

' "But after all," said one of the Judges, "there is no smoke ' without kindling; tell us why they accuse you of that."—"I ' was about to do so"—Jourgniac does so; with more and more success.

' "Nay," continued I, "they accuse me even of recruiting

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' for the Emigrants !' At these words there arose a general murmur. " O Messieurs, Messieurs," I exclaimed, raising my voice, " it is my turn to speak ; I beg M. le Président to have the kindness to maintain it for me ; I never needed it more." — " True enough, true enough," said almost all the Judges with a laugh : " Silence !"

' While they were examining the testimonials I had produced, a new Prisoner was brought in, and placed before the President. " It was one Priest more," they said, " whom they had ferreted out of the Chapelle." After very few questions : "*À la Force !*" He flung his breviary on the table ; was hurled forth, and massacred. I reappeared before the tribunal.

' " You tell us always," cried one of the Judges, with a tone of impatience, " that you are not this, that you are not that ; what are you, then ?"—" I was an open Royalist."—There arose a general murmur ; which was miraculously appeased by another of the men, who had seemed to take an interest in me : " We are not here to judge opinions," said he, " but to judge the results of them." Could Rousseau and Voltaire both in one, pleading for me, have said better ?—" Yes, Messieurs," cried I, " always till the Tenth of August I was an open Royalist. Ever since the Tenth of August that cause has been finished. I am a Frenchman, true to my country. I was always a man of honour."'

' " My soldiers never distrusted me. Nay, two days before that business of Nanci, when their suspicion of their officers was at its height, they chose me for commander, to lead them to Lunéville, to get back the prisoners of the Regiment Mestredes-Camp, and seize General Malseigne." ' Which fact there is, most luckily, an individual present who by a certain token can confirm.

' The President, this cross-questioning being over, took off his hat and said : " I see nothing to suspect in this man : I am for granting him his liberty. Is that your vote ?" To which all the Judges answered : "*Oui, Oui ;* it is just !"

And there arose vivats within doors and without ; ' escort of three,' amid shoutings and embracings : thus Jourgniac escaped from jury-trial and the jaws of death.⁴ Maton and Sicard did, either by trial and no bill found, lank President Chepy finding ' absolutely nothing ;' or else by evasion, and new favour of Moton

⁴ *Mon Agonie* (ut suprà, *Hist. Parl.* xviii. 128).

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the brave watchmaker, likewise escape; and were embraced and wept over; weeping in return, as they well might.

Thus they three, in wondrous trilogy, or triple soliloquy: uttering simultaneously, through the dread night-watches, their Night-thoughts,—grown audible to us! They Three are become audible: but the other 'Thousand and Eighty-nine, of whom Two-hundred and two were Priests,' who also had Night-thoughts, remain inaudible; choked forever in black Death. Heard only of President Chepy and the Man in Gray!—

CHAPTER VI.

THE CIRCULAR.

BUT the Constituted Authorities, all this while? The Legislative Assembly; the Six Ministers; the Townhall; Santerre with the National Guard?—It is very curious to think what a City is. Theatres, to the number of some twenty-three, were open every night during these prodigies; while right-arms here grew weary with slaying, right-arms there were twiddledeeing on melodious catgut: at the very instant when Abbé Sicard was clambering up his second pair of shoulders three-men high, five hundred thousand human individuals were lying horizontal, as if nothing were amiss.

As for the poor Legislative, the sceptre had departed from it. The Legislative did send Deputation to the Prisons, to these Street-Courts; and poor M. Dusaulx did harangue there; but produced no conviction whatsoever: nay at last, as he continued haranguing, the Street-Court interposed, not without threats; and he had to cease, and withdraw. This is the same poor worthy old M. Dusaulx who told, or indeed almost sang (though with cracked voice), the *Taking of the Bastille*, to our satisfaction, long since. He was wont to announce himself, on such and on all occasions, as *the Translator of Juvenal*. "Good Citizens, you see before you a man who loves his country, who is the Translator of Juvenal," said he once.—"Juvenal?" interrupts Sansculottism: "Who the devil is Juvenal? One of your *sacrés Aristocrates*? To the *Lanterne*!" From an orator of this kind, conviction was not to be expected. The Legislative had much ado to save one of its own Members, or ex-Members,

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Deputy Jounneau, who chanced to be lying in arrest for mere Parliamentary delinquencies, in these Prisons. As for poor old Dusaulx and Company, they returned to the Salle de Manège, saying, "It was dark ; and they could not see well what was going on."¹

Roland writes indignant messages, in the name of Order, Humanity and the Law ; but there is no Force at his disposal. Santerre's National Force seems lazy to rise : though he made requisitions, he says,—which always dispersed again. Nay did not we, with Advocate Maton's eyes, see 'men in uniform' too, with their 'sleeves bloody to the shoulder' ? Pétion goes in tri-color scarf ; speaks 'the austere language of the law : ' the killers give up, while he is there ; when his back is turned, recommence. Manuel too in scarf we, with Maton's eyes, transiently saw haranguing, in the Court called of Nurses, *Cour des Nourrices*. On the other hand, cruel Billaud, likewise in scarf, 'with that small puce coat and black wig we are used to on him,'² audibly delivers, 'standing among corpses,' at the Abbaye, a short but ever-memorable harangue, reported in various phraseology, but always to this purpose : "Brave Citizens, you are extirpating the Enemies of Liberty : you are at your duty. A grateful Commune and Country would wish to recompense you adequately ; but cannot, for you know its want of funds. Whoever shall have worked (*travaillé*) in a Prison shall receive a draft of one louis, payable by our cashier. Continue your work."³ The Constituted Authorities are of yesterday : all pulling different ways : there is properly no Constituted Authority, but every man is his own King ; and all are kinglets, belligerent, allied, or armed-neutral, without king over them.

'O everlasting infamy,' exclaims Montgaillard, 'that Paris ' stood looking on in stupor for four days, and did not interfere ! ' Very desirable indeed that Paris had interfered ; yet not unnatural that it stood even so, looking on in stupor. Paris is in death-panic, the enemy and gibbets at its door : whosoever in Paris has the heart to front death, finds it more pressing to do it fighting the Prussians, than fighting the killers of Aristocrats. Indignant abhorrence, as in Roland, may be here ; gloomy sanction, premeditation or not, as in Marat and Committee of Salva-

¹ *Moniteur*, Debate of 2d September 1792.

² Méhée Fils (ut *suprà*, in *Hist. Parl.* xviii. p. 189).

³ Montgaillard, iii. 191.

tion, may be there ; dull disapproval, dull approval, and acquiescence in Necessity and Destiny, is the general temper. The Sons of Darkness, 'two-hundred or so,' risen from their lurking-places, have scope to do their work. Urged on by fever-frenzy of Patriotism, and the madness of Terror ;—urged on by lucre, and the gold louis of wages ? Nay, not lucre ; for the gold watches, rings, money of the Massacred, are punctually brought to the Townhall, by Killers sans-indispensables, who higgled afterwards for their twenty shillings of wages ; and Sergeant sticking an uncommonly fine agate on his finger (fully 'meaning to account for it') becomes *Agate-Sergeant*. But the temper, as we say, is dull acquiescence. Not till the Patriotic or Frenetic part of the work is finished for want of material ; and Sons of Darkness, bent clearly on lucre alone, begin wrenching watches and purses, brooches from ladies' necks, "to equip volunteers," in daylight, on the streets,—does the temper from dull grow vehement ; does the Constable raise his truncheon, and striking heartily (like a cattle-driver in earnest) beat the 'course of things' back into its old regulated drove-roads. The *Garde-Meuble* itself was surreptitiously plundered, on the 17th of the month, to Roland's new horror ; who anew bestirs himself, and is, as Sieyes says, 'the veto of scoundrels,' Roland *veto des coquins*.⁴—

This is the September Massacre, otherwise called 'Severe Justice of the People.' These are the Septemberers (*Septembriseurs*) ; a name of some note and lucency,—but lucency of the Nether-fire sort ; very different from that of our Bastille Heroes, who shone, disputable by no Friend of Freedom, as in Heavenly light-radiance : to such phasis of the business have we advanced since then ! The numbers massacred are in the Historical *fantasy*, 'between two and three thousand ;' or indeed they are 'upwards of six thousand,' for Peltier (in vision) saw them massacring the very patients of the Bicêtre Madhouse 'with grape-shot ;' nay finally they are 'twelve thousand' and odd hundreds,—not more than that.⁵ In Arithmetical ciphers, and Lists drawn up by accurate Advocate Maton, the number, including two-hundred and two priests, three 'persons unknown,' and 'one thief killed at the Bernardins,' is, as above hinted, a Thousand and Eighty-nine,—not less than that.

A Thousand and eighty-nine lie dead, 'two-hundred and sixty heaped carcasses on the Pont au Change' itself ;—among

⁴ Helen Maria Williams, iii. 27.

⁵ See *Hist. Parl.* xvii. 421, 422.

which, Robespierre pleading afterwards will 'nearly weep' to reflect that there was said to be one slain innocent.⁶ One; not two, O thou seagreen Incorruptible? If so, Themis Sansculotte must be lucky; for she was brief!—In the dim Registers of the Townhall, which are preserved to this day, men read, with a certain sickness of heart, items and entries not usual in Town Books: 'To workers employed in preserving the salubrity of 'the air in the Prisons, and persons who presided over these 'dangerous operations,' so much,—in various items, nearly seven hundred pounds sterling. To carters employed to 'the Burying-grounds of Clamart, Montrouge and Vaugirard,' at so much a journey, per cart; ~~two~~ also is an entry. Then so many francs and odd sous 'for the necessary quantity of quick-lime'!⁷ Carts go along the streets; full of stript human corpses, thrown pell-mell; limbs sticking up:—seest thou that cold Hand sticking up, through the heaped embrace of brother corpses, in its yellow paleness, in its cold rigour; the palm opened towards Heaven, as if in dumb prayer, in expostulation *de profundis*, Take pity on the Sons of Men!—Mercier saw it, as he walked down 'the 'Rue Saint-Jacques from Montrouge, on the morrow of the Mas- 'sacres:' but not a Hand; it was a Foot,—which he reckons still more significant, one understands not well why. Or was it as the Foot of one *spurning* Heaven? Rushing, like a wild diver, in disgust and despair, towards the depths of Annihilation? Even there shall His hand find thee, and His right-hand hold thee,—surely for right not for wrong, for good not evil! 'I saw 'that Foot,' says Mercier; 'I shall know it again at the great 'Day of Judgment, when the Eternal, throned on his thunders, 'shall judge both Kings and Septemberers.'⁸

That a shriek of inarticulate horror rose over this thing, not only from French Aristocrats and Moderates, but from all Europe, and has prolonged itself to the present day, was most natural and right. The thing lay done, irrevocable; a thing to be counted beside some other things, which lie very black in our Earth's Annals, yet which will not erase therefrom. For man, as was remarked, has transcendentalisms in him; standing, as he does,

⁶ *Moniteur* of 6th November (Debate of 5th November 1793).

⁷ *Etat des sommes payées par la Commune de Paris* (*Hist. Parl.* xviii. 231).

⁸ Mercier, *Nouveau Paris*, vi. 21.

September 3d.

poor creature, every way 'in the confluence of Infinitudes;' a mystery to himself and others : in the centre of two Eternities, of three Immensities,—in the intersection of primeval Light with the everlasting Dark!—Thus have there been, especially by vehement tempers reduced to a state of desperation, very miserable things done. Sicilian Vespers, and 'eight thousand slaughtered in two hours,' are a known thing. Kings themselves, not in desperation, but only in difficulty, have sat hatching, for year and day (nay De Thou says for seven years), their Bartholomew Business; and then, at the right moment, also on an Autumn Sunday, this very Bell (they say it is the identical metal) of Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois was set a-pealing—with effect.⁹ Nay the same black boulder-stones of these Paris Prisons have seen Prison-massacres before now; men massacring countrymen, Burgundies massacring Armagnacs, whom they had suddenly imprisoned, till, as now, there were piled heaps of carcasses, and the streets ran red;—the Mayor Pétion of the time speaking the austere language of the law, and answered by the Killers, in old French (it is some four hundred years old): "*Maugré bien, Sire,*—Sir, God's malison on your 'justice,' your 'pity,' your 'right reason.' Cursed be of God whoso shall have pity on these false traitorous Armagnacs, English; dogs they are; they have destroyed us, wasted this realm of France, and sold it to the English."¹⁰ And so they slay, and fling aside the slain, to the extent of 'fifteen hundred and eighteen, among whom are found four 'Bishops of false and damnable counsel, and two Presidents of 'Parlement.' For though it is not Satan's world this that we live in, Satan always has his place in it (underground properly); and from time to time bursts up. Well may mankind shriek, as articulately anathematising as they can. There are actions of such emphasis that no shrieking can be too emphatic for them. Shriek ye; acted have they.

Shriek who might in this France, in this Paris Legislative or Paris Townhall, there are Ten Men who do not shriek. A Circular goes out from the Committee of *Salut Public*, dated 3d of September 1792; directed to all Townhalls: a State-paper too remarkable to be overlooked. 'A part of the ferocious conspirators detained in the Prisons,' it says, 'have been 'put to death by the People; and we cannot doubt but the

⁹ 9th to 13th September 1572 (Dulaure, *Hist. de Paris*, iv. 289).

¹⁰ Dulaure, iii. 494.

‘ whole Nation, driven to the edge of ruin by such endless series
 ‘ of treasons, will make haste to adopt *this* means of public sal-
 ‘ vation : and all Frenchmen will cry as the men of Paris : We
 ‘ go to fight the enemy ; but we will not leave robbers behind
 ‘ us, to butcher our wives and children.’ To which are legibly
 appended these signatures : Panis ; Sergent ; Marat, Friend of
 the People ;¹¹ with Seven others ;—carried down thereby, in a
 strange way, to the late remembrance of Antiquarians. We re-
 mark, however, that their Circular rather recoiled on themselves.
 The Townhalls made no use of it ; even the distracted Sanscu-
 lottes made little ; they only howled and bellowed, but did not
 bite. At Rheims ‘ about eight persons’ were killed ; and two after-
 wards were hanged for doing it. At Lyons, and a few other
 places, some attempt was made ; but with hardly any effect,
 being quickly put down.

Less fortunate were the Prisoners of Orléans ; was the good
 Duke de la Rochefoucault. He journeying, by quick stages,
 with his Mother and Wife, towards the Waters of Forges, or
 some quieter country, was arrested at Gisors ; conducted along
 the streets, amid effervescing multitudes, and killed dead ‘ by
 the stroke of a paving-stone hurled through the coach-window.’
 Killed as a once Liberal now Aristocrat ; Protector of Priests,
 Suspender of virtuous Pétions, and most unfortunate Hot-grown-
 cold, detestable to Patriotism. He dies lamented of Europe ;
 his blood spattering the cheeks of his old Mother, ninety-three
 years old.

As for the Orléans Prisoners, they are State Criminals :
 Royalist Ministers, Delessarts, Montmorins ; who have been ac-
 cumulating on the High Court of Orléans, ever since that Tri-
 bunal was set up. Whom now it seems good that we should get
 transferred to our new Paris Court of the Seventeenth ; which
 proceeds far quicker. Accordingly hot Fournier from Martin-
 ique, Fournier *l’Américain*, is off, missioned by Constituted Au-
 thority ; with stanch National Guards, with Lazouski the Pole ;
 sparingly provided with road-money. These, through bad quar-
 ters, through difficulties, perils, for Authorities cross each other
 in this time,—do triumphantly bring off the Fifty or Fifty-three
 Orléans Prisoners, towards Paris ; where a swifter Court of the
 Seventeenth will do justice on them.¹² But lo, at Paris, in the
 interim, a still swifter and swiftest Court of the *Second*, and of

¹¹ *Hist. Parl.* xvii. 433.

¹² *Ibid.* xvii. 434.

September, has instituted itself: enter not Paris, or that will judge you!—What shall hot Fournier do? It was his duty, as volunteer Constable, had he been a perfect character, to guard those men's lives never so Aristocratic, at the expense of his own valuable life never so Sansculottic, till some Constituted Court had disposed of them. But he was an imperfect character and Constable; perhaps one of the more imperfect.

Hot Fournier, ordered to turn hither by one Authority, to turn thither by another Authority, is in a perplexing multiplicity of orders; but finally he strikes off for Versailles. His Prisoners fare in tumbrils, or open carts, himself and Guards riding and marching around: and at the last village, the worthy Mayor of Versailles comes to meet him, anxious that the arrival and locking-up were well over. It is Sunday, the ninth day of the month. Lo, on entering the Avenue of Versailles, what multitudes, stirring, swarming in the September sun, under the dull-green September foliage; the Four-rowed Avenue all humming and swarming, as if the Town had emptied itself! Our tumbrils roll heavily through the living sea; the Guards and Fournier making way with ever more difficulty; the Mayor speaking and gesturing his persuasivest; amid the inarticulate growling hum, which growls ever the deeper even by hearing itself growl, not without sharp yelpings here and there:—Would to God we were out of this strait place, and wind and separation had cooled the heat, which seems about igniting here!

And yet if the wide Avenue is too strait, what will the Street *de Surintendance* be, at leaving of the same? At the corner of Surintendance Street, the compressed yelpings become a continuous yell: savage figures spring on the tumbril-shafts; first spray of an endless coming tide! The Mayor pleads, pushes, half-desperate; is pushed, carried off in men's arms: the savage tide has entrance, has mastery. Amid horrid noise, and tumult as of fierce wolves, the Prisoners sink massacred,—all but some eleven, who escaped into houses, and found mercy. The Prisons, and what other Prisoners they held, were with difficulty saved. The stript clothes are burnt in bonfire; the corpses lie heaped in the ditch on the morrow morning.¹³ All France, except it be the Ten Men of the Circular and their people, moans and rages, inarticulately shrieking; all Europe rings.

¹³ *Pièces officielles relatives au massacre des Prisonniers à Versailles* (in *Hist. Parl.* xviii. 236-249),

But neither did Danton shriek ; though, as Minister of Justice, it was more his part to do so. Brawny Danton is in the breach, as of stormed Cities and Nations ; amid the sweep of Tenth-of-August cannon, the rustle of Prussian gallows-ropes, the smiting of September sabres ; destruction all round him, and the rushing-down of worlds : Minister of Justice is his name ; but Titan of the Forlorn Hope, and *Enfant Perdu* of the Revolution, is his quality,—and the man acts according to that. “ We must put our enemies in fear ! ” Deep fear, is it not, as of its own accord, falling on our enemies ? The Titan of the Forlorn Hope, he is not the man that would swiftest of all prevent its so falling. Forward, thou lost Titan of an *Enfant Perdu* ; thou must dare, and again dare, and without end dare ; there is nothing left for thee but that ! “ *Que mon nom soit flétri*, Let my name be blighted : ” what am I ? The Cause alone is great ; and shall live, and not perish.—So, on the whole, here too is a Swallower of Formulas ; of still wider gulp than Mirabeau : this Danton, Mirabeau of the Sansculottes. In the September days, this Minister was not heard of as coöperating with strict Roland ; his business might lie elsewhere,—with Brunswick and the Hôtel-de-Ville. When applied to by an official person, about the Orléans Prisoners, and the risks they ran, he answered gloomily, twice over, “ Are not these men guilty ? ”—When pressed, he ‘ answered in a terrible voice,’ and turned his back.¹⁴ A thousand slain in the Prisons ; horrible if you will ; but Brunswick is within a day’s journey of us ; and there are Five-and-twenty Millions yet, to slay or to save. Some men have tasks,—frightfuller than ours ! It seems strange, but is not strange, that this Minister of Moloch-Justice, when any suppliant for a friend’s life got access to him, was found to have human compassion ; and yielded and granted ‘ always ; ’ ‘ neither did one personal enemy of Danton perish in these days.’¹⁵

To shriek, we say, when certain things are acted, is proper and unavoidable. Nevertheless, articulate speech, not shrieking, is the faculty of man : when speech is not yet possible, let there be, with the shortest delay, at least—silence. Silence, accordingly, in this forty-fourth year of the business, and eighteen hundred and thirty-sixth of an ‘ Era called Christian as *lucus à non*, ’ is the thing we recommend and practise. Nay, in-

¹⁴ *Biographie des Ministres*, p. 97.

¹⁵ *Ibid*, p. 103.

stead of shrieking more, it were perhaps edifying to remark, on the other side, what a singular thing Customs (in Latin, *Mores*) are ; and how fitly the Virtue, *Vir-tus*, Manhood or Worth, that is in a man, is called his *Morality* or *Customariness*. Fell Slaughter, one of the most authentic products of the Pit you would say, once give it Customs, becomes War, with Laws of War ; and is Customary and Moral enough ; and red individuals carry the tools of it girt round their haunches, not without an air of pride,—which do thou nowise blame. While, see ! so long as it is but dressed in hodden or russet ; and Revolution, less frequent than War, has not yet got its Laws of Revolution, but the hodden or russet individuals are Uncustomary — O shrieking beloved brother blockheads of Mankind, let us close those wide mouths of ours ; let us cease shrieking, and begin considering !

CHAPTER VII.

SEPTEMBER IN ARGONNE.

PLAIN, at any rate, is one thing : that the *fear*, whatever of fear those Aristocrat enemies might need, has been brought about. The matter is getting serious, then ! Sansculottism too has become a Fact, and seems minded to assert itself as such ? This huge mooncalf of Sansculottism, staggering about, as young calves do, is not mockable only, and soft like another calf ; but terrible too, if you prick it ; and, through its hideous nostrils, blows fire !—Aristocrats, with pale panic in their hearts, fly towards covert ; and a light rises to them over several things ; or rather a confused transition towards light, whereby for the moment darkness is only darker than ever. But what will become of this France ? Here is a question ! France is dancing its desert-waltz, as Sahara does when the winds waken ; in whirlblasts twenty-five millions in number ; waltzing towards Town-halls, Aristocrat Prisons and Election Committee-rooms ; towards Brunswick and the frontiers ; towards a New Chapter of Universal History ; if indeed it be not the *Finis*, and winding-up of that !

In Election Committee-rooms there is now no dubiety ; but the work goes bravely along. The Convention is getting chosen,

—really in a decisive spirit ; in the Townhall we already date *First year of the Republic*. Some Two-hundred of our best Legislators may be reëlected, the Mountain bodily : Robespierre, with Mayor Pétion, Buzot, Curate Grégoire, Rabaut, some three-score Old-Constituents ; though we once had only ‘thirty voices.’ All these ; and along with them, friends long known to Revolutionary fame : Camille Desmoulins, though he stutters in speech : Manuel, Tallien and Company ; Journalists Gorsas, Carra, Mercier, Louvet of *Faublas* ; Clootz Speaker of Mankind ; Collot d’Herbois, tearing a passion to rags ; Fabre d’Eglantine, speculative Pamphleteer ; Legendre, the solid Butcher ; nay Marat, though rural France can hardly believe it, or even believe that there *is* a Marat, except in print. Of Minister Danton, who will lay down his Ministry for a Membership, we need not speak. Paris is fervent ; nor is the Country wanting to itself. Barbaroux, Rebecqui, and fervid Patriots are coming from Marseilles. Seven-hundred and forty-five men (or indeed forty-nine, for Avignon now sends Four) are gathering : so many are to meet ; not so many are to part !

Attorney Carrier from Aurillac, Ex-Priest Lebon from Arras, these shall both gain a *name*. Mountainous Auvergne re-elects her Romme ; hardy tiller of the soil, once Mathematical Professor ; who, unconscious, carries in petto a remarkable *New Calendar*, with Messidors, Pluvioses, and such-like ;—and having given it well forth, shall depart by the death they call Roman. Sieyes Old-Constituent comes ; to make new Constitutions as many as wanted : for the rest, peering out of his clear cautious eyes, he will cower low in many an emergency, and find silence safest. Young Saint-Just is coming, deputed by Aisne in the North ; more like a Student than a Senator ; not four-and-twenty yet ; who has written Books ; a youth of slight stature, with mild mellow voice, enthusiast olive-complexion and long black hair. Féraud, from the far valley D’Aure in the folds of the Pyrenees, is coming ; an ardent Republican ; doomed to fame, at least in death.

All manner of Patriot men are coming : Teachers, Husbandmen, Priests and Ex-Priests, Traders, Doctors ; above all, Talkers, or the Attorney species. Man-midwives, as Levasseur of the Sarthe, are not wanting. Nor Artists : gross David, with the swoln cheek, has long painted, with genius in a state of convulsion ; and will now legislate. The swoln cheek, chok-

ing his words in the birth, totally disqualifies him as an orator ; but his pencil, his head, his gross hot heart, with genius in a state of convulsion, will be there. A man bodily and mentally swoln-cheeked, disproportionate ; flabby-large, instead of great ; weak withal as in a state of convulsion, not strong in a state of composure : so let him play his part. Nor are naturalised Benefactors of the Species forgotten : Priestley, elected by the Orne Department, but declining ; Paine the rebellious Needleman, by the Pas de Calais, who accepts.

Few Nobles come, and yet not none. Paul-François Barras, 'noble as the Barrases, old as the rocks of Provence ;' he is one. The reckless, shipwrecked man : flung ashore on the coast of the Maldives long ago, while sailing and soldiering as Indian Fighter : flung ashore since then, as hungry Parisian pleasure-hunter and half-pay, on many a Circe Island, with temporary enchantment, temporary conversion into beasthood and hoghood ;—the remote Var Department has now sent him hither. A man of heat and haste ; defective in utterance ; defective indeed in anything to utter ; yet not without a certain rapidity of glance, a certain swift transient courage ; who in these times, Fortune favouring, may go far. He is tall, handsome to the eye, 'only the complexion a little yellow ;' but 'with 'a robe of purple, with a scarlet cloak and plume of tricolor, 'on occasions of solemnity,' the man will look well.¹ Lepelletier Saint-Fargeau, Old-Constituent, is a kind of noble, and of enormous wealth ; he too has come hither :—to have the Pain of Death *abolished* ? Hapless Ex-Parlementeer ! Nay among our Sixty Old-Constituents, see Philippe d'Orléans, a Prince of the Blood ! Not now *D'Orléans* : for, Feudalism being swept from the world, he demands of his worthy friends the Electors of Paris, to have a new name of their choosing ; whereupon Procureur Manuel, like an antithetic literary man, recommends *Equality*, *Egalité*. A Philippe Egalité therefore will sit ; seen of the Earth and Heaven.

Such a Convention is gathering itself together. Mere angry poultry in moulting season ; whom Brunswick's grenadiers and cannoneers will give short account of. Would the weather, as Bertrand is always praying, only mend a little !²

¹ *Dictionnaire des Hommes Marquans*, § Barras.

² Bertrand-Moleville, *Mémoires*, ii. 225

1792.

In vain, O Bertrand ! The weather will not mend a whit : nay even if it did ? Dumouriez Polymetis, though Bertrand knows it not, started from brief slumber at Sedan, on that morning of the 29th of August ; with stealthiness, with promptitude, audacity. Some three mornings after that, Brunswick, opening wide eyes, perceives the Passes of the Argonne all seized ; blocked with felled trees, fortified with camps ; and that it is a most shifty swift Dumouriez this, who has outwitted him !

The manœuvre may cost Brunswick ' a loss of three weeks,' very fatal in these circumstances. A Mountain-wall of forty miles lying between him and Paris : which he should have pre-occupied ;—which how now to get possession of ? Also the rain it raineth every day ; and we are in a hungry Champagne Pouilleuse, a land flowing only with ditch-water. How to cross this Mountain-wall of the Argonne ; or what in the world to do with it ?—There are marchings and wet splashings by steep paths, with *sackerments* and guttural interjections ; forcings of Argonne Passes,—which unhappily will not force. Through the woods, volleying War reverberates, like huge gong-music, or Moloch's kettledrum, borne by the echoes ; swoln torrents boil angrily round the foot of rocks, floating pale carcasses of men. In vain ! Islettes Village, with its church-steeple, rises intact in the Mountain-pass, between the embosoming heights ; your forced marchings and climbings have become forced slidings and tumblings back. From the hill-tops thou seest nothing but dumb crags, and endless wet moaning woods ; the Clermont *Vache* (huge Cow that she is) disclosing herself³ at intervals ; flinging-off her cloud-blanket, and soon taking it on again, drowned in the pouring Heaven. The Argonne Passes will not force : you must *skirt* the Argonne : go round by the end of it.

But fancy whether the Emigrant Seigneurs have not got their brilliancy dulled a little ; whether that ' Foot Regiment in red-facings with nankeen trousers' could be in field-day order ! In place of gasconading, a sort of desperation, and hydrophobia from *excess* of water, is threatening to supervene. Young Prince de Ligne, son of that brave literary De Ligne the Thundergod of Dandies, fell backwards ; shot dead in Grand-Pré, the North-most of the Passes : Brunswick is skirting and rounding, laboriously, by the extremity of the South. Four days ; days of a rain as of Noah,—without fire, without food ! For fire you cut

³ See Helen Maria Williams, *Letters*, iii, 79-81.

down green trees, and produce smoke ; for food you eat green grapes, and produce colic, pestilential dysentery, ὀλέκοντο δὲ λαοί. And the Peasants assassinate us, they do not join us ; shrill women cry shame on us, threaten to draw their very scissors on us ! O ye hapless dulled-bright Seigneurs, and hydrophobic splashed Nankeens ;—but O, ten times more, ye poor *sackermenting* ghastly-visaged Hessians and Hulans, fallen on your backs ; who had no call to die there, except compulsion and three-halfpence a-day ! Nor has Mrs. Le Blanc of the Golden Arm a good time of it, in her bower of dripping rushes. Assassinating Peasants are hanged ; Old-Constituent Honourable Members, though of venerable age, ride in carts with their hands tied : these are the woes of war.

Thus they ; sprawling and wriggling, far and wide, on the slopes and passes of the Argonne ;—a loss to Brunswick of five-and-twenty disastrous days. There is wriggling and struggling ; facing, backing and right-about facing ; as the positions shift, and the Argonne gets partly rounded, partly forced :—but still Dumouriez, force him, round him as you will, sticks like a rooted fixture on the ground ; fixture with many *hinges* ; wheeling now this way, now that ; showing always new front, in the most unexpected manner : nowise consenting to take himself away. Recruits stream up on him : full of heart ; yet rather difficult to deal with. Behind Grand-Pré, for example, Grand-Pré which is on the wrong-side of the Argonne, for we are now forced and rounded,—the full heart, in one of those wheelings and showings of new front, did as it were overset itself, as full hearts are liable to do ; and there rose a shriek of *sauve qui peut*, and a death-panic which had nigh ruined all ! So that the General had to come galloping ; and, with thunder-words, with gesture, stroke of drawn sword even, check and rally, and bring back the sense of shame ;⁴—nay to seize the first shriekers and ringleaders ; ‘ shave their heads and eyebrows,’ and pack them forth into the world as a sign. Thus too (for really the rations are short, and wet camping with hungry stomach brings bad humour) there is like to be mutiny. Whereupon again Dumouriez ‘ arrives at the ‘ head of their line, with his staff, and an escort of a hundred ‘ hussars. He had placed some squadrons behind them, the artillery in front ; he said to them : “ As for you, for I will neither ‘ call you citizens, nor soldiers, nor my men (*ni mes enfans*), you

⁴ Dumouriez, *Mémoires*, iii. 29.

' see before you this artillery, behind you this cavalry. You have
' dishonoured yourselves by crimes. If you amend, and grow
' to behave like this brave Army which you have the honour of
' belonging to, you will find in me a good father. But plunderers
' and assassins I do not suffer here. At the smallest mutiny I
' will have you shivered in pieces (*hacher en pièces*). Seek out
' the Scoundrels that are among you, and dismiss them your-
' selves ; I hold you responsible for them." ⁵

Patience, O Dumouriez ! This uncertain heap of shriekers, mutineers, were they once drilled and inured, will become a phalanxed mass of Fighters ; and wheel and whirl, to order, swiftly like the wind or the whirlwind : tanned mustachio-figures ; often bare-foot, even bare-backed ; with sinews of iron ; who require only bread and gunpowder : very Sons of Fire, the adroitest, hastiest, hottest ever seen perhaps since Attila's time. They may conquer and overrun amazingly, much as that same Attila did ;—whose Attila's-Camp and Battlefield thou now seest, on this very ground ;⁶ who, after sweeping bare the world, was, with difficulty, and days of tough fighting, checked *here* by Roman Ætius and Fortune ; and his dust-cloud made to vanish in the East again !—

Strangely enough, in this shrieking Confusion of a Soldiery, which we saw long since fallen all suicidally out of square, in suicidal collision,—at Nanci, or on the streets of Metz, where brave Bouillé stood with drawn sword ; and which has collided and ground itself to pieces worse and worse ever since, down now to such a state : in this shrieking Confusion, and not elsewhere, lies the first germ of returning Order for France ! Round which, we say, poor France nearly all ground down suicidally likewise into rubbish and Chaos, will be glad to rally ; to begin growing, and new-shaping her inorganic dust ; very slowly, through centuries, through Napoleons, Louis-Philippes, and other the like media and phases,—into a new, infinitely preferable France, we can hope !—

These wheelings and movements in the region of the Argonne, which are all faithfully described by Dumouriez himself, and more interesting to us than Hoyle's or Philidor's best Game of Chess, let us nevertheless, O Reader, entirely omit ;—and hasten to remark two things : the first a minute private, the second a large public thing. Our minute private thing is : the presence, in the

⁶ Dumouriez, *Mémoires*, iii. 55.

⁶ Helen Maria Williams, iii. 32.

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Prussian host, in that war-game of the Argonne, of a certain Man, belonging to the sort called Immortal; who, in days since then, is becoming visible more and more in that character, as the Transitory more and more vanishes: for from of old it was remarked that when the Gods appear among men, it is seldom in recognisable shape; thus Admetus's neatherds give Apollo a draught of their goatskin whey-bottle (well if they do not give him strokes with their oxrungs), not dreaming that he is the Sun-god! This man's name is *Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*. He is Herzog Weimar's Minister, come with the small contingent of Weimar; to do insignificant unmilitary duty here; very irreconisable to nearly all! He stands at present, with drawn bridle, on the height near Sainte-Menehould, making an experiment on the 'cannon-fever,' having ridden thither against persuasion, into the dance and firing of the cannon-balls, with a scientific desire to understand what that same cannon-fever may be: 'The sound of them,' says he, 'is curious enough; as if it were compounded of the humming of tops, the gurgling of water and the whistle of birds. By degrees you get a very uncommon sensation; which can only be described by similitude. It seems as if you were in some place extremely hot, and at the same time were completely penetrated by the heat of it; so that you feel as if you and this element you are in were perfectly on a par. The eyesight loses nothing of its strength or distinctness; and yet it is as if all things had got a kind of brown-red colour, which makes the situation and the objects still more impressive on you.'

This is the cannon-fever, as a World-Poet feels it.—A man entirely irreconisable! In whose irreconisable head, meanwhile, there verily is the spiritual counterpart (and call it complement) of this same huge Death-Birth of the World; which now effectuates itself, outwardly in the Argonne, in such cannon-thunder; inwardly, in the irreconisable head, quite otherwise than by thunder! Mark that man, O Reader, as the memorablest of all the memorable in this Argonne Campaign. What we say of him is not dream, nor flourish of rhetoric, but scientific historic fact; as many men, now at this distance, see or begin to see.

But the large public thing we had to remark is this: That the Twentieth of September 1792 was a raw morning covered

¹ Goethe, *Campagne in Frankreich* (*Werke*, xxx. 73).

with mist ; that from three in the morning, Sainte-Menehould, and those Villages and homesteads we know of old, were stirred by the rumble of artillery-wagons, by the clatter of hoofs and many-footed tramp of men : all manner of military, Patriot and Prussian, taking up positions, on the Heights of La Lune and other Heights ; shifting and shoving,—seemingly in some dread chess-game ; which may the Heavens turn to good ! The Miller of Valmy has fled dusty under ground ; his Mill, were it never so windy, will have rest today. At seven in the morning the mist clears off : see Kellermann, Dumouriez' second in command, with 'eighteen pieces of cannon,' and deep-serried ranks, drawn up round that same silent Windmill, on his knoll of strength ; Brunswick, also with serried ranks and cannon, glooming over to him from the Height of La Lune : only the little brook and its little dell now parting them.

So that the much-longed-for has come at last ! Instead of hunger and dysentery, we shall have sharp shot ; and then !—Dumouriez, with force and firm front, looks on from a neighbouring height ; can help only with his wishes, in silence. Lo, the eighteen pieces do bluster and bark, responsive to the bluster of La Lune ; and thunder-clouds mount into the air ; and echoes roar through all dells, far into the depths of Argonne Wood (deserted now) ; and limbs and lives of men fly dissipated, this way and that. Can Brunswick make an impression on them ? The dulled-bright Seigneurs stand biting their thumbs ; these Sansculottes seem *not* to fly like poultry ! Towards noontide a cannon-shot blows Kellermann's horse from under him ; there bursts a powder-cart high into the air, with knell heard over all : some swagging and swaying observable ;—Brunswick will try ! "*Camarades,*" cries Kellermann, "*Vive la Patrie ! Allons vaincre pour elle,* Come let us conquer for her." "*Live the Fatherland !*" rings responsive to the welkin, like rolling-fire from side to side : our ranks are as firm as rocks ; and Brunswick may *recross* the dell, ineffectual ; regain his old position on La Lune ; not unbattered by the way. And so, for the length of a September day, —with bluster and bark ; with bellow far-echoing ! The cannonade lasts till sunset ; and no impression made. Till an hour after sunset, the few remaining Clocks of the District striking Seven ; at this late time of day Brunswick tries again. With not a whit better fortune ! He is met by rock-ranks, by shout of *Vive la Patrie* ; and driven back, not unbattered. Where-

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upon he ceases ; retires ' to the Tavern of La Lune ; ' and sets to raising a redoute lest *he* be attacked !

Verily so, ye dulled-bright Seigneurs, make of it what ye may. Ah, and France does not rise round us in mass ; and the Peasants do not join us, but assassinate us : neither hanging nor any persuasion will induce them ! They have lost their old distinguishing love of King and King's-cloak,—I fear, altogether ; and will even fight to be rid of it : that seems now their humour. Nor does Austria prosper, nor the siege of Thionville. The Thionvillers, carrying their insolence to the epigrammatic pitch, have put a Wooden Horse on their walls, with a bundle of Hay hung from him, and this Inscription : " When I finish my hay, you will take Thionville." ⁸ To such height has the frenzy of mankind risen.

The trenches of Thionville may shut ; and what though those of Lille open ? The Earth smiles not on us, nor the Heaven ; but weeps and blears itself, in sour rain, and worse. Our very friends insult us ; we are wounded in the house of our friends : ' His Majesty of Prussia had a greatcoat, when the rain came ; ' and (contrary to all known laws) he put it on, though our two ' French Princes, the hope of their country, had none ! ' To which indeed, as Goethe admits, what answer could be made ? ⁹—Cold and Hunger and Affront, Colic and Dysentery and Death ; and we here, cowering *redouted*, most unredoubtable, amid the ' tattered cornshocks and deformed stubble,' on the splashy Height of La Lune, round the mean Tavern de la Lune !—

This is the Cannonade of Valmy ; wherein the World-Poet experimented on the cannon-fever ; wherein the French Sansculottes did not fly like poultry. Precious to France ! Every soldier did his duty, and Alsatian Kellermann (how preferable to old Lückner the dismissed !) began to become greater ; and *Égalité Fils*, Equality Junior, a light gallant Field-Officer, distinguished himself by intrepidity :—it is the same intrepid individual who now, as Louis-Philippe, without the Equality, struggles, under sad circumstances, to be called King of the French for a season.

⁸ *Hist. Parl.* xix. 177.

⁹ Goethe, xxx. 49.

CHAPTER VIII.

EXEUNT.

BUT this Twentieth of September is otherwise a great day. For, observe, while Kellermann's horse was flying blown from under him at the Mill of Valmy, our new National Deputies, that shall be a NATIONAL CONVENTION, are hovering and gathering about the Hall of the Hundred Swiss : with intent to constitute themselves !

On the morrow, about noontide, Camus the Archivist is busy 'verifying their powers;' several hundreds of them already here. Whereupon the Old Legislative comes solemnly over, to merge its old ashes phoenix-like in the body of the new ;—and so forthwith, returning all solemnly back to the Salle de Manège, there sits a National Convention, Seven-hundred and Forty-nine complete, or complete enough ; presided by Pétion ;—which proceeds directly to do business. Read that reported afternoon's-debate, O Reader ; there are few debates like it : dull reporting *Moniteur* itself becomes more dramatic than a very Shakspeare. For epigrammatic Manuel rises, speaks strange things ; how the President shall have a guard of honour, and lodge in the Tuileries :—*rejected*. And Danton rises and speaks ; and Collot d'Herbois rises, and Curate Grégoire, and lame Couthon of the Mountain rises ; and in rapid Melibœan stanzas, only a few lines each, they propose motions not a few : That the corner-stone of our new Constitution is, Sovereignty of the People ; that our Constitution shall be accepted by the People or be null ; further that the People ought to be avenged, and have right Judges ; that the Imposts must continue till new order ; that Landed and other Property be sacred forever ; finally that 'Royalty from this day is abolished in France : '—*Decreed* all, before four o'clock strike, with acclamation of the world !¹ The tree was all so ripe ; only shake it, and there fall such yellow cartloads.

And so over in the Valmy Region, as soon as the news come, what stir is this, audible, visible from our muddy Heights of La Lune ?² Universal shouting of the French on their opposite hill-side ; caps raised on bayonets : and a sound as of

¹ *Hist. Parl.* xix. 19.

² Williams, iii. 71.

September 29th.

République : Vive la République borne dubious on the winds ! —On the morrow morning, so to speak, Brunswick slings his knapsacks before day, lights any fires he has ; and marches without tap of drum. Dumouriez finds ghastly symptoms in that camp ; '*latrines* full of blood' !³ The chivalrous King of Prussia,—for he, as we saw, is here in person,—may long rue the day ; may look colder than ever on these dulled-bright Seigneurs, and French Princes their Country's hope ;—and, on the whole, put on his greatcoat without ceremony, happy that he has one. They retire, all retire with convenient despatch, through a Champagne trodden into a quagmire, the wild weather pouring on them : Dumouriez, through his Kellermanns and Dillons, pricking them a little in the hinder parts. A little, not much ; now pricking, now negotiating : for Brunswick has his eyes opened ; and the Majesty of Prussia is a repentant Majesty.

Nor has Austria prospered ; nor the Wooden Horse of Thionville bitten his hay ; nor Lille City surrendered itself. The Lille trenches opened on the 29th of the month ;, with balls and shells, and redhot balls ; as if not trenches but Vesuvius and the Pit had opened. It was frightful, say all eye-witnesses ; but it is ineffectual. The Lillers have risen to such temper ; especially after these news from Argonne and the East. Not a Sans-indispensables in Lille that would surrender for a King's ransom. Redhot balls rain, day and night ; 'six-thousand,' or so, and bombs 'filled internally with oil of turpentine which splashes up in flame ;'—mainly on the dwellings of the Sansculottes and Poor ; the streets of the Rich being spared. But the Sansculottes get water-pails ; form quenching-regulations : "The ball is in Peter's house !" "The ball is in John's !" They divide their lodging and substance with each other ; shout *Vive la République* ; and faint not in heart. A ball thunders through the main chamber of the Hôtel-de-Ville while the Commune is there assembled : "We are in permanence," says one coldly, proceeding with his business ; and the ball remains permanent too, sticking in the wall, probably to this day.⁴

The Austrian Archduchess (Queen's Sister) will herself see red artillery fired : in their over-haste to satisfy an Archduchess, 'two mortars explode and kill thirty persons.' It is in vain ;

³ 1st October 1792 : Dumouriez, iii. 73.

⁴ *Bombardement de Lille* (in *Hist. Parl.* xx. 63-71).

Lille, often burning, is always quenched again ; Lille will not yield. The very boys deftly wrench the matches out of fallen bombs : 'a man clutches a rolling ball with his hat, which takes fire ; when cool, they crown it with a *bonnet rouge*.' Memorable also be that nimble Barber, who when the bomb burst beside him, snatched up a sherd of it, introduced soap and lather into it, crying, "*Voilà mon plat à barbe*, My new shaving-dish !" and shaved 'fourteen people' on the spot. Bravo, thou nimble Shaver ; worthy to shave old spectral Redcloak, and find treasures !—On the eighth day of this desperate siege, the sixth day of October, Austria, finding it fruitless, draws off, with no pleasurable consciousness ; rapidly, Dumouriez tending thitherward ; and Lille too, black with ashes and smoulder, but jubilant skyhigh, flings its gates open. The *Plat à barbe* became fashionable ; 'no Patriot of an elegant turn,' says Mercier several years afterwards, 'but shaves himself out of the splinter of a Lille bomb.'

Quid multa, Why many words ? The Invaders are in flight ; Brunswick's Host, the third part of it gone to death, staggers disastrous along the deep highways of Champagne ; spreading out also into 'the fields of a tough spongy red-coloured clay : '—'like Pharaoh through a Red Sea of mud,' says Goethe ; 'for 'here also lay broken chariots, and riders and foot seemed sinking around.'⁵ On the eleventh morning of October, the World-Poet, struggling Northwards out of Verdun, which he had entered Southwards, some five weeks ago, in quite other order, discerned the following Phenomenon and formed part of it :

'Towards three in the morning, without having had any sleep, we were about mounting our carriage, drawn up at the door ; when an insuperable obstacle disclosed itself : for there rolled on already, between the pavement-stones which were crushed up into a ridge on each side, an uninterrupted column of sick-wagons through the Town, and all was trodden as into a morass. While we stood waiting what could be made of it, our Landlord the Knight of Saint-Louis pressed past us, without salutation.' He had been a Calonne's Notable in 1787, an Emigrant since ; had returned to his home, jubilant, with the Prussians ; but must now forth again into the wide world, followed by a servant carrying a little bundle on his stick.'

⁵ *Campagne in Frankreich*, p. 103.

' The activity of our alert Lisieux shone eminent, and on this occasion too brought us on : for he struck into a small gap of the wagon-row ; and held the advancing team back till we, with our six and our four horses, got intercalated ; after which, in my light little coachlet, I could breathe freer. We were now under way ; at a funeral pace, but still under way. The day broke ; we found ourselves at the outlet of the Town, in a tumult and turmoil without measure. All sorts of vehicles, few horsemen, innumerable foot-people, were crossing each other on the great esplanade before the Gate. We turned to the right, with our Column, towards Estain, on a limited highway, with ditches at each side. Self-preservation, in so monstrous a press, knew now no pity, no respect of ought. Not far before us there fell down a horse of an ammunition-wagon ; they cut the traces, and let it lie. And now as the three others could not bring their load along, they cut them also loose, tumbled the heavy-packed vehicle into the ditch ; and with the smallest retardation, we had to drive on right over the horse, which was just about to rise ; and I saw too clearly how its legs, under the wheels, went crashing and quivering.

' Horse and foot endeavoured to escape from the narrow laborious highway into the meadows : but these too were rained to ruin ; overflowed by full ditches, the connexion of the footpaths everywhere interrupted. Four gentleman-like, handsome, well-dressed French soldiers waded for a time beside our carriage ; wonderfully clean and neat : and had such art of picking their steps, that their foot-gear testified no higher than the ankle to the muddy pilgrimage these good people found themselves engaged in.

' That under such circumstances one saw, in ditches, in meadows, in fields and crofts, dead horses enough, was natural to the case : by and by, however, you found them also flayed, the fleshy parts even cut away ; sad token of the universal distress.

' Thus we fared on ; every moment in danger, at the smallest stoppage on our own part, of being ourselves tumbled overboard ; under which circumstances, truly, the careful dexterity of our Lisieux could not be sufficiently praised. The same talent showed itself at Estain ; where we arrived towards noon ; and descried, over the beautiful well-built little Town, through

'streets and on squares, around and beside us, one sense-confusing tumult : the mass rolled this way and that ; and, all struggling forward, each hindered the other. Unexpectedly our carriage drew up before a stately house in the market-place ; master and mistress of the mansion saluted us in reverent distance.' Dexterous Lisieux, though we knew it not, had said we were the King of Prussia's Brother !

'But now, from the ground-floor windows, looking over the whole marketplace, we had the endless tumult lying, as it were, palpable. All sorts of walkers, soldiers in uniform, marauders, stout but sorrowing citizens and peasants, women and children, crushed and jostled each other, amid vehicles of all forms : ammunition-wagons, baggage-wagons ; carriages, single, double and multiplex ; such hundredfold miscellany of teams, requisitioned or lawfully owned, making way, hitting together, hindering each other, rolled here to right and to left. Horned-cattle too were struggling on ; probably herds that had been put in requisition. Riders you saw few ; but the elegant carriages of the Emigrants, many-coloured, lackered, gilt and silvered, evidently by the best builders, caught your eye.⁶

'The crisis of the strait, however, arose farther on a little ; where the crowded marketplace had to introduce itself into a street,—straight indeed and good, but proportionably far too narrow. I have, in my life, seen nothing like it : the aspect of it might perhaps be compared to that of a swollen river which has been raging over meadows and fields, and is now again obliged to press itself through a narrow bridge, and flow on in its bounded channel. Down the long street, all visible from our windows, there swelled continually the strangest tide : a high double-seated travelling coach towered visible over the flood of things. We thought of the fair Frenchwomen we had seen in the morning. It was not they, however ; it was Count Haugwitz ; him you could look at, with a kind of sardonic malice, rocking onwards, step by step, there.'⁷

In such untriumphant Procession has the Brunswick Manifesto issued ! Nay in worse, 'in Negotiation with these miscreants,'—the first news of which produced such a revulsion in the Emigrant nature, as put our scientific World-Poet 'in fear

⁶ See *Hermann und Dorothea* (also by Goethe), Buch *Kalliope*.

⁷ *Campagne in Frankreich*, Goethe's *Werke* (Stuttgart, 1829), xx: 133.

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for the wits of several.⁸ There is no help • they must fare on, these poor Emigrants, angry with all persons and things, and making all persons angry in the hapless course they struck into. Landlord and landlady testify to you, at *tables-d'hôte*, how insupportable these Frenchmen are : how, in spite of such humiliation, of poverty and probable beggary, there is ever the same struggle for precedence, the same forwardness and want of discretion. High in honour, at the head of the table, you with your own eyes observe not a Seigneur, but the automaton of a Seigneur fallen into dotage ; still worshipped, reverently waited on and fed. In miscellaneous seats is a miscellany of soldiers, commissaries, adventurers ; consuming silently their barbarian victuals. ‘ On all brows is to be read a hard destiny ; all are ‘ silent, for each has his own sufferings to bear, and looks forth ‘ into misery without bounds.’ One hasty wanderer, coming in, and eating without ungraciousness what is set before him, the landlord lets off almost scot-free. “ He is,” whispered the landlord to me, “ the first of these cursed people I have seen condescend to taste our German black bread.”⁹

And Dumouriez is in Paris ; lauded and feasted ; paraded in glittering saloons, floods of beautiful blonde-dresses and broadcloth-coats flowing past him, endless, in admiring joy. One night, nevertheless, in the splendour of one such scene, he sees himself suddenly apostrophised by a squalid unjoyful Figure, who has come in *uninvited*, nay despite of all lackeys ; an unjoyful Figure ! The Figure is come “ in express mission from the Jacobins,” to inquire sharply, better then than later, touching certain things : “ Shaven eyebrows of Volunteer Patriots, for instance ?” Also, “ your threats of shivering in pieces ?” Also, “ why you have not chased Brunswick hotly enough ?” Thus, with sharp croak, inquires the Figure.—“ *Ah, c’est vous qu’on appelle Marat*, You are he they call Marat !” answers the General, and turns coldly on his heel.¹⁰—“ Marat !” The blonde-gowns quiver like aspens ; the dress-coats gather round ; Actor Talma (for it is his house), Actor Talma, and almost the

⁸ *Campagne in Frankreich*, Goethe's *Werke*, xxx. 152.

⁹ *Ibid.* p. 210-12.

¹⁰ Dumouriez, iii. 115.—Marat's account, in the *Débats des Jacobins* and *Journal de la République* (*Hist. Parl.* xix. 317-21), agrees to the turning on the heel, but strives to interpret it differently.

very chandelier-lights, are blue : till this obscene Spectrum, swart unearthly Visual-Appearance, vanish, back into its native Night.

General Dumouriez, in few brief days, is gone again, towards the Netherlands ; will attack the Netherlands, winter though it be. And General Montesquiou, on the Southeast, has driven in the Sardinian Majesty ; nay, almost without a shot fired, has taken Savoy from him, which longs to become a piece of the Republic. And General Custine, on the Northeast, has dashed forth on Spires and its Arsenal ; and then on Electoral Mentz, not uninvited, wherein are German Democrats and no shadow of an Elector now : so that in the last days of October, Frau Forster, a daughter of Heyne's, somewhat democratic, walking out of the Gate of Mentz with her Husband, finds French Soldiers playing at bowls with cannon-balls there. Forster trips cheerfully over one iron bomb, with "Live the Republic !" A black-bearded National Guard answers : "*Elle vivra bien sans vous*, It will probably live independently of you "¹¹

¹¹ Johann Georg Forster's *Briefwechsel* (Leipzig, 1829), i. 33.

BOOK SECOND.

REGICIDE.

CHAPTER I.

THE DELIBERATIVE.

FRANCE therefore has done two things very completely : she has hurled back her Cimmerian Invaders far over the marches ; and likewise she has shattered her own internal Social Constitution, even to the minutest fibre of it, into wreck and dissolution. Utterly it is all altered : from King down to Parish Constable, all Authorities, Magistrates, Judges, persons that bore rule, have had, on the sudden, to alter themselves, so far as needful ; or else, on the sudden, and not without violence, to be altered ; a Patriot 'Executive Council of Ministers,' with a Patriot Danton in it, and then a whole Nation and National Convention, have taken care of that. Not a Parish Constable, in the farthest hamlet, who has said *De par le Roi*, and shown loyalty, but must retire, making way for a new improved Parish Constable who can say *De par la République*.

It is a change such as History must beg her readers to imagine, *undescribed*. An instantaneous change of the whole body-politic, the soul-politic being all changed ; such a change as few bodies, politic or other, can experience in this world. Say, perhaps, such as poor Nymph Semele's body did experience, when she would needs, with woman's humour, see her Olympian Jove as very Jove ;—and so stood, poor Nymph, this moment Semele, next moment not Semele, but Flame and a Statue of red-hot Ashes ! France has looked upon Democracy ; seen it face to face.—The Cimmerian Invaders will rally, in humbler temper, with better or worse luck : the wreck and dissolution must *reshape* itself into a social Arrangement as it can

and may. But as for this National Convention, which is to settle everything, if it do, as Deputy Paine and France generally expects, get all finished 'in a few months,' we shall call it a most deft Convention.

In truth, it is very singular to see how this mercurial French People plunges suddenly from *Vive le Roi* to *Vive la République*; and goes simmering and dancing, shaking off daily (so to speak), and trampling into the dust, its old social garnitures, ways of thinking, rules of existing; and cheerfully dances towards the Ruleless, Unknown, with such hope in its heart, and nothing but *Freedom, Equality and Brotherhood* in its mouth. Is it two centuries, or is it only two years, since all France roared simultaneously to the welkin, bursting forth into sound and smoke at its *Feast of Pikes*, "Live the Restorer of French Liberty"? Three short years ago there was still Versailles and an *Œil-de-Bœuf*: now there is that watched Circuit of the Temple, girt with dragon-eyed Municipals, where, as in its final limbo, Royalty lies extinct. In the year 1789, Constituent Deputy Barrère 'wept,' in his *Break-of-Day* Newspaper, at sight of a reconciled King Louis; and now in 1792, Convention Deputy Barrère, perfectly tearless, may be considering, whether the reconciled King Louis shall be guillotined or not!

Old garnitures and social vestures drop off (we say) so fast, being indeed quite decayed, and are trodden under the National dance. And the new vestures, where are they; the new modes and rules? Liberty, Equality, Fraternity: not vestures, but the wish for vestures! The Nation is for the present, figuratively speaking, *naked*; it has no rule or vesture; but is naked,—a Sansculottic Nation.

So far therefore, and in such manner, have our Patriot Brissots, Guadets triumphed. Vergniaud's Ezekiel-visions of the fall of thrones and crowns, which he spake hypothetically and prophetically in the Spring of the year, have suddenly come to fulfilment in the Autumn. Our eloquent Patriots of the Legislative, like strong Conjurors, by the word of their mouth, have swept Royalism with its old modes and formulas to the winds; and shall now govern a France free of formulas. Free of formulas! And yet man lives not except with formulas; with customs, *ways* of doing and living: no text truer than this; which will hold true from the Tea-table and Tailor's shopboard up to the High Senate-houses, Solemn Temples; nay through all pro-

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vinces of Mind and Imagination, onwards to the outmost confines of articulate Being,—*Ubi homines sunt modi sunt*. 'There are modes wherever there are men. It is the deepest law of man's nature; whereby man is a craftsman and 'tool-using animal;' not the slave of Impulse, Chance and brute Nature, but in some measure their lord. Twenty-five millions of men, suddenly stript bare of their *modi*, and dancing them down in that manner, are a terrible thing to govern!

Eloquent Patriots of the Legislative, meanwhile, have precisely this problem to solve. Under the name and nickname of 'statesmen, *hommes d'état*,' of 'moderate men, *modérants*,' of Brissotins, Rolandins, finally of *Girondins*, they shall become world-famous in solving it. For the Twenty-five millions are Gallic effervescent too;—filled both with hope of the unutterable, of universal Fraternity and Golden Age; and with terror of the unutterable, Cimmerian Europe all rallying on us. It is a problem like few. Truly, if man, as the Philosophers brag, did to any extent look before and after, what, one may ask, in many cases would become of him? What, in this case, would become of these Seven-hundred and Forty-nine men? The Convention, seeing clearly before and after, were a paralysed Convention. Seeing clearly to the length of its own nose, it is not paralysed.

To the Convention itself neither the work nor the method of doing it is doubtful! To make the Constitution; to defend the Republic till that be made. Speedily enough, accordingly, there has been a 'Committee of the Constitution' got together. Sieyes, Old-Constituent, Constitution-builder by trade; Condorcet, fit for better things; Deputy Paine, foreign Benefactor of the Species, with that 'red carbuncled face and the black beaming eyes;' Hérault de Séchelles, Ex-Parlementeer, one of the handsomest men in France; these, with inferior guild-brethren, are girt cheerfully to the work; will once more 'make the Constitution;' let us hope, more effectually than last time. For that the Constitution can be made, who doubts,—unless the Gospel of Jean Jacques came into the world in vain? True, our last Constitution did tumble within the year, so lamentably. But what then; except sort the rubbish and boulders, and build them up again better? 'Widen your basis,' for one thing,—to Universal Suffrage, if need be; exclude rotten materials, Royalism and such-like, for another thing. And in brief, *build*, O unspeakable Sieyes and Company, unwearied! Frequent perilous downrushing of

scaffolding and rubblework, be that an irritation, no discouragement. Start ye always again, clearing aside the wreck ; if with broken limbs, yet with whole hearts ; and build, we say, in the name of Heaven,—till either the work do stand ; or else mankind abandon it, and the Constitution-builders be paid off, with laughter and tears ! One good time, in the course of Eternity, it was appointed that this of Social Contract too should try itself out. And so the Committee of Constitution shall toil : with hope and faith ;—with no disturbance from any reader of these pages.

To make the Constitution, then, and return home joyfully in a few months ; this is the prophecy our National Convention gives of itself ; by this scientific program shall its operations and events go on. But from the best scientific program, in such a case, to the actual fulfilment, what a difference ! Every reunion of men, is it not, as we often say, a reunion of incalculable Influences ; every unit of it a microcosm of Influences ;—of which how shall Science calculate or prophesy ? Science, which cannot, with all its calculuses, differential, integral and of variations, calculate the Problem of Three gravitating Bodies, ought to hold her peace here, and say only : In this National Convention there are Seven-hundred and Forty-nine very singular Bodies, that gravitate and do much else ;—who, probably in an amazing manner, will work the appointment of Heaven.

Of National Assemblages, Parliaments, Congresses, which have long sat ; which are of saturnine temperament ; above all, which are not ‘ dreadfully in earnest,’ something may be computed or conjectured : yet even these are a kind of Mystery in progress,—whereby accordingly we see the Journalist Reporter find livelihood : even these jolt madly out of the ruts, from time to time. How much more a poor National Convention, of French vehemence ; urged on at such velocity ; without routine, without rut, track or landmark ; and dreadfully in earnest every man of them ! It is a Parliament literally such as there was never elsewhere in the world. Themselves are new, unarranged ; they are the Heart and presiding centre of a France fallen wholly into maddest disarrangement. From all cities, hamlets, from the utmost ends of this France with its Twenty-five million vehement souls, thick-streaming influences storm-in on that same Heart, in the Salle de Manège, and storm-out again : such fiery venous-arterial circulation is the function of that Heart. Seven-hundred and Forty-nine human individuals, we say, never

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sat together on our Earth under more original circumstances. Common individuals most of them, or not far from common: yet in virtue of the position they occupied, so notable. How, in this wild piping of the whirlwind of human passions, with death, victory, terror, valour, and all height and all depth pealing and piping, these men, left to their own guidance, will speak and act?

Readers know well that this French National Convention (quite contrary to its own Program) became the astonishment and horror of mankind; a kind of Apocalyptic Convention, or black *Dream become real*; concerning which History seldom speaks except in the way of interjection: how it covered France with wo, delusion and delirium; and from its bosom there went forth Death on the pale Horse. To hate this poor National Convention is easy; to praise and love it has not been found impossible. It is, as we say, a Parliament in the most original circumstances. To us, in these pages, be it as a fuliginous fiery mystery, where Upper has met Nether, and in such alternate glare and blackness of darkness poor bedazzled mortals know not which is Upper, which is Nether; but rage and plunge distractedly, as mortals in that case will do. A Convention which has to consume itself, suicidally; and become dead ashes—with its World! Behoves us, not to enter exploratively its dim embroiled deeps; yet to stand with unwavering eyes, looking how it welters; what notable phases and occurrences it will successively throw up.

One general superficial circumstance we remark with praise: the force of Politeness. To such depth has the sense of civilisation penetrated man's life; no Drouet, no Legendre, in the maddest tug of war, can altogether shake it off. Debates of Senates dreadfully in earnest are seldom given frankly to the world; else perhaps they would surprise it. Did not the Grand Monarque himself once chase his Louvois with a pair of brandished tongs? But reading long volumes of these Convention Debates, all in a foam with furious earnestness, earnest many times to the extent of life and death, one is struck rather with the degree of continence they manifest in speech; and how in such wild ebullition, there is still a kind of polite rule struggling for mastery, and the forms of social life never altogether disappear. These men, though they menace with clenched right-hands, do not clutch one

another by the collar; they draw no daggers, except for oratorical purposes, and this not often: profane swearing is almost unknown, though the Reports are frank enough; we find only one or two oaths, oaths by Marat, reported in all.

For the rest, that there is 'effervescence' who doubts? Effervescence enough; Decrees passed by acclamation today, repealed by vociferation tomorrow; temper fitful, most rotatory-changeful, always headlong! The 'voice of the orator is covered with rumours;' a hundred 'honourable Members rush with menaces 'towards the Left side of the Hall;' President has 'broken three 'bells in succession,'—claps on his hat, as signal that the country is near ruined. A fiercely effervescent Old-Gallic Assemblage!—Ah, how the loud sick sounds of Debate, and of Life, which is *a debate*, sink silent one after another: so loud now, and in a little while so low! Brennus, and those antique Gael Captains, in their way to Rome, to Galatia and such places, whither they were in the habit of marching in the most fiery manner, had Debates as effervescent, doubt it not; though no *Moniteur* has reported them. They scolded in Celtic Welsh, those Brennuses; neither were they Sansculotte; nay rather breeches (*braccæ*, say of felt or rough-leather) were the only thing they had; being, as Livy testifies, naked down *to* the haunches:—and, see, it is the same sort of work and of men still, now when they have got coats, and speak nasally a kind of broken Latin! But, on the whole, does not TIME envelope this present National Convention; as it did those Brennuses, and ancient august Senates in felt breeches? Time surely: and also Eternity. Dim dusk of Time,—or noon which will be dusk; and then there is night, and silence; and Time with all its sick noises is swallowed in the still sea. Pity thy brother, O son of Adam! The angriest frothy jargon that he utters, is it not properly the whimpering of an infant which cannot *speak* what ails it, but is in distress clearly, in the inwards of it; and so must squall and whimper continually, till its Mother take it, and it get—to sleep!

This Convention is not four days old, and the melodious Melibœan stanzas that shook down Royalty are still fresh in our ear, when there bursts out a new diapason,—unhappily, of Discord, this time. For speech has been made of a thing difficult to speak of well: the September Massacres. How deal with these September Massacres; with the Paris Commune that pre-

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sided over them? A Paris Commune hateful-terrible; before which the poor effete Legislative had to quail, and sit quiet. And now if a young omnipotent Convention will not so quail and sit, what steps shall it take? Have a Departmental Guard in its pay, answer the Girondins and Friends of Order! A Guard of National Volunteers, missioned from all the Eighty-three or Eighty-five Departments, for that express end; these will keep Septemberers, tumultuous Communes in a due state of submissiveness, the Convention in a due state of sovereignty. So have the Friends of Order answered, sitting in Committee, and reporting; and even a Decree has been passed of the required tenour. Nay certain Departments, as the Var or Marseilles, in mere expectation and assurance of a Decree, have their contingent of Volunteers already on march; brave Marseillaise, foremost on the Tenth of August, will not be hindmost here: 'fathers gave ' their sons a musket and twenty-five louis,' says Barbaroux, 'and ' bade them march.'

Can anything be properer? A Republic that will found itself on justice must needs investigate September Massacres; a Convention calling itself National, ought it not to be guarded by a National force?—Alas, Reader, it seems so to the eye: and yet there is much to be said and argued. Thou beholdest here the small beginning of a Controversy, which mere logic will not settle. Two small well-springs, September, Departmental Guard, or rather at bottom they are but one and the same small well-spring; which will swell and widen into waters of bitterness; all manner of subsidiary streams and brooks of bitterness flowing in, from this side and that; till it become a wide river of bitterness, of rage and separation,—which can subside only into the Catacombs. This Departmental Guard, decreed by overwhelming majorities, and then repealed for peace's sake, and not to insult Paris, is again decreed more than once; nay it is partially executed, and the very men that are to be of it are seen visibly parading the Paris streets,—shouting once, being overtaken with liquor: "*À bas Marat, Down with Marat!*"¹ Nevertheless, decreed never so often, it is repealed just as often; and continues, for some seven months an angry noisy Hypothesis only: a fair Possibility struggling to become a Reality, but which shall never be one; which, after endless struggling, shall, in February next, sink into sad rest,

¹ *Hist. Parl.* xx. 184.

—dragging much along with it. So singular are the ways of men and honourable Members.

But on this fourth day of the Convention's existence, as we said, which is the 25th of September 1792, there comes Committee Report on that Decree of the Departmental Guard, and speech of repealing it; there come denunciations of Anarchy, of a Dictatorship,—which let the incorruptible Robespierre consider: there come denunciations of a certain *Journal de la République*, once called *Ami du Peuple*; and so thereupon there comes, visibly stepping up, visibly standing aloft on the Tribune, ready to speak,—the Bodily Spectrum of People's-Friend Marat! Shriek, ye Seven-hundred and Forty-nine; it is verily Marat, he and not another. Marat is no phantasm of the brain, or mere lying impress of Printer's Types; but a thing material, of joint and sinew, and a certain small stature; ye behold him there, in his blackness, in his dingy squalor, a living fraction of Chaos and Old Night; visibly incarnate, desirous to speak. "It appears," says Marat to the shrieking Assembly, "that a great many persons here are enemies of mine."—"All! all!" shriek hundreds of voices: enough to drown any People's-Friend. But Marat will not drown: he speaks and croaks explanation; croaks with such reasonableness, air of sincerity, that repentant pity smothered anger, and the shrieks subside, or even become applauses. For this Convention is unfortunately the crankiest of machines: it shall be pointing eastward with stiff violence this moment; and then do but touch some spring dexterously, the whole machine, clattering and jerking seven-hundredfold, will whirl with huge crash, and, next moment, is pointing westward! Thus Marat, absolved and applauded, victorious in this turn of fence, is, as the Debate goes on, prickt at again by some dexterous Girondin; and then the shrieks rise anew, and Decree of Accusation is on the point of passing; till the dingy People's-Friend bobs aloft once more; croaks once more persuasive stillness, and the Decree of Accusation sinks. Whereupon he draws forth—a Pistol; and setting it to his Head, the seat of such thought and prophecy, says: 'If they had passed their Accusation Decree, he, the People's-Friend, would have blown his brains out.' A People's-Friend has that faculty in him. For the rest, as to this of the two-hundred and sixty-thousand Aristocrat Heads, Marat candidly says, "*C'est là mon avis*, Such is my opinion." Also is it not

indisputable : " No power on Earth can prevent me from seeing into traitors, and unmasking them,"—by my superior originality of mind?² An honourable member like this Friend of the People few terrestrial Parliaments have had.

We observe, however, that this first onslaught by the Friends of Order, as sharp and prompt as it was, has failed. For neither can Robespierre, summoned out by talk of Dictatorship, and greeted with the like rumour on showing himself, be thrown into Prison, into Accusation; not though Barbaroux openly bear testimony against him, and sign it on paper. With such sanctified meekness does the Incorruptible lift his seagreen cheek to the smiter; lift his thin voice, and with jesuitic dexterity plead, and prosper; asking at last, in a prosperous manner: " But what witnesses has the Citoyen Barbaroux to support his testimony?" "*Moi!*" cries hot Rebecqui, standing up, striking his breast with both hands, and answering "*Me!*"³ Nevertheless the Seagreen pleads again, and makes it good: the long hurly-burly, 'personal merely,' while so much public matter lies fallow, has ended in the order of the day. O Friends of the Gironde, why will you occupy our august sessions with mere paltry Personalities, while the grand Nationality lies in such a state?—The Gironde has touched, this day, on the foul black-spot of its fair Convention Domain; has trodden on it, and yet *not* trodden it down. Alas, it is a *well-spring*, as we said, this black-spot; and will not tread down!

CHAPTER II.

THE EXECUTIVE.

MAY we not conjecture therefore that round this grand enterprise of Making the Constitution, there will, as heretofore, very strange embroilments gather, and questions and interests complicate themselves; so that after a few or even several months, the Convention will not have settled everything? Alas, a whole tide of questions comes rolling, boiling; growing ever wider, without end! Among which, apart from this question of September and Anarchy, let us notice three, which emerge oftener

² *Moniteur* Newspaper, Nos. 271, 280, 294, Année première; Moore's *Journal*, ii. 21, 157, &c. (which, however, may perhaps, as in similar cases, be only a copy of the Newspaper).

³ *Moniteur*, ut *suprà*: Séance du 25 Septembre.

than the others, and promise to become Leading Questions: Of the Armies; of the Subsistences; thirdly, of the Dethroned King.

As to the Armies, Public Defence must evidently be put on a proper footing; for Europe seems coalising itself again; one is apprehensive even England will join it. Happily Dumouriez prospers in the North;—nay, what if he should prove *too* prosperous, and become *Liberticide*, Murderer of Freedom!—Dumouriez prospers, through this winter season; yet not without lamentable complaints. Sleek Pache, the Swiss Schoolmaster, he that sat frugal in his Alley, the wonder of neighbours, has got lately—whither thinks the Reader? To be Minister of War! Madame Roland, struck with his sleek ways, recommended him to her husband as Clerk; the sleek Clerk had no need of salary, being of true Patriotic temper; he would come with a bit of bread in his pocket, to save dinner and time; and munching incidentally, do three men's work in a day; punctual, silent, frugal,—the sleek Tartuffe that he was. Wherefore Roland, in the late Overturn, recommended him to be War-Minister. And now, it would seem, he is secretly undermining Roland; playing into the hands of your hotter Jacobins and September Commune; and cannot, like strict Roland, be the *Veto des Coquins*!¹

How the sleek Pache might mine and undermine, one knows not well; this however one does know: that his War-Office has become a den of thieves and confusion, such as all men shudder to behold. That the Citizen Hassenfratz, as Head-Clerk, sits there in *bonnet rouge*, in rapine, in violence, and some Mathematical calculation; a most insolent, red-nightcapped man. That Pache munches his pocket-loaf, amid head-clerks and sub-clerks, and has spent all the War-Estimates. That Furnishers scour in gigs, over all districts of France, and drive bargains. And lastly that the Army gets next to no furniture: no shoes, though it is winter; no clothes; some have not even arms; 'in the Army of the South,' complains an honourable Member, 'there are thirty-thousand pairs of breeches wanting,'—a most scandalous want.

Roland's strict soul is sick to see the course things take: but what can he do? Keep his own Department strict; rebuke, and repress wheresoever possible; at lowest, complain. He can complain in Letter after Letter, to a National Convention, to France, to Posterity, the Universe; grow ever more querulous.

¹ Madame Roland, *Mémoires*, ii. 237, &c.

indignant ;—till at last, may he not grow wearisome ? For is not this continual text of his, at bottom, a rather barren one : How astonishing that in a time of Revolt and abrogation of all Law but Cannon Law, there should be such Unlawfulness ? Intrepid Veto-of-Scoundrels, narrow-faithful, respectable, methodic man, work thou in that manner, since happily it is thy manner, and wear thyself away ; though ineffectual, not profitless in it—then nor *now* !—The brave Dame Roland, bravest of all French women, begins to have misgivings : The figure of Danton has too much of the ‘Sardanapalus character,’ at a Republican Rolandin Dinner-table : Cloutz, Speaker of Mankind, prosed sad stuff about a Universal Republic, or union of all Peoples and Kindreds in one and the same Fraternal Bond ; of which Bond, how it is to be *tied*, one unhappily sees not.

It is also an indisputable, unaccountable or accountable fact, that Grains are becoming scarcer and scarcer. Riots for grain, tumultuous Assemblages demanding to have the price of grain fixed, abound far and near. The Mayor of Paris and other poor Mayors are like to have their difficulties. Pétion was re-elected Mayor of Paris ; but has declined ; being now a Convention Legislator. Wise surely to decline : for, besides this of Grains and all the rest, there is in these times an Improvised Insurrectionary Commune passing into an Elected legal one ; getting their accounts settled,—not without irritancy ! Pétion has declined : nevertheless many do covet and canvass. After months of scrutinising, balloting, arguing and jargoning, one Doctor Chambon gets the post of honour : who will not long keep it ; but be, as we shall see, literally *crushed* out of it.²

Think also if the private Sansculotte has not his difficulties, in a time of dearth ! Bread, according to the People’s-Friend, may be some ‘six sous per pound, a day’s wages some fifteen,’ and grim winter here. How the Poor Man continues living, and so seldom starves ; by miracle ! Happily, in these days, he can enlist, and have himself shot by the Austrians, in an unusually satisfactory manner : for the Rights of Man.—But Commandant Santerre, in this so straitened condition of the flour-market, and state of Equality and Liberty, proposes, through the Newspapers, two remedies, or at least palliatives : *First*, that all classes of men should live two days of the week on potatoes ; then, *second*, that every man should hang his dog. Here-

² *Dictionnaire des Hommes Marquans*, § Chambon.

by, as the Commandant thinks, the saving, which indeed he computes to so many sacks, would be very considerable. Cheerfuler form of inventive-stupidity than Commandant Santerre's dwells in no human soul. Inventive-stupidity, imbedded in health, courage and good-nature : much to be commended. "My whole strength," he tells the Convention once, "is, day and night, at the service of my fellow-citizens : if they find me worthless, they will dismiss me ; I will return, and brew beer."³

Or figure what correspondences a poor Roland, Minister of the Interior, must have, on this of Grains alone ! Free-trade in Grain, impossibility to fix the Prices of Grain ; on the other hand, clamour and necessity to fix them : Political Economy lecturing from the Home Office, with demonstration clear as Scripture ;—ineffectual for the empty National Stomach. The Mayor of Chartres, like to be eaten himself, cries to the Convention ; the Convention sends honourable Members in Deputation ; who endeavour to feed the multitude by miraculous spiritual methods ; but cannot. The multitude, in spite of all Eloquence, come bellowing round ; will have the Grain-Prices fixed, and at a moderate elevation ; or else—the honourable Deputies hanged on the spot ! The honourable Deputies, reporting this business, admit that, on the edge of horrid death, they did fix, or affect to fix the Price of Grain : for which, be it also noted, the Convention, a Convention that will not be trifled with, sees good to reprimand them.⁴

But as to the origin of these Grain-Riots, is it not most probably your secret Royalists again ? Glimpses of Priests were discernible in this of Chartres,—to the eye of Patriotism. Or indeed may not 'the root of it all lie in the Temple Prison, in the heart of a perjured King,' well as we guard him ?⁵ Unhappy perjured King !—And so there shall be Bakers' Queues by and by, more sharp-tempered than ever : on every Baker's door-rabbit an iron ring, and coil of rope ; whereon, with firm grip, on this side and that, we form our Queue : but mischievous deceitful persons cut the rope, and our Queue becomes a ravelment ; wherefore the coil must be made of iron chain.⁶ Also there shall be Prices of Grain well fixed ; but then no grain purchasable by them : bread not to be had except by Ticket from the Mayor, few ounces per mouth daily ; after long sway-

³ *Moniteur* (in *Hist. Parl.* xx. 412).

⁴ *Hist. Parl.* xx. 409.

⁵ *Hist. Parl.* xx. 431-440.

⁶ Mercier, *Nouveau Paris*.

ing, with firm grip, on the chain of the Queue. And Hunger shall stalk direful; and Wrath and Suspicion, whetted to the Preternatural pitch, shall stalk; as those other preternatural 'shapes of Gods in their wrathfulness' were discerned stalking, 'in glare and gloom of that fire-ocean,' when Troy Town fell!—

CHAPTER III.

DISCROWNED.

BUT the question more pressing than all on the Legislator, as yet, is this third: What shall be done with King Louis?

King Louis, now King and Majesty to his own family alone, in their own Prison Apartment alone, has, for months past, been mere Louis Capet and the Traitor Veto with the rest of France. Shut in his Circuit of the Temple, he has heard and seen the loud whirl of things; yells of September Massacres, Brunswick war-thunders dying off in disaster and discomfiture; he passive, a spectator merely; waiting whither it would please to whirl with him. From the neighbouring windows, the curious, not without pity, might see him walk daily, at a certain hour, in the Temple Garden, with his Queen, Sister and two Children, all that now belongs to him in this Earth.¹ Quietly he walks and waits; for he is not of lively feelings, and is of a devout heart. The wearied Irresolute has, at least, no need of resolving now. His daily meals, lessons to his Son, daily walk in the Garden, daily game at ombre or draughts, fill up the day: the morrow will provide for itself.

The morrow indeed; and yet How? Louis asks, How? France, with perhaps still more solicitude, asks, How? A King dethroned by insurrection is verily not easy to dispose of. Keep him prisoner, he is a secret centre for the Disaffected, for endless plots, attempts and hopes of theirs. Banish him, he is an open centre for them; his royal war-standard, with what of divinity it has, unrolls itself, summoning the world. Put him to death? A cruel questionable extremity that too: and yet the likeliest in these extreme circumstances, of insurrectionary men, whose own life and death lies staked: accordingly it is said, from the last step of the throne to the first of the scaffold there is short distance.

¹ Moore, i. 123; ii. 224, &c.

But, on the whole, we will remark here that this business of Louis looks altogether different now, as seen over Seas and at the distance of forty-four years, from what it looked then, in France, and struggling confused all round one. For indeed it is a most lying thing that same Past Tense always : so beautiful, sad, almost Elysian-sacred, 'in the moonlight of Memory,' it seems ; and *seems* only. For observe, always one most important element is surreptitiously (we not noticing it) withdrawn from the Past Time : the haggard element of Fear ! Not *there* does Fear dwell, nor Uncertainty, nor Anxiety ; but it dwells *here* ; haunting us, tracking us ; running like an accursed ground-discord through all the music-tones of our Existence ;—making the Tense a mere Present one ! Just so is it with this of Louis. Why smite the fallen ? asks Magnanimity, out of danger now. He is fallen so low this once-high man ; no criminal nor traitor, how far from it ; but the unhappiest of Human Solecisms : whom if abstract Justice had to pronounce upon, she might well become concrete Pity, and pronounce only sobs and dismissal !

So argues retrospective Magnanimity : but Pusillanimity, present, prospective ? Reader, thou hast never lived, for months, under the rustle of Prussian gallows-ropes ; never wert thou portion of a National Sahara-waltz, Twenty-five millions running distracted to fight Brunswick ! Knights Errant themselves, when they conquered Giants, usually slew the Giants : quarter was only for other Knights Errant, who knew courtesy and the laws of battle. The French Nation, in simultaneous, desperate dead-pull, and as if by miracle of madness, has pulled down the most dread Goliath, huge with the growth of ten centuries ; and cannot believe, though his giant bulk, covering acres, lies prostrate, bound with peg and packthread, that he will not rise again, mandevouring ; that the victory is not partly a dream. Terror has its scepticism ; miraculous victory its rage of vengeance. Then as to criminality, is the prostrated Giant, who will devour us if he rise, an innocent Giant ? Curate Grégoire, who indeed is now Constitutional Bishop Grégoire, asserts, in the heat of eloquence, that Kingship by the very nature of it is a crime capital ; that Kings' Houses are as wild-beasts' dens.² Lastly consider this : that there is on record a Trial of Charles First ! This printed *Trial of Charles First* is sold and read everywhere at present :³

² *Moniteur*, Séance du 21 Septembre, An 1^{er} (1792).

³ *Moore's Journal*, ii. 165.

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—*Quel spectacle!* Thus did the English People judge their Tyrant, and become the first of Free Peoples : which feat, by the grace of Destiny, may not France now rival? Scepticism of terror, rage of miraculous victory, sublime spectacle to the universe,—all things point one fatal way.

Such leading questions, and their endless incidental ones,—of September Anarchists and Departmental Guard ; of Grain-Riots, plaintive Interior Ministers ; of Armies, Hassenfratz dilapidations ; and what is to be done with Louis,—beleaguer and embroil this Convention ; which would so gladly make the Constitution rather. All which questions, too, as we often urge of such things, are in *growth* ; they grow in every French head ; and can be *seen* growing also, very curiously, in this mighty welter of Parliamentary Debate, of Public Business which the Convention has to do. A question emerges, so small at first ; is put off, submerged ; but always reëmerges bigger than before. It is a curious, indeed an indescribable sort of growth which such things have.

We perceive, however, both by its frequent reëmergence and by its rapid enlargement of bulk, that this Question of King Louis will take the lead of all the rest. And truly, in that case, it will take the *lead* in a much deeper sense. For as Aaron's Rod swallowed all the other serpents ; so will the Foremost Question, whichever may get foremost, absorb all other questions and interests ; and from it and the decision of it will they all, so to speak, be *born*, or new-born, and have shape, physiognomy and destiny corresponding. It was appointed of Fate that, in this wide-weltering, strangely growing, monstrous stupendous imbroglio of Convention Business, the grand First-Parent of all the questions, controversies, measures and enterprises which were to be evolved there to the world's astonishment, should be this Question of King Louis.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LOSER PAYS.

THE Sixth of November 1792 was a great day for the Republic : outwardly, over the Frontiers ; inwardly, in the *Salle de Manège*.

Outwardly : for Dumouriez, overrunning the Netherlands,

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did, on that day, come in contact with Saxe-Teschén and the Austrians; Dumouriez wide-winged, they wide-winged; at and around the village of Jemappes, near Mons. And fire-hail is whistling far and wide there, the great guns playing, and the small; so many green Heights getting fringed and maned with red Fire. And Dumouriez is swept back on this wing, and swept back on that, and is like to be swept back utterly; when he rushes up in person, the prompt Polymetis; speaks a prompt word or two; and then, with clear tenor-pipe, 'uplifts the Hymn of the Marseillaise, *entonna la Marseillaise*,¹ ten-thousand tenor or bass pipes joining; or say, some Forty-thousand in all; for every heart leaps at the sound; and so with rhythmic march-melody, waxing ever quicker, to double and to treble quick, they rally, they advance, they rush, death-defying, man-devouring; carry batteries, redoutes, whatsoever is to be carried; and, like the fire-whirlwind, sweep all manner of Austrians from the scene of action. Thus, through the hands of Dumouriez, may Rouget de Lille, in figurative speech, be said to have gained, miraculously, like another Orpheus, by his Marseillaise fiddle-strings (*fidibus canoris*), a Victory of Jemappes; and conquered the Low Countries.

Young General Egalité, it would seem, shone brave among the bravest on this occasion. Doubtless a brave Egalité;—whom however does not Dumouriez rather talk of oftener than need were? The Mother Society has her own thoughts. As for the Elder Egalité, he flies low at this time; appears in the Convention for some half-hour daily, with rubicund, preoccupied or impassive quasi-contemptuous countenance; and then takes himself away.² The Netherlands are conquered, at least overrun. Jacobin missionaries, your Prolys, Pereiras, follow in the train of the Armies; also Convention Commissioners, melting church-plate, revolutionising and remodeling,—among whom Danton, in brief space, does immensities of business; not neglecting his own wages and trade-profits, it is thought. Hassenfratz dilapidates at home; Dumouriez grumbles and they dilapidate abroad: within the walls there is sinning, and without the walls there is sinning.

But in the Hall of the Convention, at the same hour with this victory of Jemappes, there went another thing forward: Report, of great length, from the proper appointed Committee, on the Crimes of Louis. The Galleries listen breathless; take

¹ Dumouriez, *Mémoires*, iii. 174.

² Moore, ii. 148.

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comfort, ye Galleries: Deputy Valazé, Reporter on this occasion, thinks Louis very criminal; and that, if convenient, he should be tried;—poor Girondin Valazé, who may be tried himself, one day! Comfortable so far. Nay here comes a second Committee-reporter, Deputy Mailhe, with a Legal Argument, very prosy to read now, very refreshing to hear then, That, by the Law of the Country, Louis Capet was only called Inviolable by a figure of rhetoric; but at bottom was perfectly violable, triable; that he can, and even should be tried. This Question of Louis, emerging so often as an angry confused possibility, and submerging again, has emerged now in an articulate shape.

Patriotism growls indignant joy. The so-called reign of Equality is not to be a mere name, then, but a thing! Try Louis Capet? scornfully ejaculates Patriotism. Mean criminals go to the gallows for a purse cut; and this chief criminal, guilty of a France cut; of a France slashed asunder with Clotho-scissors and Civil war; with his victims 'twelve-hundred on the Tenth of August alone' lying low in the Catacombs, fattening the passes of Argonne Wood, of Valmy and far Fields; *he*, such chief criminal, shall not even come to the bar?—For, alas, O Patriotism! add we, it was from of old said, *The loser pays!* It is he who has to pay *all* scores, run up by whomsoever; on him must all breakages and charges fall; and the twelve-hundred on the Tenth of August are not rebel traitors, but victims and martyrs: such is the law of quarrel.

Patriotism, nothing doubting, watches over this Question of the trial, now happily emerged in an articulate shape; and will see it to maturity, if the gods permit. With a keen solicitude Patriotism watches; getting ever keener, at every new difficulty, as Girondins and false brothers interpose delays; till it get a keenness as of fixed-idea, and will have this Trial and no earthly thing instead of it,—if Equality be not a name. Love of Equality; then scepticism of terror, rage of victory, sublime spectacle to the universe: all these things are strong.

But indeed this Question of the Trial, is it not to all persons a most grave one; filling with dubiety many a Legislative head! Regicide? asks the Gironde Respectability. To kill a king, and become the horror of respectable nations and persons? But then also, to save a king; to lose one's footing with the decided Patriot; the undecided Patriot, though never so respectable, being mere hypothetical froth and no footing?—The dilemma presses

sore; and between the horns of it you wriggle round and round. Decision is nowhere, save in the Mother Society and her Sons. These have decided, and go forward: the others wriggle round uneasily within their dilemma-horns, and make way nowhither.

CHAPTER V.

STRETCHING OF FORMULAS.

BUT how this Question of the Trial grew laboriously, through the weeks of gestation, now that it has been articulated or conceived, were superfluous to trace here. It emerged and submerged among the infinite of questions and embroilments. The Veto of Scoundrels writes plaintive Letters as to Anarchy; 'concealed Royalists,' aided by Hunger, produce Riots about Grain. Alas, it is but a week ago, these Girondins made a new fierce onslaught on the September Massacres!

For, one day, among the last of October, Robespierre, being summoned to the tribune by some new hint of that old calumny of the Dictatorship, was speaking and pleading there, with more and more comfort to himself; till rising high in heart, he cried out valiantly: Is there any man here that dare specifically accuse me? "*Moi!*" exclaimed one. Pause of deep silence: a lean angry little Figure, with broad bald brow, strode swiftly towards the tribune, taking papers from its pocket: "I accuse thee, Robespierre,"—I, Jean Baptiste Louvet! The Seagreen became tallowgreen; shrinking to a corner of the tribune: Danton cried, "Speak, Robespierre; there are many good citizens that listen;" but the tongue refused its office. And so Louvet, with a shrill tone, read and recited crime after crime: dictatorial temper, exclusive popularity, bullying at elections, mob-retinue, September Massacres;—till all the Convention shrieked again, and had almost indicted the Incorruptible there on the spot. Never did the Incorruptible run such a risk. Louvet, to his dying day, will regret that the Gironde did not take a bolder attitude, and extinguish him there and then.

Not so, however: the Incorruptible, about to be indicted in this sudden manner, could not be refused a week of delay. That week he is not idle; nor is the Mother Society idle,—fiercetremulous for her chosen son. He is ready at the day with his written Speech; smooth as a Jesuit Doctor's; and convinces some.

Oct. 29th-Nov. 5th.

And now? Why now lazy Vergniaud does *not* rise with Demosthenic thunder; poor Louvet, unprepared, can do little or nothing: Barrère proposes that these comparatively despicable 'personalities' be dismissed by order of the day! Order of the day it accordingly is. Barbaroux cannot even get a hearing; not though he rush down to the Bar, and demand to be heard there as a petitioner.¹ The Convention, eager for public business (with that first articulate emergence of the Trial just coming on), dismisses these comparative *misères* and despicabilities: splenetic Louvet must digest his spleen, regretfully forever: Robespierre, dear to Patriotism, is dearer for the dangers he has run.

This is the second grand attempt by our Girondin Friends of Order to extinguish that black-spot in their domain; and we see they have made it far blacker and wider than before! Anarchy, September Massacre: it is a thing that lies hideous in the general imagination; very detestable to the undecided Patriot, of Respectability: a thing to be harped on as often as need is. Harp on it, denounce it, trample it, ye Girondin Patriots:—and yet behold, the black-spot will not trample down; it will only, as we say, trample blacker and wider: fools, it is no black-spot of the surface, but a well-spring of the deep! Consider rightly, it is the Apex of the everlasting Abyss, this black-spot, looking up as water through thin ice;—say, as the region of Nether Darkness through your thin film of Gironde Regulation and Respectability: trample it *not*, lest the film break, and then—!

The truth is, if our Gironde Friends had an understanding of it, where were French Patriotism, with all its eloquence, at this moment, had *not* that same great Nether Deep, of Bedlam, Fanaticism and Popular wrath and madness, risen unfathomable on the Tenth of August? French Patriotism were an eloquent Reminiscence; swinging on Prussian gibbets. Nay, where, in few months, were it still, should the same great Nether Deep subside?—Nay, as readers of Newspapers pretend to recollect, this hatefulness of the September Massacre is itself partly an after-thought: readers of Newspapers can quote Gorsas and various Brissotins approving of the September Massacre, at the time it happened; and calling it a salutary vengeance.² So that the

¹ Louvet, *Mémoires* (Paris, 1823), p. 52; *Moniteur* (Séances du 29 Octobre, 5 Novembre, 1792); Moore, ii. 178, &c.

² See *Hist. Parl.* xvii. 401; Newspapers by Gorsas and others (cited *ibid.* 428).

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real grief, after all, were not so much righteous horror, as grief that one's own power was departing? Unhappy Girondins!

In the Jacobin Society, therefore, the decided Patriot complains that here are men who with their private ambitions and animosities will ruin Liberty, Equality and Brotherhood, all three: they check the spirit of Patriotism; throw stumbling-blocks in its way; and instead of pushing on, all shoulders at the wheel, will stand idle there, spitefully clamouring what foul ruts there are, what rude jolts we give! To which the Jacobin Society answers with angry roar;—with angry shriek, for there are 'Citoyennes too, thick crowded in the galleries here. Citoyennes who bring their seam with them, or their knitting-needles; and shriek or knit as the case needs; famed *Tricoteuses*, Patriot Knitters; *Mère Duchesse*, or the like Deborah and Mother of the Faubourgs, giving the key-note. It is a changed Jacobin Society; and a still changing. Where Mother Duchess now sits, authentic Duchesses have sat. High-rouged dames went once in jewels and spangles; now, instead of jewels, you may take the knitting-needles and leave the rouge: the rouge will gradually give place to natural brown, clean washed or even unwashed: and Demoiselle Théroigne herself get scandalously fustigated. Strange enough; it is the same tribune raised in mid-air, where a high Mirabeau, a high Barnave and Aristocrat Lameths once thundered; whom gradually your Brissots, Guadets, Vergniauds, a hotter style of Patriots in *bonnet rouge*, did displace; red heat, as one may say, superseding light. And now your Brissots in turn, and Brissotins, Rolandins, Girondins, are becoming super-numerary; must desert the sittings, or be expelled: the light of the Mighty Mother is burning not red but blue!—Provincial Daughter Societies loudly disapprove these things; loudly demand the swift reinstatement of such eloquent Girondins, the swift 'erasure of Marat, *radiation de Marat*.' The Mother Society, so far as natural reason can predict, seems ruining herself. Nevertheless she has at all crises seemed so; she has a *preternatural* life in her, and will not ruin.

But, in a fortnight more, this great Question of the Trial, while the fit Committee is assiduously but silently working on it, receives an unexpected stimulus. Our readers remember poor Louis's turn for smith-work: how, in old happier days, a certain Sieur Gamain of Versailles was wont to come over and instruct

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him in lockmaking ;—often scolding him, they say, for his numbness. By whom, nevertheless, the royal Apprentice had learned something of that craft. Hapless Apprentice ; perfidious Master-Smith ! For now, on this 20th of November 1792, dingy Smith Gamain comes over to the Paris Municipality, over to Minister Roland, with hints that he, Smith Gamain, knows a thing ; that, in May last, when traitorous Correspondence was so brisk, he and the royal Apprentice fabricated an ‘ Iron Press, *Armoire de Fer,*’ cunningly inserting the same in a wall of the royal chamber in the Tuileries ; invisible under the wainscot ; where doubtless it still sticks ! Perfidious Gamain, attended by the proper Authorities, finds the wainscot panel which none else can find ; wrenches it up ; discloses the Iron Press,—full of Letters and Papers ! Roland clutches them out ; conveys them over in towels to the fit assiduous Committee, which sits hard by. In towels, we say, and without notarial inventory ; an oversight on the part of Roland.

Here, however, are letters enough : which disclose to a demonstration the Correspondence of a traitorous self-preserving Court ; and this not with Traitors only, but even with Patriots so-called ! Barnave’s treason, of Correspondence with the Queen, and friendly advice to her, ever since that Varennes Business, is hereby manifest : how happy that we have him, this Barnave, lying safe in the Prison of Grenoble, since September last, for he had long been suspect ! Talleyrand’s treason, many a man’s treason, if not manifest hereby, is next to it. Mirabeau’s treason : wherefore his Bust in the Hall of the Convention ‘is veiled with gauze,’ till we ascertain. Alas, it is too ascertainable ! His Bust in the Hall of the Jacobins, denounced by Robespierre from the tribune in mid-air, is not veiled, it is instantly broken to sherds ; a Patriot mounting swiftly with a ladder, and shivering it down on the floor ;—it and others : amid shouts.³ Such is *their* recompense and amount of wages, at this date : on the principle of supply and demand. Smith Gamain, inadequately recompensed for the present, comes, some fifteen months after, with a humble Petition ; setting forth that no sooner was that important Iron Press finished off by him, than (as he now be-thinks himself) Louis gave him a large glass of wine. Which large glass of wine did produce in the stomach of Sieur Gamain the terriblest effects, evidently tending towards death, and was

³ *Journal des Débats des Jacobins* (in *Hist. Parl.* xxii. 296).

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then brought up by an emetic ; but has, notwithstanding, entirely ruined the constitution of *Sieur Gamain* ; so that he cannot work for his family (as he now bethinks himself). The recompense of *which* is 'Pension of Twelve-hundred Francs,' and 'honourable mention.' So different is the ratio of demand and supply at different times.

Thus, amid obstructions and stimulating furtherances, has the Question of the Trial to grow ; emerging and submerging ; fostered by solicitous Patriotism. Of the Orations that were spoken on it, of the painfully devised Forms of Process for managing it, the Law Arguments to prove it lawful, and all the infinite floods of Juridical and other ingenuity and oratory, be no syllable reported in this History. Lawyer ingenuity is good : but what can it profit here ? If the truth must be spoken, O august Senators, the only Law in this case is : *Væ victis*, The loser pays ! Seldom did Robespierre say a wiser word than the hint he gave to that effect, in his oration, That it was needless to speak of Law ; that here, if never elsewhere, our Right was Might. An oration admired almost to ecstasy by the Jacobin Patriot : who shall say that Robespierre is not a thorough-going man ; bold in Logic at least ? To the like effect, or still more plainly, spake young Saint-Just, the black-haired, mild-toned youth. Danton is on mission, in the Netherlands, during this preliminary work. The rest, far as one reads, welter amid Law of Nations, Social Contract, Juristics, Syllogistics ; to us barren as the East wind. In fact, what can be more unprofitable than the sight of Seven-hundred and Forty-nine ingenious men struggling with their whole force and industry, for a long course of weeks, to do at bottom this : To stretch out the old Formula and Law Phraseology, so that it may cover the new, contradictory, entirely *uncoverable* Thing ? Whereby the poor Formula does but *crack*, and one's honesty along with it ! The thing that is palpably *hot*, burning, wilt thou prove it, by syllogism, to be a freezing-mixture ? This of stretching out Formulas till they crack, is, especially in times of swift change, one of the sorrow-fulest tasks poor Humanity has.

CHAPTER VI.

AT THE BAR.

MEANWHILE, in a space of some five weeks, we have got to another emerging of the Trial, and a more practical one than ever.

On Tuesday eleventh of December, the King's Trial has *emerged*, very decidedly : into the streets of Paris ; in the shape of that green Carriage of Mayor Chambon, within which sits the King himself, with attendants, on his way to the Convention Hall ! Attended, in that green carriage, by Mayors Chambon, Procureurs Chaumette ; and outside of it by Commandants Santerre, with cannon, cavalry and double row of infantry ; all Sections under arms, strong Patrols scouring all streets ; so fares he, slowly through the dull drizzling weather : and about two o'clock we behold him, 'in walnut-coloured greatcoat, *redingote noisette*,' descending through the Place Vendôme, towards that Salle de Manège ; to be indicted, and judicially interrogated. The mysterious Temple Circuit has given up its secret ; which now, in this walnut-coloured coat, men behold with eyes. The same bodily Louis who was once Louis the Desired, fares there : hapless King, he is getting now towards port ; his deplorable farings and voyagings draw to a close. What duty remains to him henceforth, that of placidly enduring, he is fit to do.

The singular Procession fares on ; in silence, says Prudhomme, or amid growlings of the Marseillaise Hymn ; in silence, ushers itself into the Hall of the Convention, Santerre holding Louis's arm with his hand. Louis looks round him, with composed air, to see what kind of Convention and Parliament it is. Much changed indeed :—since February gone two years, when our Constituent, then busy, spread fleur-de-lys velvet for us ; and we came over to say a kind word here, and they all started up swearing Fidelity ; and all France started up swearing, and made it a Feast of Pikes ; which has ended in this ! Barrère, who once 'wept' looking up from his Editor's-Desk, looks down now from his President's-Chair, with a list of Fifty-seven Questions ; and says, dry-eyed : " Louis, you may sit down." Louis sits down : it is the very seat, they say, same timber and stuffing, from which he accepted the Constitution, amid dancing and

illumination, autumn gone a year. So much woodwork remains identical ; so much else is not identical. Louis sits and listens, with a composed look and mind.

Of the Fifty-seven Questions we shall not give so much as one. They are questions captiously embracing all the main Documents seized on the Tenth of August, or found lately in the Iron Press ; embracing all the main incidents of the Revolution History ; and they ask, in substance, this : Louis, who wert King, art thou not guilty to a certain extent, by act and written document, of trying to continue King ? Neither in the Answers is there much notable. Mere quiet negations, for most part ; an accused man standing on the simple basis of *No* : I do not recognise that document ; I did not do that act ; or did it according to the law that then was. Whereupon the Fifty-seven Questions, and Documents to the number of a Hundred and Sixty-two, being exhausted in this manner, Barrère finishes, after some three hours, with his : “ Louis, I invite you to withdraw.”

Louis withdraws, under Municipal escort, into a neighbouring Committee-room ; having first, in leaving the bar, demanded to have Legal Counsel. He declines refreshment, in this Committee-room ; then, seeing Chaumette busy with a small loaf which a grenadier had divided with him, says, he will take a bit of bread. It is five o'clock ; and he had breakfasted but slightly, in a morning of such drumming and alarm. Chaumette breaks his half-loaf : the King eats of the crust ; mounts the green Carriage, eating ; asks now, What he shall do with the crumb ? Chaumette's clerk takes it from him ; flings it out into the street. Louis says, It is pity to fling out bread, in a time of dearth. “ My grandmother,” remarks Chaumette, “ used to say to me, Little boy, never waste a crumb of bread ; you cannot make one.” “ Monsieur Chaumette,” answers Louis, “ your grandmother seems to have been a sensible woman.”¹ Poor innocent mortal ; so quietly he waits the drawing of the lot ;—fit to do this at least well ; Passivity alone, without Activity, sufficing for it ! He talks once of travelling over France by and by, to have a geographical and topographical view of it ; being from of old fond of geography.—The Temple Circuit again receives him, closes on him ; gazing Paris may retire to its hearths and coffee-houses, to its clubs and theatres : the damp Darkness has sunk, and with it the drumming and patrolling of this strange Day.

¹ Prudhomme's Newspaper (in *Hist. Parl.* xxi. 314).

Louis is now separated from his Queen and Family ; given up to his simple reflections and resources. Dull lie these stone walls round him ; of his loved ones none with him. ' In this state of uncertainty,' providing for the worst, he writes his Will : a Paper which can still be read ; full of placidity, simplicity, pious sweetness. The Convention, after debate, has granted him Legal Counsel, of his own choosing. Advocate Target feels himself ' too old,' being turned of fifty-four ; and declines. He had gained great honour once, defending Rohan the Necklace-Cardinal ; but will gain none here. Advocate Tronchet, some ten years older, does not decline. Nay behold, good old Malesherbes steps forward voluntarily ; to the last of his fields, the good old hero ! He is gray with seventy years : he says, " I was " twice called to the Council of him who was my Master, when " all the world coveted that honour ; and I owe him the same " service now, when it has become one which many reckon dangerous." These two, with a younger Desèze, whom they will select for pleading, are busy over that Fifty-and-sevenfold Indictment, over the Hundred and Sixty-two Documents ; Louis aiding them as he can.

A great Thing is now therefore in open progress ; all men, in all lands, watching it. By what Forms and Methods shall the Convention acquit itself, in such manner that there rest not on it even the suspicion of blame ? Difficult that will be ! The Convention, really much at a loss, discusses and deliberates. All day from morning to night, day after day, the Tribune drones with oratory on this matter ; one must stretch the old Formula to cover the new Thing. The Patriots of the Mountain, whetted ever keener, clamour for despatch above all ; the only good Form will be a swift one. Nevertheless the Convention deliberates ; the Tribune drones,—drowned indeed in tenor, and even in treble, from time to time ; the whole Hall shrilling up round it into pretty frequent wrath and provocation. It has droned and shrilled wellnigh a fortnight, before we can decide, this shrillness getting ever shriller, That on Wednesday 26th of December, Louis shall appear and plead. His Advocates complain that it is fatally soon ; which they well might as Advocates : but without remedy ; to Patriotism it seems endlessly late.

On Wednesday therefore, at the cold dark hour of eight in the morning, all Senators are at their post. Indeed they warm the cold hour, as we find, by a violent effervescence, such as is

too common now ; some Louvet or Buzot attacking some Tallien, Chabot ; and so the whole Mountain effervescing against the whole Gironde. Scarcely is this done, at nine, when Louis and his three Advocates, escorted by the clang of arms and Santerre's National force, enter the Hall.

Desèze unfolds his papers ; honourably fulfilling his perilous office, pleads for the space of three hours. An honourable Pleading, 'composed almost overnight ;' courageous yet discreet ; not without ingenuity, and soft pathetic eloquence : Louis fell on his neck, when they had withdrawn, and said with tears, "*Mon pauvre Desèze !*" Louis himself, before withdrawing, had added a few words, "perhaps the last he would utter to them : " how it pained his heart, above all things, to be held guilty of that bloodshed on the Tenth of August ; or of ever shedding or wishing to shed French blood. So saying, he withdrew from that Hall ;—having indeed finished his work there. Many are the strange errands he has had thither ; but this strange one is the last.

And now, why will the Convention loiter ? Here is the Indictment and Evidence ; here is the Pleading : does not the rest follow of itself ? The Mountain, and Patriotism in general, clamours still louder for despatch ; for Permanent-session, till the task be done. Nevertheless a doubting, apprehensive Convention decides that it will still deliberate first ; that all Members, who desire it, shall have leave to speak.—To your desks, therefore, ye eloquent Members ! Down with your thoughts, your echoes and hearsays of thoughts ; now is the time to show oneself ; France and the Universe listens ! Members are not wanting : Oration, spoken Pamphlet follows spoken Pamphlet, with what eloquence it can : President's List swells ever higher with names claiming to speak ; from day to day, all days and all hours, the constant Tribune drones ;—shrill Galleries supplying, very variably, the tenor and treble. It were a dull tone otherwise.

The Patriots, in Mountain and Galleries, or taking counsel nightly in Section-house, in Mother Society, amid their shrill *Tricoteuses*, have to watch lynx-eyed ; to give voice when needful ; occasionally very loud. Deputy Thuriot, he who was Advocate Thuriot, who was Elector Thuriot, and from the top of the Bastille saw Saint-Antoine rising like the ocean ; this Thuriot can stretch a Formula as heartily as most men. Cruel Billaud is not silent, if you incite him. Nor is cruel Jean-Bon silent ;

a kind of Jesuit he too;—write him not, as the Dictionaries too often do, *Jambon*, which signifies mere *Ham*!

But, on the whole, let no man conceive it possible that Louis is not guilty. The only question for a reasonable man is or was: Can the Convention judge Louis? Or must it be the whole People; in Primary Assembly, and with delay? Always delay, ye Girondins, false *hommes d'état*! so bellows Patriotism, its patience almost failing.—But indeed, if we consider it, what shall these poor Girondins do? Speak their conviction that Louis is a Prisoner of War; and cannot be put to death without injustice, solecism, peril? Speak such conviction; and lose utterly your footing with the decided Patriot! Nay properly it is not even a conviction, but a conjecture and dim puzzle. How many poor Girondins are sure of but one thing: That a man and Girondin ought to *have* footing somewhere, and to stand firmly on it; keeping well with the Respectable Classes! *This* is what conviction and assurance of faith they have. They must wriggle painfully between their dilemma-horns.²

Nor is France idle, nor Europe. It is a Heart this Convention, as we said, which sends out influences, and receives them. A King's Execution, call it Martyrdom, call it Punishment, were an influence!—Two notable influences this Convention has already sent forth over all Nations; much to its own detriment. On the 19th of November, it emitted a Decree, and has since confirmed and unfolded the details of it, That any Nation which might see good to shake off the fetters of Despotism was thereby, so to speak, the Sister of France, and should have help and countenance. A Decree much noised of by Diplomats, Editors, International Lawyers; such a Decree as no living Fetter of Despotism, nor Person in Authority anywhere, can approve of! It was Deputy Chambon the Girondin who propounded this Decree;—at bottom perhaps as a flourish of rhetoric.

The second influence we speak of had a still poorer origin: in the restless loud-rattling slightly-furnished head of one Jacob Dupont from the Loire country. The Convention is speculating on a plan of National Education: Deputy Dupont in his speech says, "I am free to avow, M. le Président, that I for my part am an Atheist,"³—thinking the world might like to know that.

* See Extracts from their Newspapers, in *Hist. Parl.* xxi. 1-38, &c.

² *Moniteur*, Séance du 14 Décembre 1792.

The French world received it without commentary ; or with no audible commentary, so *loud* was France otherwise. The Foreign world received it with confutation, with horror and astonishment;⁴ a most miserable influence this ! And now if to these two were added a third influence and sent pulsing abroad over all the Earth : that of Regicide ?

Foreign Courts interfere in this Trial of Louis ; Spain, England : not to be listened to ; though they come, as it were, at least Spain comes, with the olive-branch in one hand, and the sword without scabbard in the other. But at home too, from out of this circunambient Paris and France, what influences come thick-pulsing ! Petitions flow in ; pleading for equal justice, in a reign of so-called Equality. The living Patriot pleads ; —O ye National Deputies, do not the dead Patriots plead ? The Twelve-hundred that lie in cold obstruction, do not they plead ; and petition, in Death's dumb-show, from their narrow house there, more eloquently than speech ? Crippled Patriots hop on crutches round the Salle de Manége, demanding justice. The Wounded of the Tenth of August, the Widows and Orphans of the Killed petition in a body ; and hop and defile, eloquently mute, through the Hall : one wounded Patriot, unable to hop, is borne on his bed thither, and passes shoulder-high, in the horizontal posture.⁵ The Convention Tribune, which has paused at such sight, commences again,—droning mere Juristic Oratory. But out of doors Paris is piping ever higher. Bull-voiced St.-Huruge is heard ; and the hysteric eloquence of Mother Duchess ; 'Varlet, Apostle of Liberty,' with pike and red cap, flies hastily, carrying his oratorical folding-stool. Justice on the Traitor ! cries all the Patriot world. Consider also this other cry, heard loud on the streets : " Give us Bread, or else kill us ! " Bread and Equality ; Justice on the Traitor, that we may have Bread !

The Limited or undecided Patriot is set against the Decided. Mayor Chambon heard of dreadful rioting at the *Théâtre de la Nation* : it had come to rioting, and even to fist-work, between the Decided and the Undecided, touching a new Drama called *Ami des Lois* (Friend of the Laws). One of the poorest Dramas ever written ; but which had didactic applications in it ; wherefore powdered wigs of Friends of Order and black hair of Jacobin

⁴ Mrs. Hannah More, *Letter to Jacob Dupont* (London, 1793) ; &c. &c.

⁵ *Hist. Parl.* xxii. 131 ; Moore, &c.

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heads are flying there; and Mayor Chambon hastens with Santerre, in hopes to quell it. Far from quelling it, our poor Mayor gets so 'squeezed,' says the Report, and likewise so blamed and bullied, say we,—that he, with regret, quits the brief Mayoralty altogether, 'his lungs being affected.' This miserable *Ami des Lois* is debated of in the Convention itself; so violent, mutually-enraged, are the Limited Patriots and the Unlimited.⁶

Between which two classes, are not Aristocrats enough, and Crypto-Aristocrats, busy? Spies running over from London with important Packets; spies pretending to run! One of these latter, Viard was the name of him, pretended to accuse Roland, and even the Wife of Roland: to the joy of Chabot and the Mountain. But the Wife of Roland came, being summoned, on the instant, to the Convention Hall; came, in her high clearness; and, with few clear words, dissipated this Viard into despicability and air; all Friends of Order applauding.⁷ So, with Theatre-riots, and 'Bread, or else kill us;' with Rage, Hunger, preternatural Suspicion, does this wild Paris pipe. Roland grows ever more querulous, in his Messages and Letters; rising almost to the hysterical pitch. Marat, whom no power on Earth can prevent seeing into traitors and Rolands, takes to bed for three days; almost dead, the invaluable People's-Friend, with heart-break, with fever and headache: '*O Peuple babil-lard, si tu savais agir*, People of Babblers, if thou couldst 'but act!'

To crown all, victorious Dumouriez, in these New-year's days, is arrived in Paris;—one fears for no good. He pretends to be complaining of Minister Pache, and Hassenfratz dilapidations; to be concerting measures for the spring Campaign: one finds him much in the company of the Girondins. Plotting with them against Jacobinism, against Equality, and the Punishment of Louis? We have Letters of his to the Convention itself. Will he act the old Lafayette part, this new victorious General? Let him withdraw again; not undenounced.⁸

And still in the Convention Tribune, it drones continually, mere Juristic Eloquence, and Hypothesis without Action; and there are still fifties on the President's List. Nay these Gironde

⁶ *Hist. Parl.* xxiii. 31, 48, &c.

⁷ *Moniteur*, Séance du 7 Décembre 1792.

⁸ Dumouriez, *Mémoires*, iii. c. 4.

Presidents give their own party preference : we suspect they play foul with the List ; men of the Mountain cannot be heard. And still it drones, all through December into January and a New year ; and there is no end ! Paris pipes round it ; multitudinous ; ever higher, to the note of the whirlwind. Paris will ' bring cannon from Saint-Denis ; ' there is talk of ' shutting the Barriers,'—to Roland's horror,

Whereupon, behold, the Convention Tribune suddenly ceases droning : we cut short, be on the List who likes ; and *make* end. On Tuesday next, the Fifteenth of January 1793, it shall go to the Vote, name by name ; and one way or other, this great game play itself out !

CHAPTER VII.

THE THREE VOTINGS.

Is Louis Capet guilty of conspiring against Liberty ? Shall our Sentence be itself final, or need ratifying by Appeal to the People ? If guilty, what Punishment ? This is the form agreed to, after uproar and ' several hours of tumultuous indecision : ' these are the Three successive Questions, whereon the Convention shall now pronounce. Paris floods round their Hall ; multitudinous, many-sounding. Europe and all Nations listen for their answer. Deputy after Deputy shall answer to his name : Guilty or Not guilty ?

As to the Guilt, there is, as above hinted, no doubt in the mind of Patriot men. Overwhelming majority pronounces Guilt ; the unanimous Convention votes for Guilt, only some feeble twenty-eight voting not Innocence, but refusing to vote at all. Neither does the Second Question prove doubtful, whatever the Girondins might calculate. Would not Appeal to the People be another name for civil war ? Majority of two to one answers that there shall be no Appeal : this also is settled. Loud Patriotism, now at ten o'clock, may hush itself for the night ; and retire to its bed not without hope. Tuesday has gone well. On the morrow comes. What Punishment ? On the morrow is the tug of war.

Consider therefore if, on this Wednesday morning, there is an affluence of Patriotism ; if Paris stands a-tiptoe, and all Deputies are at their post ! Seven-hundred and Forty-nine hon-

ourable Deputies; only some twenty absent on mission, Duchâtel and some seven others absent by sickness. Meanwhile expectant Patriotism and Paris standing a-tiptoe have need of patience. For this Wednesday again passes in debate and effervescence; Girondins proposing that a 'majority of three-fourths' shall be required; Patriots fiercely resisting them. Danton, who has just got back from mission in the Netherlands, does obtain 'order of the day' on this Girondin proposal; nay he obtains farther that we decide *sans désespérer*, in Permanent-session, till we have done.

And so, finally, at eight in the evening this Third stupendous Voting, by roll-call or *appel nominal*, does begin. What Punishment? Girondins undecided, Patriots decided, men afraid of Royalty, men afraid of Anarchy, must answer here and now. Infinite Patriotism, dusky in the lamp-light, floods all corridors, crowds all galleries; sternly waiting to hear. Shrill-sounding Ushers summon you by Name and Department; you must rise to the Tribune, and say.

Eye-witnesses have represented this scene of the Third Voting, and of the votings that grew out of it,—a scene protracted, like to be endless, lasting, with few brief intervals, from Wednesday till Sunday morning,—as one of the strangest seen in the Revolution. Long night wears itself into day, morning's paleness is spread over all faces; and again the wintry shadows sink, and the dim lamps are lit: but through day and night and the vicissitudes of hours, Member after Member is mounting continually those Tribune-steps; pausing aloft there, in the clearer upper light, to speak his Fate-word; then diving down into the dusk and throng again. Like Phantoms in the hour of midnight; most spectral, pandemonial! Never did President Vergniaud, or any terrestrial President, superintend the like. A King's Life, and so much else that depends thereon, hangs trembling in the balance. Man after man mounts; the buzz hushes itself till he have spoken: Death; Banishment; Imprisonment till the Peace. Many say, Death; with what cautious well-studied phrases and paragraphs they could devise, of explanation, of enforcement, of faint recommendation to mercy. Many too say, Banishment; something short of Death. The balance trembles, none can yet guess whitherward. Whereat anxious Patriotism bellows; irrepressible by Ushers.

The poor Girondins, many of them, under such fierce bel-

lowing of Patriotism, say Death ; justifying, *motivant*, that most miserable word of theirs by some brief casuistry and jesuitry. Vergniaud himself says, Death ; justifying by jesuitry. Rich Lepelletier Saint-Fargeau had been of the Noblesse, and then of the Patriot Left Side, in the Constituent ; and had argued and reported, there and elsewhere, not a little, *against* Capital Punishment : nevertheless he now says, Death ; a word which may cost him dear. Manuel did surely rank with the Decided in August last ; but he has been sinking and backsliding ever since September and the scenes of September. In this Convention, above all, no word he could speak would find favour ; he says now, Banishment ; and in mute wrath quits the place forever,---much hustled in the corridors. Philippe Egalité votes, in his soul and conscience, Death : at the sound of which and of whom, even Patriotism shakes its head ; and there runs a groan and shudder through this Hall of Doom. Robespierre's vote cannot be doubtful ; his speech is long. Men see the figure of shrill Sieyes ascend ; hardly pausing, passing merely, this figure says, "*La Mort sans phrase*, Death without phrases ;" and fares onward and downward. Most spectral, pandemonial !

And yet if the Reader fancy it of a funereal, sorrowful or even grave character, he is far mistaken : 'the Ushers in the 'Mountain quarter,' says Mercier, 'had become as Box-keepers 'at the Opera ;' opening and shutting of Galleries for privileged persons, for 'D'Orléans Egalité's mistresses,' or other high-dizened women of condition, rustling with laces and tricolor. Gallant Deputies pass and repass thitherward, treating them with ices, refreshments and small-talk ; the high-dizened heads beck responsive ; some have their card and pin, pricking down the Ayes and Noes, as at a game of *Rouge-et-Noir*. Farther aloft reigns Mère Duchesse with her unrouged Amazons ; she cannot be prevented making long *Hahas*, when the vote is not *La Mort*. In these Galleries there is refection, drinking of wine and brandy 'as in open tavern, *en pleine tabagie*.' Betting goes on in all coffeehouses of the neighbourhood. But within doors, fatigue, impatience, uttermost weariness sits now on all visages ; lighted up only from time to time by turns of the game. Members have fallen asleep ; Ushers come and awaken them to vote : other Members calculate whether they shall not have time to run and dine. Figures rise, like phantoms, pale in the dusky lamp-light ; utter from this Tribune, only one word : Death.

'*Tout est optique,*' says Mercier, 'The world is all an optical shadow.'¹ Deep in the Thursday night, when the Voting is done, and Secretaries are summing it up, sick Duchâtel, more spectral than another, comes borne on a chair, wrapped in blankets, in 'nightgown and nightcap,' to vote for Mercy: one vote it is thought may turn the scale.

Ah no! In profoundest silence, President Vergniaud, with a voice full of sorrow, has to say: "I declare, in the name of the Convention, that the punishment it pronounces on Louis Capet is that of Death." Death by a small majority of Fifty-three. Nay, if we deduct from the one side, and add to the other, a certain Twenty-six, who said Death but coupled some faintest ineffectual surmise of mercy with it, the majority will be but *One*.

Death is the sentence: but its execution? It is not executed yet! Scarcely is the vote declared when Louis's Three Advocates enter; with Protest in his name, with demand for Delay, for Appeal to the People. For this do Desèze and Tronchet plead, with brief eloquence: brave old Malesherbes pleads for it with eloquent want of eloquence, in broken sentences, in embarrassment and sobs; that brave time-honoured face, with its gray strength, its broad sagacity and honesty, is mastered with emotion, melts into dumb tears.²—They reject the Appeal to the People; that having been already settled. But as to the Delay, what they call *Sursis*, it *shall* be considered; shall be voted for tomorrow: at present we adjourn. Whereupon Patriotism 'hisses' from the Mountain: but a 'tyrannical majority' has so decided, and adjourns.

There is still this *fourth* Vote, then, growls indignant Patriotism:—this vote, and who knows what other votes, and adjournments of voting; and the whole matter still hovering hypothetical! And at every new vote those Jesuit Girondins, even they who voted for Death, would so fain find a loophole! Patriotism must watch and rage. Tyrannical adjournments there have been; one, and now another at midnight on plea of fatigue,—all Friday wasted in hesitation and higgling; in *re-counting*

¹ Mercier, *Nouveau Paris*, vi. 156-59; Montgaillard, iii. 348-87; Moore, &c.

² *Moniteur* (in *Hist. Parl.* xxiii. 210). See Boissy d'Anglas, *Vie de Malesherbes*, ii. 139.

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of the votes, which are found correct as they stood ! Patriotism bays fiercer than ever ; Patriotism, by long watching, has become red-eyed, almost rabid.

“ Delay : yes or no ? ” men do vote it finally, all Saturday, all day and night. Men’s nerves are worn out, men’s hearts are desperate ; now it shall end. Vergniaud, spite of the bay-ing, ventures to say Yes, Delay ; though he had voted Death. Philippe Egalité says, in his soul and conscience, No. The next Member mounting : “ Since Philippe says No, I for my part say Yes, *moi je dis Oui.* ” The balance still trembles. Till finally, at three o’clock on Sunday morning, we have : *No Delay*, by a majority of Seventy ; *Death within four-and-twenty hours !*

Garat, Minister of Justice, has to go to the Temple with this stern message : he ejaculates repeatedly, “ *Quelle commission affreuse*, What a frightful function ! ”³ Louis begs for a Confessor ; for yet three days of life, to prepare himself to die. The Confessor is granted ; the three days and all respite are refused.

There is no deliverance, then ? Thick stone walls answer, None. Has King Louis no friends ? Men of action, of courage grown desperate, in this his extreme need ? King Louis’s friends are feeble and far. Not even a voice in the coffeehouses rises for him. At Méot the Restaurateur’s no Captain Dampmartin now dines ; or sees death-doing whiskerandoes on furlough exhibit daggers of improved structure. Méot’s gallant Royalists on furlough are far across the marches ; they are wandering distracted over the world : or their bones lie whitening Argonne Wood. Only some weak Priests ‘ leave Pamphlets on all the bourne-stones,’ this night, calling for a rescue : calling for the pious women to rise ; or are taken distributing Pamphlets, and sent to prison.⁴

Nay there is one death-doer, of the ancient Méot sort, who, with effort, has done even less and worse : slain a Deputy, and set all the Patriotism of Paris on edge ! It was five on Saturday evening when Lepelletier Saint-Fargeau, having given his vote, *No Delay*, ran over to Février’s in the Palais Royal to snatch a morsel of dinner. He had dined, and was paying. A

³ *Biographie des Ministres*, p. 157.

⁴ See Prudhomme’s Newspaper, *Révolutions de Paris* (in *Hist. Parl.* xliii. 318).

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thickset man 'with black hair and blue beard,' in a loose kind of frock, stepped up to him ; it was, as Février and the bystanders bethought them, one Pâris of the old King's-Guard. "Are you Lepelletier?" asks he.—"Yes."—"You voted in the King's Business--?"—"I voted Death."—"Scélérat, take that!" cries Pâris, flashing out a sabre from under his frock, and plunging it deep in Lepelletier's side. Février clutches him: but he breaks off; is gone.

The voter Lepelletier lies dead; he has expired in great pain, at one in the morning;—two hours before that Vote of *No Delay* was fully summed up. Guardsman Pâris is flying over France; cannot be taken; will be found some months after, self-shot in a remote inn.⁵—Robespierre sees reason to think that Prince d'Artois himself is privately in Town; that the Convention will be butchered in the lump. Patriotism sounds mere wail and vengeance: Santerre doubles and trebles all his patrols. Pity is lost in rage and fear; the Convention has refused the three days of life and all respite.

CHAPTER VIII.

PLACE DE LA RÉVOLUTION.

To this conclusion, then, hast thou come, O hapless Louis! The Son of Sixty Kings is to die on the Scaffold by form of Law. Under Sixty Kings this same form of Law, form of Society, has been fashioning itself together these thousand years; and has become, one way and other, a most strange Machine. Surely, if needful, it is also frightful, this Machine; dead, blind; not what it should be; which, with swift stroke, or by cold slow torture, has wasted the lives and souls of innumerable men. And behold now a King himself, or say rather Kinghood in his person, is to expire here in cruel tortures;—like a Phalaris shut in the belly of his own red-heated Brazen Bull! It is ever so; and thou shouldst know it, O haughty tyrannous man: injustice breeds injustice; curses and falsehoods do verily return 'always home,' wide as they may wander. Innocent Louis bears the sins of many generations: he too experiences that man's tribunal is

⁵ *Hist. Parl.* xxiii. 275, 318; Félix Lepelletier, *Vie de Michel Lepelletier son Frère*, p. 61, &c. Félix, with due love of the miraculous, will have it that the Suicide in the inn was not Pâris, but some *double-ganger* of his.

not in this Earth ; that if he had no Higher one, it were not well with him.

A King dying by such violence appeals impressively to the imagination ; as the like must do, and ought to do. And yet at bottom it is not the King dying, but the man ! Kingship is a coat : the grand loss is of the skin. The man from whom you take his Life, to him can the whole combined world do *more* ? Lally went on his hurdle ; his mouth filled with a gag. Miserablest mortals, doomed for picking pockets, have a whole five-act Tragedy in them, in that dumb pain, as they go to the gallows, unregarded ; they consume the cup of trembling down to the lees. For Kings and for Beggars, for the justly doomed and the unjustly, it is a hard thing to die. Pity them all : thy utmost pity, with all aids and appliances and throne-and-scaffold contrasts, how far short is it of the thing pitied !

A Confessor has come ; Abbé Edgeworth, of Irish extraction, whom the King knew by good report, has come promptly on this solemn mission. Leave the Earth alone, then, thou hapless King ; it with its malice will go its way, thou also canst go thine. A hard scene yet remains : the parting with our loved ones. Kind hearts, environed in the same grim peril with us ; to be left *here* ! Let the Reader look with the eyes of Valet Cléry through these glass-doors, where also the Municipality watches ; and see the cruelest of scenes :

‘ At half-past eight, the door of the ante-room opened : the Queen appeared first, leading her Son by the hand ; then Madame Royale and Madame Elizabeth : they all flung themselves into the arms of the King. Silence reigned for some minutes ; interrupted only by sobs. The Queen made a movement to lead his Majesty towards the inner room, where M. Edgeworth was waiting unknown to them : “ No,” said the King, “ let us go into the dining-room ; it is there only that I can see you.” They entered there ; I shut the door of it, which was of glass. The King sat down, the Queen on his left hand, Madame Elizabeth on his right, Madame Royale almost in front ; the young Prince remained standing between his Father’s legs. They all leaned towards him, and often held him embraced. This scene or wo lasted an hour and three quarters ; during which we could hear nothing ; we could see only that always when the King spoke, the sobbings of the Princesses

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'redoubled, continued for some minutes; and that then the 'King began again to speak.'¹—And so our meetings and our partings do now end! The sorrows we gave each other; the poor joys we faithfully shared, and all our lovings and our sufferings, and confused toilings under the earthly Sun, are over. Thou good soul, I shall never, never through all ages of Time, see thee any more!—NEVER! O Reader, knowest thou that hard word?

For nearly two hours this agony lasts; then they tear themselves asunder. "Promise that you will see us on the morrow." He promises:—Ah yes, yes; yet once; and go now, ye loved ones; cry to God for yourselves and me!—It was a hard scene, but it is over. He will not see them on the morrow. The Queen, in passing through the ante-room, glanced at the Cerberus Municipals; and, with woman's vehemence, said through her tears, "*Vous êtes tous des scélérats.*"

King Louis slept sound, till five in the morning, when Cléry, as he had been ordered, awoke him. Cléry dressed his hair; while this went forward, Louis took a ring from his watch, and kept trying it on his finger; it was his wedding-ring, which he is now to return to the Queen as a mute farewell. At half-past six, he took the Sacrament; and continued in devotion, and conference with Abbé Edgeworth. He will not see his Family: it were too hard to bear.

At eight, the Municipals enter: the King gives them his Will, and messages and effects; which they, at first, brutally refuse to take charge of: he gives them a roll of gold pieces, a hundred and twenty-five louis; these are to be returned to Malesherbes, who had lent them. At nine, Santerre says the hour is come. The King begs yet to retire for three minutes. At the end of three minutes, Santerre again says the hour is come. 'Stamping on the ground with his right-foot, Louis answers: "*Partons*, Let us go."¹—How the rolling of those drums comes in, through the Temple bastions and bulwarks, on the heart of a queenly wife; soon to be a widow! He is gone, then, and has not seen us? A Queen weeps bitterly; a King's Sister and Children. Over all these Four does Death also hover: all shall perish miserably save one; she, as Duchesse d'Angoulême, will live,—not happily.

At the Temple Gate were some faint cries, perhaps from

¹ Cléry's *Narrative* (London, 1798), cited in Weber, iii. 312.

voices of pitiful women : “ *Grâce ! Grâce !* ” Through the rest of the streets there is silence as of the grave. No man not armed is allowed to be there : the armed, did any even pity, dare not express it, each man overawed by all his neighbours. All windows are down, none seen looking through them. All shops are shut. No wheel-carriage rolls, this morning, in these streets but one only. Eighty-thousand armed men stand ranked, like armed statues of men ; cannons bristle, cannoneers with match burning, but no word or movement : it is as a city enchanted into silence and stone : one carriage with its escort, slowly rumbling, is the only sound. Louis reads, in his Book of Devotion, the Prayers of the Dying : clatter of this death-march falls sharp on the ear, in the great silence ; but the thought would fain struggle heavenward, and forget the Earth.

As the clocks strike ten, behold the Place de la Révolution, once Place de Louis Quinze : the Guillotine, mounted near the old Pedestal where once stood the Statue of that Louis ! Far round, all bristles with cannons and armed men : spectators crowding in the rear ; D’Orléans Egalité there in cabriolet. Swift messengers, *hoquetons*, speed to the Townhall, every three minutes : near by is the Convention sitting,—vengeful for Lepelletier. Heedless of all, Louis reads his Prayers of the Dying ; not till five minutes yet has he finished ; then the Carriage opens. What temper he is in ? Ten different witnesses will give ten different accounts of it. He is in the collision of all tempers ; arrived now at the black Mahlstrom and descent of Death : in sorrow, in indignation, in resignation struggling to be resigned. “ Take care of M. Edgeworth,” he straitly charges the Lieutenant who is sitting with them : then they two descend.

The drums are beating : “ *Taisez-vous, Silence !* ” he cries ‘ in a terrible voice, *d’une voix terrible.* ’ He mounts the scaffold, not without delay ; he is in puce coat, breeches of gray, white stockings. He strips off the coat ; stands disclosed in a sleeve-waistcoat of white flannel. The Executioners approach to bind him : he spurns, resists ; Abbé Edgeworth has to remind him how the Saviour, in whom men trust, submitted to be bound. His hands are tied, his head bare, the fatal moment is come. He advances to the edge of the Scaffold, ‘ his face very red,’ and says : “ Frenchmen, I die innocent : it is from the Scaffold and near appearing before God that I tell you so. I pardon my enemies ; I desire that France —— ” A General

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on horseback, Santerre or another, prances out, with uplifted hand : “ *Tambours !* ” The drums drown the voice. “ Executioners, do your duty ! ” The Executioners, desperate lest themselves be murdered (for Santerre and his Armed Ranks will strike, if they do not), seize the hapless Louis : six of them desperate, him singly desperate, struggling there ; and bind him to their plank. Abbé Edgeworth, stooping, bespeaks him : “ Son of Saint Louis, ascend to Heaven.” The Axe clanks down ; a King’s Life is shorn away. It is Monday the 21st of January 1793. He was aged Thirty-eight years four months and twenty-eight days.²

Executioner Samson shows the Head : fierce shout of *Vive la République* rises, and swells ; caps raised on bayonets, hats waving : students of the College of Four Nations take it up, on the far Quais ; fling it over Paris. D’Orléans drives off in his cabriolet : the Townhall Councillors rub their hands, saying, “ It is done, It is done.” There is dipping of handkerchiefs, of pike-points in the blood. Headsman Samson, though he afterwards denied it,³ sells locks of the hair : fractions of the puce coat are long after worn in rings.⁴—And so, in some half-hour it is done ; and the multitude has all departed. Pastry-cooks, coffee-sellers, milkmen sing out their trivial quotidian cries : the world wags on, as if this were a common day. In the coffee-houses that evening, says Prudhomme, Patriot shook hands with Patriot in a more cordial manner than usual. Not till some days after, according to Mercier, did public men see what a grave thing it was.

A grave thing it indisputably is ; and will have consequences. On the morrow morning, Roland, so long steeped to the lips in disgust and chagrin, sends in his demission. His accounts lie all ready, correct in black-on-white to the uttermost farthing : these he wants but to have audited, that he might retire to remote obscurity, to the country and his books. They will never be audited, those accounts ; he will never get retired thither.

It was on Tuesday that Roland demitted. On Thursday comes Lepelletier St.-Fargeau’s Funeral, and passage to the

² Newspapers, Municipal Records, &c. &c. (in *Hist. Parl.* xxiii. 298 349) ; *Deux Amis*, ix. 369-373 ; Mercier, *Nouveau Paris*, iii. 3-8.

³ His Letter in the Newspapers (*Hist. Parl.* ubi suprâ).

⁴ Forster’s *Briefwechsel*, i. 473.

Pantheon of Great Men. Notable as the wild pageant of a winter day. The Body is borne aloft, half-bare; the winding-sheet disclosing the death-wound: sabre and bloody clothes parade themselves; a 'lugubrious music' wailing harsh *næmæ*. Oak-crowns shower down from windows; President Vergniaud walks there, with Convention, with Jacobin Society, and all Patriots of every colour, all mourning brotherlike.

Notable also for another thing this Burial of Lepelletier: it was the last act these men ever did with concert! All Parties and figures of Opinion, that agitate this distracted France and its Convention, now stand, as it were, face to face, and dagger to dagger; the King's Life, round which they all struck and battled, being hurled down. Dumouriez, conquering Holland, growls ominous discontent, at the head of Armies. Men say Dumouriez will have a King; that young D'Orléans Egalité shall be his King. Deputy Fauchet, in the *Journal des Amis*, curses his day, more bitterly than Job did; invokes the poniards of Regicides, of 'Arras Vipers' or Robespierres, of Pluto Dantons, of horrid Butchers Legendre and Simulacra d'Herbois, to send him swiftly to another world than *theirs*.⁵ This is *Te-Deum* Fauchet, of the Bastille Victory, of the *Cercle Social*. Sharp was the death-hail rattling round one's Flag-of-truce, on that Bastille day: but it was soft to such wreckage of high Hope as this; one's New Golden Era going down in leaden dross, and sulphurous black of the Everlasting Darkness!

At home this Killing of a King has divided all friends; and abroad it has united all enemies. Fraternity of Peoples, Revolutionary Propagandism; Atheism, Regicide; total destruction of social order in this world! All Kings, and lovers of Kings, and haters of Anarchy, rank in coalition; as in a war for life. England signifies to Citizen Chauvelin, the Ambassador or rather Ambassador's-Cloak, that he must quit the country in eight days. Ambassador's-Cloak and Ambassador, Chauvelin and Talleyrand, depart accordingly.⁶ Talleyrand, implicated in that Iron Press of the Tuileries, thinks it safest to make for America.

England has cast out the Embassy: England declares war,—being shocked principally, it would seem, at the condition of the River Scheldt. Spain declares war; being shocked princi-

⁵ *Hist. Parl.* ubi suprà.

⁶ *Annual Register* of 1793, pp. 114-23.

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pally at some other thing ; which doubtless the Manifesto indicates.⁷ Nay we find it was not England that declared war first, or Spain first ; but that France herself declared war first on both of them ;⁸—a point of immense Parliamentary and Journalistic interest in those days, but which has become of no interest whatever in these. They all declare war. The sword is drawn, the scabbard thrown away. It is even as Danton said, in one of his all-too gigantic figures : “ The coalised Kings threaten us ; we hurl at their feet, as gage of battle, the Head of a King.”

⁷ 23d March (*Annual Register*, p. 161).

⁸ 1st February ; 7th March (*Moniteur* of these dates).

BOOK THIRD.

THE GIRONDINS.

CHAPTER I.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

THIS huge Insurrectionary Movement, which we liken to a breaking-out of Tophet and the Abyss, has swept away Royalty, Aristocracy, and a King's life. The question is, What will it next do ; how will it henceforth shape itself ? Settle down into a reign of Law and Liberty ; according as the habits, persuasions and endeavours of the educated, moneyed, respectable class prescribe ? That is to say : the volcanic lava-flood, bursting up in the manner described, will explode and flow according to Girondin Formula and preëstablished rule of Philosophy ? If so, for our Girondin friends it will be well.

Meanwhile were not the prophecy rather, that as no external force, Royal or other, now remains which could control this Movement, the Movement will follow a course of its own ; probably a very original one ? Farther, that whatsoever man or men can best interpret the inward tendencies it has, and give them voice and activity, will obtain the lead of it ? For the rest, that as a thing *without* order, a thing proceeding from beyond and beneath the region of order, it must work and welter, not as a Regularity but as a Chaos ; destructive and self-destructive ; always till something that *has* order arise, strong enough to bind it into subjection again ? Which something, we may farther conjecture, will not be a Formula, with philosophical propositions and forensic eloquence ; but a Reality, probably with a sword in its hand !

As for the Girondin Formula, of a respectable Republic for the Middle Classes, all manner of Aristocracies being now suffi-

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ciently demolished, there seems little reason to expect that the business will stop there. *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity*, these are the words; enunciative and prophetic. Republic for the respectable washed Middle Classes, how can that be the fulfilment thereof? Hunger and nakedness, and nightmare oppression lying heavy on Twenty-five million hearts; this, not the wounded vanities or contradicted philosophies of philosophical Advocates, rich Shopkeepers, rural Noblesse, was the prime mover in the French Revolution; as the like will be in all such Revolutions, in all countries. Feudal Fleur-de-lys had become an insupportably bad marching-banner, and needed to be torn and trampled: but Moneybag of Mammon (for that, in these times, is what the respectable Republic for the Middle Classes will signify) is a still worse, while it lasts. Properly, indeed, it is the worst and basest of all banners and symbols of dominion among men; and indeed is possible only in a time of general Atheism, and Unbelief in anything save in brute Force and Sensualism; pride of birth, pride of office, any known kind of pride being a degree better than purse-pride. Freedom, Equality, Brotherhood: not in the Moneybag, but far elsewhere, will Sansculottism seek these things.

We say therefore that an Insurrectionary France, loose of control from without, destitute of supreme order from within, will form one of the most tumultuous Activities ever seen on this Earth; such as no Girondin Formula can regulate. An immeasurable force, made up of forces manifold, heterogeneous, compatible and incompatible. In plainer words, this France must needs split into Parties; each of which seeking to make itself good, contradiction, exasperation will arise; and Parties on Parties find that they cannot work together, cannot exist together.

As for the number of Parties, there will, strictly counting, be as many Parties as there are opinions. According to which rule, in this National Convention itself, to say nothing of France generally, the number of Parties ought to be Seven-hundred and Forty-nine; for every unit entertains his opinion. But now, as every unit has at once an individual nature or necessity to follow his own road, and a gregarious nature or necessity to see himself travelling by the side of others,—what can there be but dissolutions, precipitations, endless turbulence of attracting and repelling; till once the master-element get evolved, and this wild alchemy arrange itself again?

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To the length of Seven-hundred and Forty-nine Parties, however, no Nation was ever yet seen to go. Nor indeed much beyond the length of Two Parties ; two at a time ;—so invincible is man's tendency to unite, with all the invincible divisiveness he has ! Two Parties, we say, are the usual number at one time : let these two fight it out, all minor shades of party rallying under the shade likest them ; when the one has fought down the other, then it, in its turn, may divide, self-destructive ; and so the process continue, as far as needful. This is the way of Revolutions, which spring up as the French one has done ; when the so-called Bonds of Society snap asunder ; and all Laws that are not Laws of Nature become naught and Formulas merely.

But, quitting these somewhat abstract considerations, let History note this concrete reality which the streets of Paris exhibit, on Monday the 25th of February 1793. Long before daylight that morning, these streets are noisy and angry. Petitioning enough there has been ; a Convention often solicited. It was but yesterday there came a Deputation of Washerwomen with Petition ; complaining that not so much as soap could be had ; to say nothing of bread, and condiments of bread. The cry of women, round the Salle de Manège, was heard plaintive : "*Du pain et du savon*, Bread and soap."¹

And now from six o'clock, this Monday morning, one perceives the Bakers' Queues unusually expanded, angrily agitating themselves. Not the Baker alone, but two Section Commissioners to help him, manage with difficulty the daily distribution of loaves. Soft-spoken assiduous, in the early candle-light, are Baker and Commissioners : and yet the pale chill February sunrise discloses an unpromising scene. Indignant Female Patriots, partly supplied with bread, rush now to the shops, declaring that they will have groceries. Groceries enough : sugar-barrels rolled forth into the street, Patriot Citoyennes weighing it out at a just rate of elevenpence a pound ; likewise coffee-chests, soap-chests, nay cinnamon and cloves-chests, with *aquavite* and other forms of alcohol,—at a just rate, which some do not pay ; the pale-faced Grocer silently wringing his hands ! What help ? The distributive Citoyennes are of violent speech and gesture, their long Eumenides-hair hanging out of curl ; nay in their girdles pistols are seen sticking : some, it is even said,

¹ *Moniteur*, &c. (*Hist. Parl.* xxiv. 332-348).

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have *beards*,—male Patriots in petticoats and mob-cap. Thus, in the street of Lombards, in the street of Five-Diamonds, street of Pulleys, in most streets of Paris does it effervesce, the live-long day; no Municipality, no Mayor Pache, though he was War-Minister lately, sends military against it, or aught against it but persuasive-eloquence, till seven at night, or later.

On Monday gone five weeks, which was the twenty-first of January, we saw Paris, beheading its King, stand silent, like a petrified City of Enchantment: and now on this Monday it is so noisy, selling sugar! Cities, especially Cities in Revolution, are subject to these alternations; the secret courses of civic business and existence effervescing and efflorescing, in this manner, as a concrete Phenomenon to the eye. Of which Phenomenon, when secret existence becoming public effloresces on the street, the philosophical cause and effect is not so easy to find. What, for example, may be the accurate philosophical meaning, and meanings, of this sale of sugar? These things that have become visible in the street of Pulleys and over Paris, whence are they, we say; and whither?—

That Pitt has a hand in it, the gold of Pitt: so much, to all reasonable Patriot men, may seem clear. But then, through what agents of Pitt? Varlet, Apostle of Liberty, was discerned again of late, with his pike and red nightcap. Deputy Marat published in his Journal, this very day, complaining of the bitter scarcity, and sufferings of the people, till he seemed to get wroth: 'If your Rights of Man were anything but a piece of written paper, the plunder of a few shops, and a forestaller or two hung up at the door-lintels, would put an end to such things.'² Are not these, say the Girondins, pregnant indications? Pitt has bribed the Anarchists; Marat is the agent of Pitt: hence this sale of sugar. To the Mother Society, again, it is clear that the scarcity is factitious; is the work of Girondins, and suchlike; a set of men sold partly to Pitt; sold wholly to their own ambitions and hard-hearted pedantries; who will not fix the grain-prices, but prate pedantically of free-trade; wishing to starve Paris into violence, and embroil it with the Departments: *hence* this sale of sugar.

And, alas, if to these two notabilities, of a Phenomenon and such Theories of a Phenomenon, we add this third notability,

² *Hist. Parl.* xxiv. 353-356.

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That the French Nation has believed, for several years now, in the possibility, nay certainty and near advent, of a universal Millennium, or reign of Freedom, Equality, Fraternity, wherein man should be the brother of man, and sorrow and sin flee away? Not bread to eat, nor soap to wash with; and the reign of Perfect Felicity ready to arrive, due always since the Bastille fell! How did our hearts burn within us, at that Feast of Pikes, when brother flung himself on brother's bosom; and in sunny jubilee, Twenty-five millions burst forth into sound and cannon-smoke! Bright was our Hope then, as sunlight; red-angry is our Hope grown now, as consuming fire. But, O Heavens, what enchantment is it, or devilish legerdemain, of such effect, that Perfect Felicity, always within arm's length, could never be laid hold of, but only in her stead Controversy and Scarcity? This set of traitors after that set! Tremble, ye traitors; dread a People which calls itself patient, long-suffering; but which cannot always submit to have its pocket picked, in this way,—of a Millennium!

Yes, Reader, here is the miracle. Out of that putrescent rubbish of Scepticism, Sensualism, Sentimentalism, hollow Macchiavelism, such a Faith has verily risen; flaming in the heart of a People. A whole People, awakening as it were to consciousness in deep misery, believes that it is within reach of a Fraternal Heaven-on-Earth. With longing arms, it struggles to embrace the Unspeakable; cannot embrace it, owing to certain causes.—Seldom do we find that a whole People can be said to have any Faith at all; except in things which it can eat and handle. Whensoever it gets any Faith, its history becomes spirit-stirring, noteworthy. But since the time when steel Europe shook itself simultaneously at the word of Hermit Peter, and rushed towards the Sepulchre where God had lain, there was no universal impulse of Faith that one could note. Since Protestantism went silent, no Luther's voice, no Zisca's drum any longer proclaiming that God's Truth was *not* the Devil's Lie; and the Last of the Cameronians (Renwick was the name of him; honour to the name of the brave!) sank, shot, on the Castle-hill of Edinburgh, there was no partial impulse of Faith among Nations. Till now, behold, once more, this French Nation believes! Herein, we say, in that astonishing Faith of theirs, lies the miracle. It is a Faith undoubtedly of the more prodigious sort, even among Faiths; and will embody itself in prodigies. It is the soul of

that world-prodigy named French Revolution; whereat the world still gazes and shudders.

But, for the rest, let no man ask History to explain by cause and effect how the business proceeded henceforth. This battle of Mountain and Gironde, and what follows, is the battle of Fanaticisms and Miracles; unsuitable for cause and effect. The sound of it, to the mind, is as a hubbub of voices in distraction; little of articulate is to be gathered by long listening and studying; only battle-tumult, shouts of triumph, shrieks of despair. The Mountain has left no Memoirs; the Girondins have left Memoirs, which are too often little other than long-drawn Interjections, of *Woe is me*, and *Cursed be ye*. So soon as History can philosophically delineate the conflagration of a kindled Fireship, she may try this other task. Here lay the bitumen-stratum, there the brimstone one; so ran the vein of gunpowder, of nitre, terebinth and foul grease: this, were she inquisitive enough, History might partly know. But how they acted and reacted below decks, one fire-stratum playing into the other, by its nature and the art of man, now when all hands ran raging, and the flames lashed high over shrouds and topmast: this let not History attempt.

The Fireship is old France, the old French Form of Life; her crew a Generation of men. Wild are their cries and their ragings there, like spirits tormented in that flame. But, on the whole, are they not *gone*, O Reader? Their Fireship and they, frightening the world, have sailed away; its flames and its thunders quite away, into the Deep of Time. One thing therefore History will do: pity them all; for it went hard with them all. Not even the seagreen Incorruptible but shall have some pity, some human love, though it takes an effort. And now, so much once thoroughly attained, the rest will become easier. To the eye of equal brotherly pity, innumerable perversions dissipate themselves; exaggerations and execrations fall off, of their own accord. Standing wistfully on the safe shore, we will look, and see, what is of interest to us, what is adapted to us.

CHAPTER II.

CULOTTIC AND SANSCULOTTIC.

GIRONDE and Mountain are now in full quarrel; their mutual rage, says Toulangeon, is growing a 'pale' rage. Curious,

lamentable : all these men have the word Republic on their lips ; in the heart of every one of them is a passionate wish for something which he calls Republic : yet see their death-quarrel ! So, however, are men made. Creatures who live in confusion ; who, once thrown together, can readily fall into that confusion of confusions which quarrel is, simply because their confusions differ from one another ; still more because they seem to differ ! Men's words are a poor exponent of their thought ; nay their thought itself is a poor exponent of the inward unnamed Mystery, wherefrom both thought and action have their birth. No man can explain himself, can get himself explained ; men see not one another, but distorted phantasms which they call one another ; which they hate and go to battle with : for all battle is well said to be *misunderstanding*.

But indeed that similitude of the Fireship ; of our poor French brethren, so fiery themselves, working also in an *element* of fire, was not insignificant. Consider it well, there is a shade of the truth in it. For a man, once committed headlong to republican or any other Transcendentalism, and fighting and fanaticising amid a Nation of his like, becomes as it were enveloped in an ambient atmosphere of Transcendentalism and Delirium : his individual self is lost in something that is not himself, but foreign though inseparable from him. Strange to think of, the man's cloak still seems to hold the same man : and yet the man is not there, his volition is not there ; nor the source of what he will do and devise ; instead of the man and his volition there is a piece of Fanaticism and Fatalism incarnated in the shape of him. He, the hapless incarnated Fanaticism, goes his road ; no man can help him, he himself least of all. It is a wonderful, tragical predicament ;—such as human language, unused to deal with these things, being contrived for the uses of common life, struggles to shadow out in figures. The ambient element of material fire is not wilder than this of Fanaticism ; nor, though visible to the eye, is it more real. Volition bursts forth involuntary-voluntary ; rapt along ; the movement of free human minds becomes a raging tornado of fatalism, blind as the winds ; and Mountain and Gironde, when they recover themselves, are alike astounded to see *where* it has flung and dropt them. To such height of miracle can men work on men ; the Conscious and the Unconscious blended inscrutably in this our *inscrutable Life* ; endless Necessity environing Freewill !

The weapons of the Girondins are Political Philosophy, Respectability and Eloquence. Eloquence, or call it rhetoric, really of a superior order; Vergniaud, for instance, turns a period as sweetly as any man of that generation. The weapons of the Mountain are those of mere Nature: Audacity and Impetuosity which may become Ferocity, as of men complete in their determination, in their conviction; nay of men, in some cases, who as Septemberers must either prevail or perish. The ground to be fought for is Popularity: farther you may either seek Popularity with the friends of Freedom and Order, or with the friends of Freedom Simple; to seek it with both has unhappily become impossible. With the former sort, and generally with the Authorities of the Departments, and such as read Parliamentary Debates, and are of Respectability, and of a peace-loving moneyed nature, the Girondins carry it. With the extreme Patriot again, with the indigent Millions, especially with the Population of Paris who do not read so much as hear and see, the Girondins altogether lose it, and the Mountain carries it.

Egoism, nor meanness of mind, is not wanting on either side. Surely not on the Girondin side; where in fact the instinct of self-preservation, too prominently unfolded by circumstances, cuts almost a sorry figure; where also a certain finesse, to the length even of shuffling and shamming, now and then shows itself. They are men skilful in Advocate-fence. They have been called the Jesuits of the Revolution;¹ but that is too hard a name. It must be owned likewise that this rude blustering Mountain has a sense in it of what the Revolution means; which these eloquent Girondins are totally void of. Was the Revolution made, and fought for, against the world, these four weary years, that a Formula might be substantiated; that Society might become *methodic*, demonstrable by logic; and the old Noblesse with their pretensions vanish? Or ought it not withal to bring some glimmering of light and alleviation to the Twenty-five Millions, who sat in darkness, heavy-laden, till they rose with pikes in their hands? At least and lowest, one would think, it should bring them a proportion of bread to live on? There is in the Mountain here and there; in Marat People's-friend; in the incorruptible Seagreen himself, though otherwise so lean and formulary, a heartfelt knowledge of this latter fact;—without which knowledge all other knowledge here is naught.

¹ Dumouriez, *Mémoires*, iii. 314.

and the choicest forensic eloquence is as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. Most cold, on the other hand, most patronising, unsubstantial is the tone of the Girondins towards 'our poorer brethren;'—those brethren whom one often hears of under the collective name of 'the masses,' as if they were not persons at all, but mounds of combustible explosive material, for blowing down Bastilles with! In very truth, a Revolutionist of this kind, is he not a Solecism? Disowned by Nature and Art; deserving only to be erased, and disappear! Surely, to our poorer brethren of Paris, all this Girondin patronage sounds deadening and killing: if fine-spoken and incontrovertible in logic, then all the falser, all the hatefuler in fact.

Nay doubtless, pleading for Popularity, here among our poorer brethren of Paris, the Girondin has a hard game to play. If he gain the ear of the Respectable at a distance, it is by insisting on September and suchlike; it is at the expense of this Paris where he dwells and perorates. Hard to perorate in such an auditory! Wherefore the question arises: Could not we get ourselves out of this Paris? Twice or oftener such an attempt is made. If not we ourselves, thinks Guadet, then at least our *Suppléans* might do it. For every Deputy has his *Suppléant*, or Substitute, who will take his place if need be: might not these assemble, say at Bourges, which is a quiet episcopal Town, in quiet Berri, forty good leagues off? In that case, what profit were it for the Paris Sansculottery to insult us; our *Suppléans* sitting quiet in Bourges, to whom we could run? Nay, even the Primary electoral Assemblies, thinks Guadet, might be reconvoked, and a New Convention got, with new orders from the Sovereign People; and right glad were Lyons, were Bourdeaux, Rouen, Marseilles, as yet Provincial Towns, to welcome us in their turn, and become a sort of Capital Towns; and teach these Parisians reason.

Fond schemes; which all misgo! If decreed, in heat of eloquent logic, today, they are repealed, by clamour and passionate wider considerations, on the morrow.² Will you, O Girondins, parcel us into separate Republics, then; like the Swiss, like your Americans; so that there be no Metropolis or indivisible French Nation any more? Your Departmental Guard seemed to point that way! Federal Republic? Federalist? Men and Knitting-women repeat *Fédéraliste*, with or without much

² *Moniteur*, 1793, No. 140, &c.

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Dictionary-meaning ; but go on repeating it, as is usual in such cases, till the meaning of it becomes almost magical, fit to designate all mystery of Iniquity ; and *Fédéraliste* has grown a word of Exorcism and *Apage-Satanas*. But furthermore, consider what ‘poisoning of public opinion’ in the Departments, by these Brissot, Gorsas, Caritat-Condorcet Newspapers ! And then also what counter-poisoning, still feller in quality, by a *Père Duchesne* of Hébert, brutalest Newspaper yet published on Earth ; by a *Rougiff* of Guffroy ; by the ‘incendiary leaves of Marat’ ! More than once, on complaint given and effervescence rising, it is decreed that a man cannot both be Legislator and Editor ; that he shall choose between the one function and the other.³ But this too, which indeed could help little, is revoked or eluded ; remains a pious wish mainly.

Meanwhile, as the sad fruit of such strife, behold, O ye National Representatives, how, between the friends of Law and the friends of Freedom everywhere, mere heats and jealousies have arisen ; fevering the whole Republic ! Department, Provincial Town is set against Metropolis, Rich against Poor, Culottic against Sansculottic, man against man. From the Southern Cities come Addresses of an almost inculpatory character ; for Paris has long suffered Newspaper calumny. Bourdeaux demands a reign of Law and Respectability, meaning Girondism, with emphasis. With emphasis Marseilles demands the like. Nay, from Marseilles there come *two* Addresses : one Girondin ; one Jacobin Sansculottic. Hot Rebecqui, sick of this Convention-work, has given place to his Substitute, and gone home ; where also, with such jarrings, there is work to be sick of.

Lyons, a place of Capitalists and Aristocrats, is in still worse state ; almost in revolt. Chalier the Jacobin Town-Councillor has got, too literally, to daggers-drawn with Nièvre-Chol the *Modératin* Mayor ; one of your Moderate, perhaps Aristocrat, Royalist or Federalist Mayors ! Chalier, who pilgrimed to Paris ‘to behold Marat and the Mountain,’ has verily kindled himself at their sacred urn : for on the 6th of February last, History or Rumour has seen him haranguing his Lyons Jacobins in a quite transcendental manner, with a drawn dagger in his hand ; recommending (they say) sheer September methods, patience being worn out ; and that the Jacobin Brethren should, impromptu,

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work the Guillotine themselves ! One sees him still, in Engravings : mounted on a table ; foot advanced, body contorted ; a bald, rude, slope-browed, infuriated visage of the canine species, the eyes starting from their sockets ; in his puissant right-hand the brandished dagger, or horse-pistol, as some give it ; other dog-visages kindling under him :—a man not likely to end well ! However, the Guillotine was *not* got together impromptu, that day, ‘on the Pont Saint-Clair,’ or elsewhere ; but indeed continued lying rusty in its loft :⁴ Nièvre-Chol with military went about, rumbling cannon, in the most confused manner ; and the ‘nine-hundred prisoners’ received no hurt. So distracted is Lyons grown, with its cannons rumbling. Convention Commissioners must be sent thither forthwith : if even they can appease it, and keep the Guillotine in its loft ?

Consider finally if, on all these mad jarrings of the Southern Cities, and of France generally, a traitorous Crypto-Royalist class is not looking and watching ; ready to strike in, at the right season ! Neither is there bread ; neither is there soap : see the Patriot women selling out sugar, at a just rate of twenty-two sous per pound ! Citizen Representatives, it were verily well that your quarrels finished, and the reign of Perfect Felicity began.

CHAPTER III.

GROWING SHRILL.

ON the whole, one cannot say that the Girondins are wanting to themselves, so far as good-will might go. They prick assiduously into the sore-places of the Mountain ; from principle, and also from Jesuitism.

Besides September, of which there is now little to be made except effervescence, we discern two sore-places where the Mountain often suffers : Marat, and Orléans Egalité. Squalid Marat, for his own sake and for the Mountain’s, is assaulted ever and anon ; held up to France, as a squalid bloodthirsty Portent, inciting to the pillage of shops ; of whom let the Mountain have the credit ! The Mountain murmurs, ill at ease : this ‘Maximum of Patriotism,’ how shall they either own him or disown him ? As for Marat personally, he, with his fixed-idea, remains invulnerable to such things ; nay the People’s-friend is

⁴ *Hist. Parl.* xxiv. 385-93 ; xxvi. 229, &c.

very evidently rising in importance, as his befriended People rises. No shrieks now, when he goes to speak ; occasional applauses rather, furtherance which breeds confidence. The day when the Girondins proposed to 'decree him accused' (*décréter d'accusation*, as they phrase it) for that February Paragraph, of 'hanging up a Forestaller or two at the door-lintels,' Marat proposes to have *them* 'decreed insane ;' and, descending the Tribune-steps, is heard to articulate these most unsenatorial ejaculations : "*Les cochons, les imbécilles*, Pigs, idiots !" Oftentimes he croaks harsh sarcasm, having really a rough rasping tongue, and a very deep fund of contempt for fine outsides ; and once or twice, he even laughs, nay 'explodes into laughter, *rit aux éclats*,' at the gentilities and superfine airs of these Girondin "men of statesmanship," with their pedantries, plausibilities, pusillanimities : "these two years," says he, "you have been whining about attacks, and plots, and danger from Paris ; and you have not a scratch to show for yourselves."¹—Danton gruffly rebukes him, from time to time : a Maximum of Patriotism whom one can neither own nor disown !

But the second sore-place of the Mountain is this anomalous Monseigneur Equality Prince d'Orléans. Behold these men, says the Gironde ; with a whilom Bourbon Prince among them : they are creatures of the D'Orléans Faction ; they will have Philippe made King ; one King no sooner guillotined than another made in his stead ! Girondins have moved, Buzot moved long ago, from principle and also from jesuitism, that the whole race of Bourbons should be marched forth from the soil of France ; this Prince Egalité to bring up the rear. Motions which might produce some effect on the public ;—which the Mountain, ill at ease, knows not what to do with.

And poor Orléans Egalité himself, for one begins to pity even him, what does he do with them ? The disowned of all parties, the rejected and foolishly bedrifted hither and thither, to what corner of Nature can he now drift with advantage ? Feasible hope remains not for him : unfeasible hope, in pallid doubtful glimmers, there may still come, bewildering, not cheering or illuminating,—from the Dumouriez quarter ; and how if not the time-wasted Orléans Egalité, then perhaps the young unworn Chartres Egalité might rise to be a kind of King ? Sheltered, if shelter it be, in the clefts of the Moun-

¹ *Moniteur*, Séance du 20 Mai 1793.

tain, poor Egalité will wait : one refuge in Jacobinism, one in Dumouriez and Counter-Revolution, are there not two chances ? However, the look of him, Dame Genlis says, is grown gloomy ; sad to see. Sillery also, the Genlis's Husband, who hovers about the Mountain, not on it, is in a bad way. Dame Genlis is come to Raincy, out of England and Bury St. Edmunds, in these days ; being summoned by Egalité, with her young charge, Mademoiselle Egalité, — that so Mademoiselle might not be counted among Emigrants and hardly dealt with. But it proves a ravelled business : Genlis and charge find that they must retire to the Netherlands ; must wait on the Frontiers, for a week or two ; till Monseigneur, by Jacobin help, get it wound up. ' Next morning,' says Dame Genlis, ' Monseigneur, ' gloomier than ever, gave me his arm, to lead me to the carriage. I was greatly troubled ; Mademoiselle burst into tears ; ' her Father was pale and trembling. After I had got seated, ' he stood immovable at the carriage-door, with his eyes fixed ' on me ; his mournful and painful look seemed to implore pity ; ' — "*Adieu, Madame !*" said he. The altered sound of his ' voice completely overcame me ; unable to utter a word, I ' held out my hand ; he grasped it close ; then turning, and ' advancing sharply towards the postillions, he gave them a ' sign, and we rolled away."²

Nor are Peace-makers wanting ; of whom likewise we mention two ; one fast on the crown of the Mountain, the other not yet alighted anywhere : Danton and Barrère. Ingenious Barrère, Old-Constituent and Editor, from the slopes of the Pyrenees, is one of the usefulest men of this Convention, in his way. Truth may lie on both sides, on either side, or on neither side ; my friends, ye must give and take : for the rest, success to the winning side ! This is the motto of Barrère. Ingenious, almost genial ; quick-sighted, supple, graceful ; a man that will prosper. Scarcely Belial in the assembled Pandemonium was plausibler to ear and eye. An indispensable man : in the great *Art of Varnish* he may be said to seek his fellow. Has there an explosion arisen, as many do arise, a confusion, unsightliness, which no tongue can speak of, nor eye look on ; give it to Barrère ; Barrère shall be Committee-Reporter of it ; you shall see it transmute itself into a regularity, into the very

² Genlis, *Mémoires* (London, 1825), iv. 118.

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beauty and improvement that was needed. Without one such man, we say, how were this Convention bested? Call him not, as exaggerative Mercier does, 'the greatest liar in France;' nay it may be argued there is not truth enough in him to make a real lie of. Call him, with Burke, Anacreon of the Guillotine, and a man serviceable to this Convention.

The other Peace-maker whom we name is Danton. Peace, O peace with one another! cries Danton often enough: Are we not alone against the world; a little band of brothers? Broad Danton is loved by all the Mountain; but they think him too easy-tempered, deficient in suspicion: he has stood between Dumouriez and much censure, anxious not to exasperate our only General: in the shrill tumult Danton's strong voice reverberates, for union and pacification. Meetings there are; dinings with the Girondins: it is so pressingly essential that there be union. But the Girondins are haughty and respectable: this Titan Danton is not a man of Formulas, and there rests on him a shadow of September. "Your Girondins have no confidence in me:" this is the answer a conciliatory Meillan gets from him; to all the arguments and pleadings this conciliatory Meillan can bring, the repeated answer is, "*Ils n'ont point de confiance.*"³—The tumult will get ever shriller; rage is growing pale.

In fact, what a pang is it to the heart of a Girondin, this first withering probability that the despicable unphilosophic anarchic Mountain, after all, may triumph! Brutal Septemberers, a fifth-floor Tallien, 'a Robespierre without an idea in his head,' as Condorcet says, 'or a feeling in his heart:' and yet we, the flower of France, cannot stand against them; behold the sceptre departs from us; from us and goes to them! Eloquence, Philosophism, Respectability avail not: 'against Stupidity the very gods fight to no purpose,

'Mit der Dummheit kämpfen Götter selbst vergebens!'

Shrill are the complaints of Louvet; his thin existence all acidified into rage and preternatural insight of suspicion. Wroth is young Barbaroux; wroth and scornful. Silent, like a Queen with the aspic on her bosom, sits the wife of Roland; Roland's Accounts never yet got audited, his name become a byword. Such is the fortune of war, especially of revolution. The great

³ *Mémoires de Meillan, Représentant du Peuple* (Paris, 1823), p. 51.

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gulf of Tophet and Tenth of August opened itself at the magic of your eloquent voice ; and lo now, it will not close at your voice ! It is a dangerous thing such magic. The Magician's Famulus got hold of the forbidden Book, and summoned a goblin : *Plait-il*, What is your will ? said the goblin. The Famulus, somewhat struck, bade him fetch water : the swift goblin fetched it, pail in each hand ; but lo, would not cease fetching it ! Desperate, the Famulus shrieks at him, smites at him, cuts him in two ; lo, *two* goblin water-carriers ply ; and the house will be swum away in Deucalion Deluges.

CHAPTER IV.

FATHERLAND IN DANGER.

OR rather we will say, this Senatorial war might have lasted long ; and Party tugging and throttling with Party might have suppressed and smothered one another, in the ordinary bloodless Parliamentary way ; on one condition : that France had been at least able to exist, all the while. But this Sovereign People has a digestive faculty, and cannot do without bread. Also we are at war, and must have victory ; at war with Europe, with Fate and Famine : and behold, in the spring of the year, all victory deserts us.

Dumouriez had his outposts stretched as far as Aix-la-Chapelle, and the beautifullest plan for pouncing on Holland, by stratagem, flat-bottomed boats and rapid intrepidity ; wherein too he had prospered so far ; but unhappily could prosper no farther. Aix-la-Chapelle is lost ; Maestricht will not surrender to mere smoke and noise : the flat-bottomed boats have to launch themselves again, and return the way they came. Steady now, ye rapidly intrepid men ; retreat with firmness, Parthian-like ! Alas, were it General Miranda's fault ; were it the War-minister's fault ; or were it Dumouriez's own fault and that of Fortune : enough, there is nothing for it but retreat,—well if it be not even flight ; for already terror-stricken cohorts and stragglers pour off, not waiting for order ; flow disastrous, as many as ten thousand of them, without halt till they see France again.¹ Nay worse : Dumouriez himself is perhaps secretly turning traitor ? Very sharp is the tone in which he writes to

¹ Dumouriez, iv. 16-73.

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our Committees. Commissioners and Jacobin Pillagers have done such incalculable mischief; Hassenfratz sends neither cartridges nor clothing; shoes we have, deceptively 'soled with wood and pasteboard.' Nothing in short is right. Danton and Lacroix, when it was they that were Commissioners, would needs join Belgium to France;—of which Dumouriez might have made the prettiest little Duchy for his own secret behoof! With all these things the General is wroth; and writes to us in a sharp tone. Who knows what this hot little General is meditating? Dumouriez Duke of Belgium or Brabant; and say, Egalité the Younger King of France: there were an end for our Revolution!—Committee of Defence gazes, and shakes its head: who except Danton, defective in suspicion, could still struggle to be of hope?

And General Custine is rolling back from the Rhine Country; conquered Mentz will be reconquered, the Prussians gathering round to bombard it with shot and shell. Mentz may resist, Commissioner Merlin, the Thionviller, 'making sallies, at the head of the besieged;'—resist to the death; but not longer than that. How sad a reverse for Mentz! Brave Forster, brave Lux planted Liberty-trees, amid *ça-ira*-ing music, in the snow-slush of last winter, there; and made Jacobin Societies; and got the Territory incorporated with France; they came hither to Paris, as Deputies or Delegates, and have their eighteen francs a-day: but see, before once the Liberty-tree is got rightly in leaf, Mentz is changing into an explosive crater; vomiting fire, bevomited with fire!

Neither of these men shall again see Mentz; they have come hither only to die. Forster has been round the Globe; he saw Cook perish under Owyhee clubs; but like this Paris he has yet seen or suffered nothing. Poverty escorts him: from home there can nothing come, except Job's-news; the eighteen daily francs, which we here as Deputy or Delegate with difficulty 'touch,' are in paper *assignats*, and sink fast in value. Poverty, disappointment, inaction, obloquy; the brave heart slowly breaking! Such is Forster's lot. For the rest, Demoiselle Théroigne smiles on you in the Soirées; 'a beautiful brownlocked face,' of an exalted temper; and contrives to keep her carriage. Prussian Trenck, the poor subterranean Baron, jargons and jangles in an unmelodious manner. Thomas Paine's face is red-pustuled, 'but the eyes uncommonly bright.'

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Convention Deputies ask you to dinner : very courteous ; and 'we all play at *plumpsack*.'² 'It is the Explosion and New-creation of a World,' says Forster ; 'and the actors in it, 'such small mean objects, buzzing round one like a handful of 'flies.'—

Likewise there is war with Spain. Spain will advance through the gorges of the Pyrenees ; rustling with Bourbon banners, jingling with artillery and menace. And England has donned the red coat ; and marches, with Royal Highness of York,—whom some once spake of inviting to be our King. Changed that humour now : and ever more changing ; till no hatefulest thing walk this Earth than a denizen of that tyrannous Island ; and Pitt be declared and decreed, with effervescence, '*L'ennemi du genre humain*, The enemy of mankind ;' and, very singular to say, you make order that no Soldier of Liberty give quarter to an Englishman. Which order, however, the Soldier of Liberty does but partially obey. We will take no Prisoners then, say the Soldiers of Liberty ; they shall all be 'Deserters' that we take.³ It is a frantic order ; and attended with inconvenience. For surely, if you give no quarter, the plain issue is that you will get none ; and so the business become as broad as it was long.—Our 'recruitment of Three-hundred Thousand men,' which was the decreed force for this year, is like to have work enough laid to its hand.

So many enemies come wending on ; penetrating through throats of mountains, steering over the salt sea ; towards all points of our territory ; rattling chains at us. Nay, worst of all : there is an enemy within our own territory itself. In the early days of March, the Nantes Postbags do not arrive ; there arrive only instead of them Conjecture, Apprehension, bodeful wind of Rumour. The bodefulest proves true. Those fanatic Peoples of La Vendée will no longer keep under : their fire of insurrection, heretofore dissipated with difficulty, blazes out anew, after the King's Death, as a wide conflagration ; not riot, but civil war. Your Cathelineaus, your Stofflets, Charettes, are other men than was thought : behold how their Peasants, in mere russet and hodden, with their rude arms, rude array, with their fanatic Gaelic frenzy and wild-yelling battle-cry of *God and the King*, dash at us like a dark whirlwind ; and blow the best-

² Forster's *Briefwechsel*, ii. 514, 460, 631.

³ See Dampmartin, *Événemens*, ii. 213-30.

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disciplined Nationals we can get into panic and *sauve-qui-peut!* Field after field is theirs; one sees not where it will end. Commandant Santerre may be sent there; but with non-effect; he might as well have returned and brewed beer.

It has become peremptorily necessary that a National Convention cease arguing, and begin acting. Yield one party of you to the other, and do it swiftly. No theoretic outlook is here, but the close certainty of ruin; the very day that is passing over us must be provided for.

It was Friday the Eighth of March when this Job's-post from Dumouriez, thickly preceded and escorted by so many other Job's-posts, reached the National Convention. Blank enough are most faces. Little will it avail whether our Septemberers be punished or go unpunished; if Pitt and Cobourg are coming in, with one punishment for us all; nothing now between Paris itself and the Tyrants but a doubtful Dumouriez, and hosts in loose-flowing loud retreat!—Danton the Titan rises in this hour as always in the hour of need. Great is his voice, reverberating from the domes:—Citizen-Representatives, shall we not, in such crisis of Fate, lay aside discords? Reputation: O what is the reputation of this man or of that? “*Que mon nom soit flétri; que la France soit libre:* Let my name be blighted; let France be free!” It is necessary now again that France rise, in swift vengeance, with her million right-hands, with her heart as of one man. Instantaneous recruitment in Paris; let every Section of Paris furnish its thousands; every Section of France! Ninety-six Commissioners of us, two for each Section of the Forty-eight, they must go forthwith, and tell Paris what the Country needs of her. Let Eighty more of us be sent, post-haste, over France; to spread the fire-cross, to call forth the might of men. Let the Eighty also be on the road, before this sitting rise. Let them go, and think what their errand is. Speedy Camp of Fifty-thousand between Paris and the North Frontier; for Paris will pour forth her volunteers! Shoulder to shoulder; one strong universal death-defiant rising and rushing; we shall hurl back these Sons of Night yet again; and France, in spite of the world, be free!⁴—So sounds the Titan's voice: into all Section-houses; into all French hearts. Sections sit in Permanence, for recruitment, enrolment, that very night. Convention Com-

⁴ *Moniteur* (in *Hist. Parl.* xxv. 6).

missioners, on swift wheels, are carrying the fire-cross from Town to Town, till all France blaze.

And so there is Flag of *Fatherland in Danger* waving from the Townhall, Black Flag from the top of Notre-Dame Cathedral; there is Proclamation, hot eloquence; Paris rushing out once again to strike its enemies down. That, in such circumstances, Paris was in no mild humour can be conjectured. Agitated streets; still more agitated round the Salle de Manège! Feuillans-Terrace crowds itself with angry Citizens, angrier Citizenesses; Varlet perambulates with portable chair: ejaculations of no measured kind, as to perfidious fine-spoken *Hommes d'état*, friends of Dumouriez, secret-friends of Pitt and Cobourg, burst from the hearts and lips of men. To fight the enemy? Yes, and even to 'freeze him with terror, *glacer d'effroi*.' but first to have domestic Traitors punished! Who are they that, carping and quarrelling, in their jesuitic most *moderate* way, seek to shackle the Patriotic movement? That divide France against Paris, and poison public opinion in the Departments? That when we ask for bread, and a Maximum fixed-price, treat us with lectures on Free-trade in grains? Can the human stomach satisfy itself with lectures on Free-trade; and are we to fight the Austrians in a moderate manner, or in an immoderate? This Convention must be *purged*.

"Set up a swift Tribunal for Traitors, a Maximum for Grains:" thus speak with energy the Patriot Volunteers, as they defile through the Convention Hall, just on the wing to the Frontiers;—perorating in that heroic Cambyses' vein of theirs: beshouted by the Galleries and Mountain; bemurmured by the Right-side and Plain. Nor are prodigies wanting: lo, while a Captain of the Section Poissonnière perorates with vehemence about Dumouriez, Maximum and Crypto-Royalist Traitors, and his troop beat chorus with him, waving their Banner overhead, the eye of a Deputy discerns, in this same Banner, that the *cravates* or streamers of it have Royal fleurs-de-lys! The Section-Captain shrieks; his troop shriek, horror-struck, and 'trample the Banner under foot:' seemingly the work of some Crypto-Royalist Plotter? Most probable:⁵—or perhaps, at bottom, only the *old* Banner of the Section, manufactured prior to the Tenth of August, when such streamers were accord-
ing to rule!⁶

⁵ *Choix des Rapports*, xi. 277.

⁶ *Hist. Parl.* xxi. 72.

March 10th

History, looking over the Girondin Memoirs, anxious to disentangle the truth of them from the hysterics, finds these days of March, especially this Sunday the Tenth of March, play a great part. Plots, plots; a plot for murdering the Girondin Deputies; Anarchists and Secret-Royalists plotting, in hellish concert, for that end! The far greater part of which is hysterics. What we do find indisputable is, that Louvet and certain Girondins were apprehensive they might be murdered on Saturday, and did not go to the evening sitting; but held council with one another, each inciting his fellow to do something resolute, and end these Anarchists: to which, however, Pétion, opening the window, and finding the night very wet, answered only, "*Ils ne feront rien*," and 'composedly resumed his violin,' says Louvet;⁷ thereby, with soft Lydian tweedledeeing, to wrap himself against eating cares. Also that Louvet felt especially liable to being killed; that several Girondins went abroad to seek beds: liable to being killed; but were not. Farther that, in very truth, Journalist Deputy Gorsas, poisoner of the Departments, he and his Printer had their houses broken into (by a tumult of Patriots, among whom redcapped Varlet, American Fournier loom forth, in the darkness of the rain and riot); had their wives put in fear; their presses, types and circumjacent equipments beaten to ruin; no Mayor interfering in time; Gorsas himself escaping, pistol in hand, 'along the coping of the back wall.' Farther that Sunday, the morrow, was not a workday; and the streets were more agitated than ever: Is it a new September, then, that these Anarchists intend? Finally, that no September came;—and also that hysterics, not unnaturally, had reached almost their acme.⁸

Vergniaud denounces and deploras; in sweetly turned periods. Section Bonconseil, *Good-counsel* so-named, not Mauconseil or *Ill-counsel* as it once was,—does a far notabler thing: demands that Vergniaud, Brissot, Guadet, and other denunciatory, fine-spoken Girondins, to the number of Twenty-two, be put under arrest! Section Good-counsel, so named ever since the Tenth of August, is sharply rebuked, like a Section of Ill-counsel:⁹ but its word is spoken, and will not fall to the ground.

In fact, one thing strikes us in these poor Girondins: their

⁷ Louvet, *Mémoires*, p. 72. ⁸ Meillan, pp. 23, 24; Louvet, pp. 71-80.

⁹ *Moniteur* (Séance du 12 Mars), 15 Mars.

1793.

fatal shortness of vision ; nay fatal poorness of character, for that is the root of it. They are as strangers to the People they would govern ; to the thing they have come to work in. Formulas, Philosophies, Respectabilities, what has been written in Books, and admitted by the Cultivated Classes : *this* inadequate *Scheme* of Nature's working is all that Nature, let her work as she will, can reveal to these men. So they perorate and speculate ; and call on the Friends of Law, when the question is not Law or No-Law, but Life or No-Life. Pedants of the Revolution, if not Jesuits of it ! Their Formalism is great ; great also is their Egoism. France rising to fight Austria has been raised only by plot of the Tenth of March, to kill Twenty-two of *them* ! This Revolution Prodigy, unfolding itself into terrific stature and articulation, by its own laws and Nature's, not by the laws of Formula, has become unintelligible, incredible as an impossibility, the 'waste chaos of a Dream.' A Republic founded on what they call the Virtues ; on what we call the Decencies and Respectabilities : this they will have, and nothing but this. Whatsoever other Republic Nature and Reality send, shall be considered as not sent ; as a kind of Nightmare Vision, and thing non-extant ; disowned by the Laws of Nature and of Formula. Alas, dim for the best eyes is this Reality ; and as for these men, they will not look at it with eyes at all, but only through 'facetted spectacles' of Pedantry, wounded Vanity ; which yield the most portentous fallacious spectrum. Carping and complaining forever of Plots and Anarchy, they will do one thing ; prove, to demonstration, that the Reality will not translate into their Formula ; that they and their Formula are incompatible with the Reality : and, in its dark wrath, the Reality will extinguish it and them ! What a man *kens* he *cans*. But the beginning of a man's doom is, that vision be withdrawn from him ; that he see not the reality, but a false spectrum of the reality ; and following that, step darkly, with more or less velocity, downwards to the utter Dark ; to Ruin, which is the great Sea of Darkness, whither all falsehoods, winding or direct, continually flow !

This Tenth of March we may mark as an epoch in the Girondin destinies ; the rage so exasperated itself, the misconception so darkened itself. Many desert the sittings ; many come to them armed.¹⁰ An honourable Deputy, setting out after

¹⁰ Meillan, *Mémoires*, pp. 85, 24.

March.

breakfast, must now, besides taking his Notes, see whether his Priming is in order.

Meanwhile with Dumouriez in Belgium it fares ever worse. Were it again General Miranda's fault, or some other's fault, there is no doubt whatever but the 'Battle of Nerwinden,' on the 18th of March, is lost; and our rapid retreat has become a far too rapid one. Victorious Cobourg, with his Austrian pricklers, hangs like a dark cloud on the rear of us: Dumouriez never off horseback night or day; engagement every three hours; our whole discomfited Host rolling rapidly inwards, full of rage, suspicion and *sauve-qui-peut!* And then Dumouriez himself, what his intents may be? Wicked seemingly and not charitable! His despatches to Committee openly denounce a factious Convention, for the woes it has brought on France and him. And his speeches—for the General has no reticence! The execution of the Tyrant this Dumouriez calls the Murder of the King. Danton and Lacroix, flying thither as Commissioners once more, return very doubtful; even Danton now doubts.

Three Jacobin Missionaries, Proly, Dubuisson, Pereyra, have flown forth; sped by a wakeful Mother Society: they are struck dumb to hear the General speak. The Convention, according to this General, consists of three-hundred scoundrels and four-hundred imbeciles: France cannot do without a King. "But we have executed our King." "And what is it to me," hastily cries Dumouriez, a General of no reticence, "whether the King's name be *Ludovicus* or *Jacobus*?" "Or *Philippus*!" rejoins Proly;—and hastens to report progress. Over the Frontiers such hope is there.

CHAPTER V.

SANSULOTTISM ACCOUTRED.

LET us look, however, at the grand internal Sansculottism and Revolution Prodigy, whether it stirs and waxes: there and not elsewhere may hope still be for France. The Revolution Prodigy, as Decree after Decree issues from the Mountain, like creative *fiats*, accordant with the nature of the Thing,—is shaping itself rapidly, in these days, into terrific stature and articulation, limb after limb. Last March 1792, we saw all France flowing in blind terror; shutting town-barriers, boiling pitch for

1793.

Brigands : happier, this March, that it is a seeing terror ; that a creative Mountain exists, which can say *fiat* ! Recruitment proceeds with fierce celerity : nevertheless our Volunteers hesitate to set out, till Treason be punished at home ; they do not fly to the frontiers ; but only fly hither and thither, demanding and denouncing. The Mountain must speak new *fiat* and new *fiats*.

And does it not speak such ? Take, as first example, those *Comités Révolutionnaires* for the arrestment of Persons Suspect. Revolutionary Committee, of Twelve chosen Patriots, sits in every Township of France ; examining the Suspect, seeking arms, making domiciliary visits and arrestments ;—caring, generally, that the Republic suffer no detriment. Chosen by universal suffrage, each in its Section, they are a kind of elixir of Jacobinism ; some Forty-four Thousand of them awake and alive over France ! In Paris and all Towns, every house-door must have the names of the inmates legibly printed on it, ‘at a height not exceeding five feet from the ground ;’ every Citizen must produce his certificatory *Carte de Civisme*, signed by Section-President ; every man be ready to give account of the faith that is in him. Persons Suspect had as well depart this soil of Liberty ! And yet departure too is bad : all Emigrants are declared Traitors, their property become National ; they are ‘dead in Law,’—save, indeed, that for *our* behoof they shall ‘live yet fifty years in Law,’ and what heritages may fall to them in that time become National too ! A mad vitality of Jacobinism, with Forty-four Thousand centres of activity, circulates through all fibres of France.

Very notable also is the *Tribunal Extraordinaire* :¹ decreed by the Mountain ; some Girondins dissenting, for surely such a Court contradicts every formula ;—other Girondins assenting, nay coöperating, for do not we all hate Traitors, O ye people of Paris ?—Tribunal of the Seventeenth, in Autumn last, was swift ; but this shall be swifter. Five Judges ; a standing Jury, which is named from Paris and the Neighbourhood, that there be not delay in naming it : they are subject to no Appeal ; to hardly any Law-forms, but must ‘get themselves convinced’ in all readiest ways ; and for security are bound ‘to vote audibly ;’ audibly, in the hearing of a Paris Public. This is the *Tribunal Extraordinaire* ; which, in few months, getting into most lively

¹ *Moniteur*, No. 70 (du 11 Mars), No. 76, &c.

March,

action, shall be entitled *Tribunal Révolutionnaire*; as indeed it from the very first has entitled itself: with a Herman or a Dumas for Judge-President, with a Fouquier-Tinville for Attorney-General, and a Jury of such as Citizen Leroi, who has surnamed himself *Dix-Août*, 'Leroi *August-Tenth*,' it will become the wonder of the world. Herein has Sansculottism fashioned for itself a Sword of Sharpness: a weapon magical; tempered in the Stygian hell-waters; to the edge of it all armour, and defence of strength or of cunning shall be soft; it shall mow down Lives and Brazen-gates; and the waving of it shed terror through the souls of men.

But speaking of an amorphous Sansculottism taking form, ought we not, above all things, to specify how the Amorphous gets itself a Head? Without metaphor, this Revolution Government continues hitherto in a very anarchic state. Executive Council of Ministers, Six in number, there is: but they, especially since Roland's retreat, have hardly known whether they were Ministers or not. Convention Committees sit supreme over them; but then each Committee as supreme as the others: Committee of Twenty-one, of Defence, of General Surety; simultaneous or successive, for specific purposes. The Convention alone is all-powerful,—especially if the Commune go with it; but is too numerous for an administrative body. Wherefore, in this perilous quick-whirling condition of the Republic, before the end of March we obtain our small *Comité de Salut Public*,² as it were, for miscellaneous accidental purposes requiring despatch;—as it proves, for a sort of universal supervision, and universal subjection. They are to report weekly, these new Committee-men; but to deliberate in secret. Their number is Nine, firm Patriots all, Danton one of them; renewable every month;—yet why not reëlect them if they turn out well? The flower of the matter is, that they are but nine; that they sit in secret. An insignificant-looking thing at first, this Committee, but with a principle of growth in it! Forwarded by fortune, by internal Jacobin energy, it will reduce all Committees and the Convention itself to mute obedience, the Six Ministers to Six assiduous Clerks; and work its will on the Earth and under Heaven, for a season. A 'Committee of Public Salvation' whereat the world still shrieks and shudders.

If we call that Revolutionary Tribunal a Sword, which Sans-

² *Moniteur*, No. 83 (du 24 Mars 1793), Nos. 86, 93, 99, 100.

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culottism has provided for itself, then let us call the 'Law of the Maximum' a Provender-scrip, or Haversack, wherein, better or worse, some ration of bread may be found. It is true, Political Economy, Girondin free-trade, and all law of supply and demand, are hereby hurled topsyturvy : but what help ? Patriotism must live ; the 'cupidity of farmers' seems to have no bowels. Wherefore this Law of the Maximum, fixing the highest price of grains, is, with infinite effort, got passed ;³ and shall gradually extend itself into a Maximum for all manner of *comes-tibles* and commodities : with such scrambling and topsyturvy-ing as may be fancied ! For now if, for example, the farmer will not sell ? The farmer shall be forced to sell. An accurate Account of what grain he has shall be delivered in to the Constituted Authorities : let him see that he say not too much ; for in that case, his rents, taxes and contributions will rise proportionally : let him see that he say not too little ; for, on or before a set day, we shall suppose in April, *less* than one-third of this declared quantity must remain in his barns, more than two-thirds of it must have been thrashed and sold. One can denounce him, and raise penalties.

By such inextricable overturning of all Commercial relations will Sansculottism keep life in ; since not otherwise. On the whole, as Camille Desmoulins says once, "while the Sansculottes fight, the Monsieurs must pay." So there come *Impôts Progressifs*, Ascending Taxes ; which consume, with fast-increasing voracity, the 'superfluous-revenue' of men : beyond fifty-pounds a-year, you are not exempt ; rising into the hundreds, you bleed freely ; into the thousands and tens of thousands, you bleed gushing. Also there come Requisitions ; there comes 'Forced-Loan of a Milliard,' some Fifty-Millions Sterling, which of course they that *have* must lend. Unexampled enough ; it has grown to be no country for the Rich, this ; but a country for the Poor ! And then if one fly, what steads it ? Dead in Law ; nay kept alive fifty years yet, for *their* accursed behoof ! In this manner therefore it goes ; topsyturvy-ing, *ça-ira*-ing ;—and withal there is endless sale of Emigrant National-Property, there is Cambon with endless cornucopia of Assignats. The Trade and Finance of Sansculottism ; and how, with Maximum and Bakers' queues, with Cupidity, Hunger, Denunciation and Paper-money, it led its galvanic-life, and began and ended,—

³ *Moniteur* (du 20 Avril, &c. to 20 Mai, 1793).

April.

remains the most interesting of all Chapters in Political Economy : still to be written.

All which things, are they not clean against Formula ? O Girondin Friends, it is not a Republic of the Virtues we are getting ; but only a Republic of the Strengths, virtuous and other !

CHAPTER VI.

THE TRAITOR.

BUT Dumouriez, with his fugitive Host, with his King *Ludovicus* or King *Philippus* ? There lies the crisis ; there hangs the question : Revolution Prodigy, or Counter-Revolution ?—One wide shriek covers that North-east region. Soldiers, full of rage, suspicion and terror, flock hither and thither ; Dumouriez, the many-counselled, never off horseback, knows now no counsel that were not worse than none : the counsel, namely, of joining himself with Cobourg ; marching to Paris, extinguishing Jacobinism, and, with some new King Ludovicus or King Philippus, restoring the Constitution of 1791!¹

Is wisdom quitting Dumouriez ; the herald of Fortune quitting him ? Principle, faith political or other, beyond a certain faith of mess-rooms, and honour of an officer, had him not to quit. At any rate his quarters in the Burgh of Saint-Amand ; his head-quarters in the Village of Saint-Amand des Boues, a short way off,—have become a Bedlam. National Representatives, Jacobin Missionaries are riding and running ; of the ‘three Towns,’ Lille, Valenciennes or even Condé, which Dumouriez wanted to snatch for himself, not one can be snatched ; your Captain is admitted, but the Town-gate is closed on him, and then alas the Prison-gate, and ‘his men wander about the ram parts.’ Couriers gallop breathless ; men wait, or seem waiting, to assassinate, to be assassinated ; Battalions nigh frantic with such suspicion and uncertainty, with *Vive-la-République* and *Sauve-qui-peut*, rush this way and that ;—Ruin and Desperation in the shape of Cobourg lying entrenched close by.

Dame Genlis and her fair Princess d'Orléans find this Burgh of Saint-Amand no fit place for them ; Dumouriez's protection is grown worse than none. Tough Genlis, one of the toughest women ; a woman, as it were, with nine lives in her ; whom

¹ Dumouriez, *Mémoires*, iv. c. 7-10

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nothing will beat: she packs her bandboxes; clear for flight in a private manner. Her beloved Princess she will—leave here, with the Prince Chartres Egalité her Brother. In the cold gray of the April morning, we find her accordingly established in her hired vehicle, on the street of Saint-Amand; postillions just cracking their whips to go,—when behold the young Princely Brother, struggling hitherward, hastily calling; bearing the Princess in his arms! Hastily he has clutched the poor young lady up, in her very night-gown, nothing saved of her goods except the watch from the pillow: with brotherly despair he flings her in, among the bandboxes, into Genlis's chaise, into Genlis's arms: Leave her not, in the name of Mercy and Heaven! A shrill scene, but a brief one:—the postillions crack and go. Ah, whither? Through by-roads and broken hill-passes; seeking their way with lanterns after nightfall; through perils, and Coubourg Austrians, and suspicious French Nationals: finally, into Switzerland; safe though nigh moneyless.² The brave young Egalité has a most wild Morrow to look for; but now only himself to carry through it.

For indeed over at that Village named *of the Mudbaths*, Saint-Amand des Boues, matters are still worse. About four o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, the 2d of April 1793, two Couriers come galloping as if for life; *Mon Général!* Four National Representatives, War-Minister at their head, are posting hitherward from Valenciennes; are close at hand,—with what intents one may guess! While the Couriers are yet speaking, War-Minister and National Representatives, old Camus the Archivist for chief speaker of them, arrive. Hardly has *Mon Général* had time to order out the Hussar Regiment de Berchigny; that it take rank and wait near by, in case of accident. And so, enter War-Minister Beurnonville, with an embrace of friendship, for he is an old friend; enter Archivist Camus and the other three following him.

They produce Papers, invite the General to the bar of the Convention: merely to give an explanation or two. The General finds it unsuitable, not to say impossible, and that “the service will suffer.” Then comes reasoning; the voice of the old Archivist getting loud. Vain to reason loud with this Dumouriez; he answers mere angry irreverences. And so, amid plumed staff-

² Genlis, iv. 139.

April 2d.

officers, very gloomy-looking; in jeopardy and uncertainty, these poor National messengers debate and consult, retire and reënter, for the space of some two hours: without effect. Whereupon Archivist Camus, getting quite loud, proclaims, in the name of the National Convention, for he has the power to do it, That General Dumouriez is *arrested*: "Will you obey the National mandate, General!"—" *Pas dans ce moment-ci*, Not at this particular moment," answers the General also aloud; then glancing the other way, utters certain unknown vocables, in a mandatory manner; seemingly a German word-of-command.³ Hussars clutch the Four National Representatives, and Beurnonville the War-Minister; pack them out of the apartment; out of the Village, over the lines to Cobourg, in two chaises that very night, —as hostages, prisoners; to lie long in Maestricht and Austrian strongholds!⁴ *Facta est alea*.

This night Dumouriez prints his 'Proclamation;' this night and the morrow the Dumouriez Army, in such darkness visible, and rage of semi-desperation as there is, shall meditate what the General is doing, what they themselves will do in it. Judge whether this Wednesday was of halcyon nature, for any one! But on the Thursday morning, we discern Dumouriez with small escort, with Chartres Egalité and a few staff-officers, ambling along the Condé Highway: perhaps they are for Condé, and trying to persuade the Garrison there; at all events, they are for an interview with Cobourg, who waits in the woods by appointment, in that quarter. Nigh the Village of Doumet, three National Battalions, a set of men always full of Jacobinism, sweep past us; marching rather swiftly,—seemingly in mistake, by a way we had not ordered. The General dismounts, steps into a cottage, a little from the way-side; will give them right order in writing. Hark! what strange growling is heard; what barkings are heard, loud yells of "*Traitors*," of "*Arrest*:" the National Battalions have wheeled round, are emitting shot! Mount, Dumouriez, and spring for life! Dumouriez and Staff strike the spurs in, deep; vault over ditches, into the fields, which prove to be morasses; sprawl and plunge for life; bewhistled with curses and lead. Sunk to the middle, with or without horses, several servants killed, they escape out of shot-range, to General Mack

³ Dumouriez, iv. 159, &c.

⁴ Their Narrative, written by Camus (in Toulangeon. iii. app. 60-87).

1793.

the Austrian's quarters. Nay they return on the morrow, to Saint-Amand and faithful foreign Berchigny ; but what boots it ? The Artillery has all revolted, is jingling off to Valenciennes ; all have revolted, are revolting ; except only foreign Berchigny, to the extent of some poor fifteen hundred, none will follow Dumouriez against France and Indivisible Republic : Dumouriez's occupation's gone.⁵

Such an instinct of Frenchhood and Sansculottism dwells in these men : they will follow no Dumouriez nor Lafayette, nor any mortal on such errand. Shriek may be of *Sauve-qui-peut*, but will also be of *Vive-la-République*. New National Representatives arrive ; new General Dampierre, soon killed in battle ; new General Custine : the agitated Hosts draw back to some Camp of Famars ; make head against Cobourg as they can.

And so Dumouriez is in the Austrian quarters ; his drama ended, in this rather sorry manner. A most shift, wiry man ; one of Heaven's Swiss ; that wanted only work. Fifty years of unnoticed toil and valour ; one year of toil and valour, not unnoticed, but seen of all countries and centuries ; then thirty other years again unnoticed, of Memoir-writing, English Pension, scheming and projecting to no purpose : Adieu, thou Swiss of Heaven, worthy to have been something else !

His Staff go different ways. Brave young Egalité reaches Switzerland and the Genlis Cottage ; with a strong crabstick in his hand, a strong heart in his body : his Princedom is now reduced to that. Egalité the Father sat playing whist, in his Palais Egalité, at Paris, on the 6th day of this same month of April, when a catchpole entered : Citoyen Egalité is wanted at the Convention Committee !⁶ Examination, requiring Arrestment ; finally requiring Imprisonment, transference to Marseilles and the Castle of If ! Orléansdom has sunk in the black waters ; Palais Egalité, which was Palais Royal, is like to become Palais National.

CHAPTER VII.

IN FIGHT.

OUR Republic, by paper Decree, may be 'One and Indivisible,' but what profits it while these things are ? Federal.

⁵ *Mémoires*, iv. 162-80.

⁶ See Montgaillard, iv. 144.

April 11th.

ists in the Senate, renegadoes in the Army, traitors everywhere ! France, all in desperate recruitment since the Tenth of March, does not fly to the frontier, but only flies hither and thither. This defection of contemptuous diplomatic Dumouriez falls heavy on the fine-spoken high-sniffing *Hommes d'état* whom he consorted with ; forms a second epoch in their destinies.

Or perhaps more strictly we might say, the second Girondin epoch, though little noticed then, began on the day when, in reference to this defection, the Girondins broke with Danton. It was the first day of April ; Dumouriez had not yet plunged across the morasses to Cobourg, but was evidently meaning to do it, and our Commissioners were off to arrest him ; when what does the Girondin Lasource see good to do, but rise, and jesuitically question and insinuate at great length, whether a main accomplice of Dumouriez had not probably been—Danton ! Gironde grins sardonic assent ; Mountain holds its breath. The figure of Danton, Levasseur says, while this speech went on, was noteworthy. He sat erect with a kind of internal convulsion struggling to keep itself motionless ; his eye from time to time flashing wilder, his lip curling in Titanic scorn.¹ Lasource, in a fine-spoken attorney manner, proceeds : there is this probability to his mind, and there is that ; probabilities which press painfully on him, which cast the Patriotism of Danton under a painful shade ;—which painful shade, he, Lasource, will hope that Danton may find it not impossible to dispel.

"*Les Scélérats !*" cries Danton, starting up, with clenched right-hand, Lasource having done ; and descends from the Mountain, like a lava-flood : his answer not unready. Lasource's probabilities fly like idle dust ; but leave a result behind them. "Ye were right, friends of the Mountain," begins Danton, "and I was wrong : there is no peace possible with these men. Let it be war, then ! They will not save the Republic with us : it shall be saved without them ; saved in spite of them." Really a burst of rude Parliamentary eloquence this ; which is still worth reading in the old *Moniteur*. With fire-words the exasperated rude Titan rives and smites these Girondins ; at every hit the glad Mountain utters chorus ; Marat, like a musical *bis*, repeating the last phrase.² Lasource's pro-

¹ *Mémoires de René Levasseur* (Bruxelles, 1830), i. 164.

² Séance du 1 Avril 1793 (in *Hist. Parl.* xxv. 24-35).

babilities are gone ; but Danton's pledge of battle remains lying.

A third epoch, or scene in the Girondin Drama, or rather it is but the completion of this second epoch, we reckon from the day when the patience of virtuous Pétion finally boiled over ; and the Girondins, so to speak, took up this battle-pledge of Danton's, and decreed Marat accused. It was the eleventh of the same month of April, on some effervescence rising, such as often rose ; and President had covered himself, mere Bedlam now ruling ; and Mountain and Gironde were rushing on one another with clenched right-hands, and even with pistols in them ; when, behold, the Girondin Duperret drew a sword ! Shriek of horror rose, instantly quenching all other effervescence, at sight of the clear murderous steel ; whereupon Duperret returned it to the leather again ;—confessing that he did indeed draw it, being instigated by a kind of sacred madness, “*sainte fureur*,” and pistols held at him ; but that if he parricidally had chanced to scratch the outmost skin of National Representation with it, he too carried pistols, and would have blown his brains out on the spot.³

But now in such posture of affairs, virtuous Pétion rose, next morning, to lament these effervescences, this endless Anarchy invading the Legislative Sanctuary itself ; and here, being growled at and howled at by the Mountain, his patience, long tried, did, as we say, boil over ; and he spake vehemently, in high key, with foam on his lips ; “whence,” says Marat, “I concluded he had got *la rage*,” the rabidity, or dog-madness. Rabidity smites others rabid : so there rises new foam-lipped demand to have Anarchists extinguished ; and specially to have Marat put under Accusation. Send a representative to the Revolutionary Tribunal ? Violate the inviolability of a Representative ? Have a care, O Friends ! This poor Marat has faults enough ; but against Liberty or Equality, what fault ? That he has loved and fought for it, not wisely but too well. In dungeons and cellars, in pinching poverty, under anathema of men ; even so, in such fight, has he grown so dingy, bleared ; even so has his head become a Stylites one ! Him you will fling to your Sword of Sharpness ; while Cobourg and Pitt advance on us, fire-spitting ?

³ *Hist. Parl.* xv. 397.

The Mountain is loud, the Gironde is loud and deaf; all lips are foamy. With 'Permanent-Session of twenty-four hours,' with vote by roll-call, and a deadlift effort, the Gironde carries it: Marat is ordered to the Revolutionary Tribunal, to answer for that February Paragraph of Forestallers at the door-lintel, with other offences; and, after a little hesitation, he obeys.⁴

Thus is Danton's battle-pledge taken up; there is, as he said there would be, 'war without truce or treaty, *ni trêve ni composition*.' Wherefore, close now with one another, Formula and Reality, in death-grips, and wrestle it out; both of you cannot live, but only one!

CHAPTER VIII.

IN DEATH-GRIPS.

It proves what strength, were it only of inertia, there is in established Formulas, what weakness in nascent Realities, and illustrates several things, that this death-wrestle should still have lasted some six weeks or more. National business, discussion of the Constitutional Act, for our Constitution should decidedly be got ready, proceeds along with it. We even change our Locality; we shift, on the Tenth of May, from the old Salle de Manège into our new Hall, in the Palace, once a King's but now the Republic's, of the Tuileries. Hope and ruth, flickering against despair and rage, still struggle in the minds of men.

It is a most dark confused death-wrestle, this of the six weeks. Formalist frenzy against Realist frenzy; Patriotism, Egoism, Pride, Anger, Vanity, Hope and Despair, all raised to the frenetic pitch: Frenzy meets Frenzy, like dark clashing whirlwinds; neither understands the other; the weaker, one day, will understand that *it* is verily swept down! Girondism is strong as established Formula and Respectability: do not as many as Seventy-two of the Departments, or say respectable Heads of Departments, declare for us? Calvados, which loves its Buzot, will even rise in revolt, so hint the Addresses; Marseilles, cradle of Patriotism, will rise; Bourdeaux will rise, and the Gironde Department, as one man; in a word, who will *not* rise, were our *Représentation Nationale* to be insulted, or one hair of a Deputy's head harmed! The Mountain, again, is strong as Reality and Audacity. To the Reality of the Mountain are not all further-

⁴ *Moniteur* (du 16 Avril 1793, et seqq.).

1793.

some things possible? A new Tenth of August, if needful; nay a new Second of September!—

But, on Wednesday afternoon, Twenty-fourth day of April, year 1793, what tumult as of fierce jubilee is this? It is Marat returning from the Revolutionary Tribunal! A week or more of death-peril: and now there is triumphant acquittal; Revolutionary Tribunal can find no accusation against this man. And so the eye of History beholds Patriotism, which had gloomed unutterable things all week, break into loud jubilee, embrace its Marat; lift him into a chair of triumph, bear him shoulder-high through the streets. Shoulder-high is the injured People's-friend, crowned with an oak-garland; amid the wavy sea of red night-caps, carmagnole jackets, grenadier bonnets and female mob-caps; far-sounding like a sea! The injured People's-friend has here reached his culminating point; he too strikes the stars with his sublime head.

But the Reader can judge with what face President Lasource, he of the 'painful probabilities,' who presides in this Convention Hall, might welcome such jubilee-tide, when it got thither, and the Decreed of Accusation floating on the top of it! A National Sapper, spokesman on the occasion, says, the People know their Friend, and love his life as their own; "whosoever wants Marat's head must get the Sapper's first."¹ Lasource answered with some vague painful mumblement,—which, says Levasseur, one could not help tittering at.² Patriot Sections, Volunteers not yet gone to the Frontiers, come demanding the "purgation of traitors from your own bosom;" the expulsion, or even the trial and sentence, of a factious Twenty-two.

Nevertheless the Gironde has got its Commission of Twelve; a Commission specially appointed for investigating these troubles of the Legislative Sanctuary: let Sansculottism say what it will, Law shall triumph. Old-Constituent Rabaut Saint-Etienne presides over this Commission: 'it is the last plank whereon a wrecked Republic may perhaps still save herself.' Rabaut and they therefore sit, intent; examining witnesses; launching arrestments; looking out into a waste dim sea of troubles,—the womb of *Formula*, or perhaps her grave! Enter not that sea, O Reader! There are dim desolation and confusion; raging women and

¹ Séance du 26 Avril, An 1^{er} (in *Moniteur*, No. 216).

² Levasseur, *Mémoires*, i. c. 6.

raging men. Sections come demanding Twenty-two ; for the *number* first given by Section Bonconseil still holds, though the names should even vary. Other Sections, of the wealthier kind, come denouncing such demand ; nay the same Section will demand today, and denounce the demand tomorrow, according as the wealthier sit, or the poorer. Wherefore, indeed, the Girondins decree that all Sections shall close 'at ten in the evening ;' before the working people come : which Decree remains without effect. And nightly the Mother of Patriotism wails doleful ; doleful, but her eye kindling ! And Fournier l'Américain is busy, and the two banker Freys, and Varlet Apostle of Liberty ; the bull-voice of Marquis St.-Huruge is heard. And shrill women vociferate from all Galleries, the Convention ones and downwards. Nay a 'Central Committee' of all the Forty-eight Sections looms forth huge and dubious ; sitting dim in the *Archevêché*, sending Resolutions, receiving them : a Centre of the Sections ; in dread deliberation as to a New Tenth of August !

One thing we will specify, to throw light on many : the aspect under which, seen through the eyes of these Girondin Twelve, or even seen through one's own eyes, the Patriotism of the softer sex presents itself. There are Female Patriots, whom the Girondins call *Megæras*, and count to the extent of eight thousand ; with serpent-hair, all out of curl ; who have changed the distaff for the dagger. They are of 'the Society called Brotherly,' *Fraternelle*, say *Sisterly*, which meets under the roof of the Jacobins. 'Two thousand daggers,' or *so*, have been ordered,—doubtless for them. They rush to Versailles, to raise more women ; but the Versailles women will not rise.³

Nay behold, in National Garden of Tuileries,—Demoiselle Théroigne herself is become as a brown-locked Diana (were that possible) attacked by her own dogs, or she-dogs ! The Demoiselle, keeping her carriage, is for Liberty indeed, as she has full well shown ; but then for Liberty with Respectability : whereupon these serpent-haired Extreme She Patriots do now fasten on her, tatter her, shamefully fustigate her, in their shameful way ; almost fling her into the Garden-ponds, had not help intervened. Help, alas, to small purpose. The poor Demoiselle's head and nervous-system, none of the soundest, is

³ Buzot, *Mémoires*, pp. 69, 84 ; Meillan, *Mémoires*, pp. 192, 195, 196. See *Commission des Douze* (in *Choix des Rapports*, xii. 69-131).

so tattered and fluttered that it will never recover ; but flutter worse and worse, till it crack ; and within year and day we hear of her in madhouse and strait-waistcoat, which proves permanent !—Such brown-locked Figure did flutter, and inarticulately jabber and gesticulate, little able to *speak* the obscure meaning it had, through some segment of the Eighteenth Century of Time. She disappears here from the Revolution and Public History forevermore.⁴

Another thing we will not again specify, yet again beseech the Reader to imagine : the reign of Fraternity and Perfection. Imagine, we say, O Reader, that the Millennium were struggling on the threshold, and yet not so much as groceries could be had,—owing to traitors. With what impetus would a man strike traitors, in that case ! Ah, thou canst not imagine it ; thou hast thy groceries safe in the shops, and little or no hope of a Millennium ever coming !—But indeed, as to the temper there was in men and women, does not this one fact say enough : the height SUSPICION had risen to ? Preternatural we often called it ; seemingly in the language of exaggeration : but listen to the cold deposition of witnesses. Not a musical Patriot can blow himself a snatch of melody from the French Horn, sitting mildly pensive on the housetop, but Mercier will recognise it to be a signal which one Plotting Committee is making to another. Distraction has possessed Harmony herself ; lurks in the sound of *Marseillaise* and *Ça-ira*.⁵ Louvet, who can see as deep into a millstone as the most, discerns that we shall be invited back to our old Hall of the Manège, by a Deputation ; and then the Anarchists will massacre Twenty-two of us, as we walk over. It is Pitt and Cobourg ; the gold of Pitt.—Poor Pitt ! They little know what work he has with his own Friends of the People ; getting them bespied, beheaded, their habeas-corpus suspended, and his own Social Order and strong-boxes kept tight,—to fancy him raising mobs among his neighbours !

But the strangest fact connected with French or indeed with human Suspicion, is perhaps this of Camille Desmoulins. Camille's head, one of the clearest in France, has got itself so

⁴ *Deux Amis*, vii. 77-80 ; Forster, i. 514 ; Moore, i. 70. She did not die till 1817 ; in the Salpêtrière, in the most abject state of insanity : see Esquirol, *Des Maladies Mentales* (Paris, 1838), i. 445-50.

⁵ Mercier, *Nouveau Paris*, vi. 63.

May 25th-30th.

saturated through every fibre with Preternaturalism of Suspicion, that looking back on that Twelfth of July 1789, when the thousands rose round him, yelling responsive at his word in the Palais-Royal Garden, and took cockades, he finds it explicable only on this hypothesis, That they were all hired to do it, and set on by the Foreign and other Plotters. "It was not for nothing," says Camille with insight, "that this multitude burst up round me when I spoke!" No, not for nothing. Behind, around, before, it is one huge Preternatural Puppet-play of Plots; Pitt pulling the wires.⁶ Almost I conjecture that I, Camille myself, am a Plot, and wooden with wires.—The force of insight could no farther go.

Be this as it will, History remarks that the Commission of Twelve, now clear enough as to the Plots; and luckily having 'got the threads of them all by the end,' as they say,—are launching Mandates of Arrest rapidly in these May days; and carrying matters with a high hand; resolute that the sea of troubles shall be restrained. What chief Patriot, Section-President even, is safe? They can arrest him; tear him from his warm bed, because he has made irregular Section Arrestments! They arrest Varlet Apostle of Liberty. They arrest Procureur-Substitute Hébert, *Père Duchesne*; a Magistrate of the People, sitting in Townhall; who, with high solemnity of martyrdom, takes leave of his colleagues; prompt he, to obey the Law; and solemnly acquiescent, disappears into prison.

The swifter fly the Sections, energetically demanding him back; demanding not arrestment of Popular Magistrates, but of a traitorous Twenty-two. Section comes flying after Section;—defiling energetic, with their Cambyzes-vein of oratory: nay the Commune itself comes, with Mayor Pache at its head; and with question not of Hébert and the Twenty-two alone, but with this ominous old question made new, "Can you save the Republic, or must we do it?" To whom President Max Isnard makes fiery answer: If by fatal chance, in any of those tumults which since the Tenth of March are ever returning, Paris were to lift a sacrilegious finger against the National Representation, France would rise as one man, in never-imagined vengeance, and shortly 'the traveller would ask, on which side of the

⁶ See *Histoire des Brissotins*, par Camille Desmoulins (a Pamphlet of Camille's, Paris, 1793).

1793.

Seine Paris had stood !⁷ Whereat the Mountain bellows only louder, and every Gallery ; Patriot Paris boiling round.

And Girondin Valazé has nightly conclaves at his house ; sends billets, ‘Come punctually, and well armed, for there is to be business.’ And Megæra women perambulate the streets, with flags, with lamentable *allelu*.⁸ And the Convention-doors are obstructed by roaring multitudes : fine-spoken *Hommes d’état* are hustled, maltreated, as they pass ; Marat will apostrophise you, in such death-peril, and say, Thou too art of them. If Roland ask leave to quit Paris, there is order of the day. What help ? Substitute Hébert, Apostle Varlet, must be given back ; to be crowned with oak-garlands. The Commission of Twelve, in a Convention overwhelmed with roaring Sections, is broken ; then on the morrow, in a Convention of rallied Girondins, is reinstated. Dim Chaos, or the sea of troubles, is struggling through all its elements ; writhing and chafing towards some Creation.

CHAPTER IX.

EXTINCT.

ACCORDINGLY, on Friday the Thirty-first of May 1793, there comes forth into the summer sunlight one of the strangest scenes. Mayor Pache with Municipality arrives at the Tuileries Hall of Convention ; sent for, Paris being in visible ferment ; and gives the strangest news.

How, in the gray of this morning, while we sat Permanent in Townhall, watchful for the commonweal, there entered, precisely as on a Tenth of August, some Ninety-six extraneous persons ; who declared themselves to be in a state of Insurrection ; to be plenipotentiary Commissioners from the Forty-eight Sections, sections or members of the Sovereign People, all in a state of Insurrection ; and farther that we, in the name of said Sovereign in Insurrection, were dismissed from office. How we thereupon laid off our sashes, and withdrew into the adjacent Saloon of Liberty. How, in a moment or two, we were called back ; and reinstated ; the Sovereign pleasing to think us still worthy of confidence. Whereby, having taken

⁷ *Moniteur*, Séance du 25 Mai 1793.

⁸ Meillan, *Mémoires*, p. 195 ; Buzot, pp. 69, 84.

May 31st.

new oath of office, we on a sudden find ourselves Insurrectionary Magistrates, with extraneous Committee of Ninety-six sitting by us ; and a Citoyen Henriot, one whom some accuse of Septemberism, is made Generalissimo of the National Guard ; and, since six o'clock, the tocsins ring, and the drums beat :— Under which peculiar circumstances, what would an august National Convention please to direct us to do ?¹

Yes, there is the question ! “ Break the Insurrectionary Authorities,” answer some with vehemence. Vergniaud at least will have “ the National Representatives all die at their post ;” this is sworn to, with ready loud acclaim. But as to breaking the Insurrectionary Authorities,—alas, while we yet debate, what sound is that ? Sound of the Alarm-Cannon on the Pont Neuf ; which it is death by the Law to fire without order from us !

It does boom off there nevertheless ; sending a stound through all hearts. And the tocsins discourse stern music ; and Henriot with his Armed Force has enveloped us ! And Section succeeds Section, the livelong day ; demanding with Cambyeses-oratory, with the rattle of muskets, That traitors, Twenty-two or more, be punished ; that the Commission of Twelve be irrecoverably broken. The heart of the Gironde dies within it ; distant are the Seventy-two respectable Departments, this fiery Municipality is near ! Barrère is for a middle course ; granting something. The Commission of Twelve declares that, not waiting to be broken, it hereby breaks itself, and is no more. Fain would Reporter Rabaut speak his and its last words ; but he is bellowed off. Too happy that the Twenty-two are still left unviolated !—Vergniaud, carrying the laws of refinement to a great length, moves, to the amazement of some, that ‘ the Sections of Paris have deserved well of their country.’ Whereupon, at a late hour of the evening, the deserving Sections retire to their respective places of abode. Barrère shall report on it. With busy quill and brain he sits, secluded ; for him no sleep tonight. Friday the last of May has ended in this manner.

The Sections have deserved well : but ought they not to deserve better ? Faction and Girondism is struck down for the moment, and consents to be a nullity ; but will it not, at another favourable moment rise, still feller ; and the Republic have to

¹ *Débats de la Convention* (Paris, 1828), iv. 187-223 ; *Moniteur*, Nos. 152, 3, 4, An 1^{er}.

1793.

be saved in spite of it? So reasons Patriotism, still Permanent; so reasons the Figure of Marat, visible in the dim Section-world, on the morrow. To the conviction of men!—And so at eventide of Saturday, when Barrère had just got the thing all varnished by the labour of a night and day, and his Report was setting off in the evening mail-bags, tocsin peals out *again*. *Générale* is beating; armed men taking station in the Place Vendôme and elsewhere, for the night; supplied with provisions and liquor. There, under the summer stars, will they wait, this night, what is to be seen and to be done, Henriot and Town-hall giving due signal.

The Convention, at sound of *générale*, hastens back to its Hall; but to the number only of a Hundred; and does little business, puts off business till the morrow. The Girondins do not stir out thither, the Girondins are abroad seeking beds.—Poor Rabaut, on the morrow morning, returning to his post, with Louvet and some others, through streets all in ferment, wrings his hands, ejaculating, "*Illa suprema dies!*"² It has become Sunday the 2d day of June, year 1793, by the old style; by the new style, year One of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. We have got to the last scene of all, that ends this history of the Girondin Senatorship.

It seems doubtful whether any terrestrial Convention had ever met in such circumstances as this National one now does. Tocsin is pealing; Barriers shut; all Paris is on the gaze, or under arms. As many as a Hundred Thousand under arms they count: National Force; and the Armed Volunteers, who should have flown to the Frontiers and La Vendée; but would not, treason being unpunished; and only flew hither and thither! So many, steady under arms, environ the National Tuileries and Garden. There are horse, foot, artillery, sappers with beards: the artillery one can see with their camp-furnaces in this National Garden, heating bullets red, and their match is lighted. Henriot in plumes rides, amid a plumed Staff: all posts and issues are safe; reserves lie out, as far as the Wood of Boulogne; the choicest Patriots nearest the scene. One other circumstance we will note: that a careful Municipality, liberal of camp-furnaces, has not forgotten provision-carts. No member of the Sovereign need now go home to dinner; but can keep rank

² Louvet, *Mémoires*, p. 89.

—plentiful victual circulating unsought. Does not this People understand Insurrection? Ye, *not* uninventive, *Gualches!*—

Therefore let a National Representation, ‘mandatories of the Sovereign,’ take thought of it. Expulsion of your Twenty-two, and your Commission of Twelve: we stand here till it be done! Deputation after Deputation, in ever stronger language, comes with that message. Barrère proposes a middle course:—Will not perhaps the inculpated Deputies consent to withdraw voluntarily; to make a generous demission and self-sacrifice for the sake of one’s country? Isnard, repentant of that search on which river-bank Paris stood, declares himself ready to demit. Ready also is *Te-Deum* Fauchet; old Dusaulx of the Bastille, ‘*vieux radoteur*, old dotard,’ as Marat calls him, is still readier. On the contrary, Lanjuinais the Breton declares that there is one man who never will demit voluntarily; but will protest to the uttermost, while a voice is left him. And he accordingly goes on protesting; amid rage and clangour; Legendre crying at last: “Lanjuinais, come down from the Tribune, or I will fling thee down, *ou je te jette en bas!*” For matters are come to extremity. Nay they do clutch hold of Lanjuinais, certain zealous Mountain-men; but cannot fling him down, for he ‘cramps himself on the railing;’ and ‘his clothes get torn.’ Brave Senator, worthy of pity! Neither will Barbaroux demit; he “has sworn to die at his post, and will keep that oath.” Whereupon the Galleries all rise with explosion; brandishing weapons, some of them; and rush out, saying: “*Allons*, then; we must save our country!” Such a Session is this of Sunday the second of June.

Churches fill, over Christian Europe, and then empty themselves; but this Convention empties not, the while: a day of shrieking contention, of agony, humiliation and tearing of coat-skirts; *illa suprema dies!* Round stand Henriot and his Hundred Thousand, copiously refreshed from tray and basket: nay he is ‘distributing five francs a-piece,’ we Girondins saw it with our eyes; five francs to keep them in heart! And distraction of armed riot encumbers our borders, jangles at our Bar; we are prisoners in our own Hall: Bishop Grégoire could not get out for a *besoin actuel* without four gendarmes to wait on him! What is the character of a National Representative become? And now the sunlight falls yellower on western windows, and the chimney-tops are flinging longer shadows; the refreshed

1793.

Hundred Thousand, nor their shadows, stir not ! What to resolve on ? Motion rises, superfluous one would think, That the Convention go forth in a body ; ascertain with its own eyes whether it is free or not. Lo, therefore, from the Eastern Gate of the Tuileries, a distressed Convention issuing ; handsome Hérault Séchelles at their head ; he with hat on, in sign of public calamity, the rest bareheaded,—towards the Gate of the Carroussel ; wondrous to see : towards Henriot and his plumed Staff. “ In the name of the National Convention, make way ! ” Not an inch of way does Henriot make : “ I receive no orders, till the Sovereign, yours and mine, have been obeyed.” The Convention presses on ; Henriot prances back, with his Staff, some fifteen paces, “ To arms ! Cannoneers, to your guns ! ”—flashes out his puissant sword, as the Staff all do, and the Hus-sars all do. Cannoneers brandish the lit match ; Infantry present arms,—alas, in the level way, as if for firing ! Hatted Hérault leads his distressed flock, through their pinfold of a Tuileries again ; across the Garden, to the Gate on the opposite side. Here is Feuillans-Terrace, alas, there is our old Salle de Manége ; but neither at this Gate of the Pont Tournant is there egress. Try the other ; and the other : no egress ! We wander disconsolate through armed ranks ; who indeed salute with *Live the Republic*, but also with *Die the Gironde*. Other such sight, in the year One of Liberty, the westering sun never saw.

And now behold Marat meets us ; for he lagged in this Suppliant Procession of ours : he has got some hundred elect Patriots at his heels ; he orders us, in the Sovereign's name, to return to our place, and do as we are bidden and bound. The Convention returns. “ Does not the Convention,” says Couthon with a singular power of face, “ see that it is free,”—none but friends round it ? The Convention, overflowing with friends and armed Sectioners, proceeds to vote as bidden. Many will not vote, but remain silent ; some one or two protest, in words, the Mountain has a clear unanimity. Commission of Twelve, and the denounced Twenty-two, to whom we add Ex-Ministers Clavière and Lebrun : these, with some slight extempore alterations (this or that orator proposing, but Marat disposing), are voted to be under ‘ Arrestment in their own houses.’ Brissot, Buzot, Vergniaud, Guadet, Louvet, Gensonné, Barbaroux, La-source, Lanjuinais, Rabaut,—Thirty-two, by the tale ; all that

June 2d.

we have known as Girondins, and more than we have known. They, 'under the safeguard of the French People;' by and by, under the safeguard of two Gendarmes each, shall dwell peaceably in their own houses; as Non-Senators; till farther order. Herewith ends *Séance* of Sunday the second of June 1793.

At ten o'clock, under mild stars, the Hundred Thousand, their work well finished, turn homewards. Already yesterday, Central Insurrection Committee had arrested Madame Roland; imprisoned her in the Abbaye. Roland has fled, no man knows whither.

Thus fell the Girondins, by Insurrection; and became extinct as a Party: not without a sigh from most Historians. The men were men of parts, of Philosophic culture, decent behaviour; not condemnable in that they were but Pedants, and had not better parts; not condemnable, but most unfortunate. They wanted a Republic of the Virtues, wherein themselves should be head; and they could only get a Republic of the Strengths, wherein others than they were head.

For the rest, Barrère shall make Report of it. The night concludes with a 'civic promenade by torchlight':³ surely the true reign of Fraternity is now not far?

³ Buzot, *Mémoires*, p. 310. See *Pièces Justificatives*, of Narratives, Commentaries, &c. in Buzot, Louvet, Meillan; *Documens Complémentaires*, in *Hist. Parl.* xxviii. 1-78.

BOOK FOURTH.

TERROR.

CHAPTER I.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

IN the leafy months of June and July, several French Departments germinate a set of rebellious *paper-leaves*, named Proclamations, Resolutions, Journals, or Diurnals, 'of the Union for Resistance to Oppression.' In particular, the Town of Caen, in Calvados, sees its paper-leaf of *Bulletin de Caen* suddenly bud, suddenly establish itself as Newspaper there; under the Editorship of Girondin National Representatives!

For among the proscribed Girondins are certain of a more desperate humour. Some, as Vergniaud, Valazé, Gensonné, 'arrested in their own houses,' will await with stoical resignation what the issue may be. Some, as Brissot, Rabaut, will take to flight, to concealment; which, as the Paris Barriers are opened again in a day or two, is not yet difficult. But others there are who will rush, with Buzot, to Calvados; or far over France, to Lyons, Toulon, Nantes and elsewhere, and then rendezvous at Caen: to awaken as with war-trumpet the respectable Departments; and strike down an anarchic Mountain Faction; at least not yield without a stroke at it. Of this latter temper we count some score or more, of the Arrested, and of the Not-yet-arrested: a Buzot, a Barbaroux, Louvet, Guadet, Pétion, who have escaped from Arrestment in their own homes; a Salles, a Pythagorean Valady, a Duchâtel, the Duchâtel that came in blanket and nightcap to vote for the life of Louis, who have escaped from danger and likelihood of Arrestment. These, to the number at one time of Twenty-seven, do accordingly lodge

July.

here, at the '*Intendance*, or Departmental Mansion,' of the town of Caen in Calvados ; welcomed by Persons in Authority ; welcomed and defrayed, having no money of their own. And the *Bulletin de Caen* comes forth, with the most animating paragraphs : How the Bourdeaux Department, the Lyons Department, this Department after the other is declaring itself ; sixty, or say sixty-nine, or seventy-two¹ respectable Departments either declaring, or ready to declare. Nay Marseilles, it seems, will march on Paris by itself, if need be. So has Marseilles Town said, That she will march. But on the other hand, that Montélimart Town has said, No thoroughfare ; and means even to 'bury herself' under her own stone and mortar first,—of this be no mention in *Bulletin de Caen*.

Such animating paragraphs we read in this new Newspaper ; and fervours and eloquent sarcasm : tirades against the Mountain, from the pen of Deputy Salles ; which resemble, say friends, Pascal's *Provincials*. What is more to the purpose, these Girondins have got a General in chief, one Wimpfen, formerly under Dumouriez ; also a secondary questionable General Puisaye, and others ; and are doing their best to raise a force for war. National Volunteers, whosoever is of right heart : gather in, ye National Volunteers, friends of Liberty ; from our Calvados Townships, from the Eure, from Brittany, from far and near : forward to Paris, and extinguish Anarchy ! Thus at Caen, in the early July days, there is a drumming and parading, a perorating and consulting : Staff and Army ; Council ; Club of *Carabots*, Anti-jacobin friends of Freedom, to denounce atrocious Marat. With all which, and the editing of *Bulletins*, a National Representative has his hands full.

At Caen it is most animated ; and, as one hopes, more or less animated in the 'Seventy-two Departments that adhere to us.' And in a France begirt with Cimmerian invading Coalitions, and torn with an internal La Vendée, *this* is the conclusion we have arrived at : To put down Anarchy by Civil War ! *Durum et durum*, the Proverb says, *non faciunt murum*. La Vendée burns : Santerre can do nothing there ; he may return home and brew beer. Cimmerian bombshells fly all along the North. That Siege of Mentz is become famed ;—lovers of the Picturesque (as Goethe will testify), washed country-people of both sexes, stroll thither on Sundays, to see the artillery work

¹ Meillan, pp. 72, 73 ; Louvet, p. 129.

and counterwork ; ' you only duck a little while the shot whizzes past.'² Condé is capitulating to the Austrians ; Royal Highness of York, these several weeks, fiercely batters Valenciennes. For, alas, our fortified Camp of Famars was stormed ; General Dampierre was killed ; General Custine was blamed,—and indeed is now come to Paris to give ' explanations.'

Against all which the Mountain and atrocious Marat must even make head as they can. They, anarchic Convention as they are, publish Decrees, expostulatory, explanatory, yet not without severity ; they ray-forth Commissioners, singly or in pairs, the olive-branch in one hand, yet the sword in the other. Commissioners come even to Caen ; but without effect. Mathematical Romme, and Prieur named of the Côte d'Or, venturing thither, with their olive and sword, are packed into prison : there may Romme lie, under lock and key, ' for fifty days ;' and meditate his New Calendar, if he please. Cimmeria, La Vendée, and Civil War ! Never was Republic One and Indivisible at a lower ebb.—

Amid which dim ferment of Caen and the World, History specially notices one thing : in the lobby of the Mansion *de l'Intendance*, where busy Deputies are coming and going, a young Lady with an aged valet, taking grave graceful leave of Deputy Barbaroux.³ She is of stately Norman figure ; in her twenty-fifth year ; of beautiful still countenance : her name is Charlotte Corday, heretofore styled D'Armans, while Nobility still was. Barbaroux has given her a Note to Deputy Duperret,—him who once drew his sword in the effervescence. Apparently she will to Paris on some errand ? ' She was a Republican before the Revolution, and never wanted energy.' A completeness, a decision is in this fair female Figure : ' by energy ' she means the spirit that will prompt one to sacrifice himself ' for his country.' What if she, this fair young Charlotte, had emerged from her secluded stillness, suddenly like a Star ; cruel-lovely, with half-angelic, half-dæmonic splendour ; to gleam for a moment, and in a moment be extinguished : to be held in memory, so bright complete was she, through long centuries !—Quitting Cimmerian Coalitions without, and the dim-simmering Twenty-five millions within, History will look fixedly at this one fair Apparition of a Charlotte Corday ; will note whither Char-

² *Belagerung von Mainz* (Goethe's *Werke*, xxx. 278-334).

³ Meillan, p. 75 ; Louvet, p. 114.

July 13th.

lotte moves, how the little Life burns forth so radiant, then vanishes swallowed of the Night.

With Barbaroux's Note of Introduction, and slight stock of luggage, we see Charlotte on Tuesday the 9th of July seated in the Caen Diligence, with a place for Paris. None takes farewell of her, wishes her Good-journey: her Father will find a line left, signifying that she is gone to England, that he must pardon her, and forget her. The drowsy Diligence lumbers along; amid drowsy talk of Politics, and praise of the Mountain; in which she mingles not: all night, all day, and again all night. On Thursday, not long before noon, we are at the bridge of Neuilly; here is Paris with her thousand black domes, the goal and purpose of thy journey! Arrived at the Inn de la Providence in the Rue des Vieux Augustins, Charlotte demands a room; hastens to bed; sleeps all afternoon and night, till the morrow morning.

On the morrow morning, she delivers her Note to Duperret. It relates to certain Family Papers which are in the Minister of the Interior's hands; which a Nun at Caen, an old Convent-friend of Charlotte's, has need of; which Duperret shall assist her in getting: this then was Charlotte's errand to Paris? She has finished this, in the course of Friday;—yet says nothing of returning. She has seen and silently investigated several things. The Convention, in bodily reality, she has seen; what the Mountain is like. The living physiognomy of Marat she could not see; he is sick at present, and confined to home.

About eight on the Saturday morning, she purchases a large sheath-knife in the Palais Royal; then straightway, in the Place des Victoires, takes a hackney-coach: "To the Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine, No. 44." It is the residence of the Citoyen Marat!—The Citoyen Marat is ill, and cannot be seen; which seems to disappoint her much. Her business is with Marat, then? Hapless beautiful Charlotte; hapless squalid Marat! From Caen in the utmost West, from Neuchâtel in the utmost East, they two are drawing nigh each other; they two have, very strangely, business together.—Charlotte, returning to her Inn, despatches a short Note to Marat; signifying that she is from Caen, the seat of rebellion; that she desires earnestly to see him, and 'will put it in his power to do France a great service.' No answer. Charlotte writes another Note, still more pressing; sets out with it by coach, about seven in the evening, herself. Tired day-labourers have again finished their Week; huge Paris

is circling and sinuering, manifold, according to its vague wont : this one fair Figure has decision in it ; drives straight,—towards a purpose.

It is yellow July evening, we say, the thirteenth of the month ; eve of the Bastille day,—when ‘ M. Marat,’ four years ago, in the crowd of the Pont Neuf, shrewdly required of that Besenval Hussar-party, which had such friendly dispositions, “ to dismount, and give up their arms, then ;” and became notable among Patriot men. Four years : what a road he has travelled ;—and sits now, about half-past seven of the clock, stewing in slipper-bath ; sore afflicted ; ill of Revolution Fever, —of what other malady this History had rather not name. Excessively sick and worn, poor man : with precisely elevenpence-halfpenny of ready-money, in paper ; with slipper-bath ; strong three-footed stool for writing on, the while ; and a squalid —Washerwoman, one may call her : that is his civic establishment in Medical-School Street ; thither and not elsewhere has his road led him. Not to the reign of Brotherhood and Perfect Felicity ; yet surely on the way towards that?—Hark, a rap again ! A musical woman’s voice, refusing to be rejected : it is the Citoyenne who would do France a service. Marat, recognising from within, cries, Admit her. Charlotte Corday is admitted.

Citoyen Marat, I am from Caen the seat of rebellion, and wished to speak with you.—Be seated, *mon enfant*. Now what are the Traitors doing at Caen ? What Deputies are at Caen ? —Charlotte names some Deputies. “ Their heads shall fall within a fortnight,” croaks the eager People’s-friend, clutching his tablets to write : *Barbaroux*, *Pétion*, writes he with bare shrunk arm, turning aside in the bath : *Pétion*, and *Louvet*, and—Charlotte has drawn her knife from the sheath ; plunges it, with one sure stroke, into the writer’s heart. “ *À moi, chère amie*, Help, dear !” no more could the Death-choked say or shriek. The helpful Washerwoman running in, there is no Friend of the People, or Friend of the Washerwoman left ; but his life with a groan gushes out, indignant, to the shades below.⁴

And so Marat People’s-friend is ended ; the lone Stylites has got hurled down suddenly from his Pillar,—*whitherward* He that made him knows. Patriot Paris may sound triple and

⁴ *Moniteur*, Nos. 197, 198, 199 ; *Hist. Parl.* xxviii. 301-5 ; *Deux Amas*, x. 368-374.

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tenfold, in dole and wail; reëchoed by Patriot France; and the Convention, 'Chabot pale with terror, declaring that they are to be all assassinated,' may decree him Pantheon Honours, Public Funeral, Mirabeau's dust making way for him; and Jacobin Societies, in lamentable oratory, summing up his character, parallel him to One, whom they think it honour to call 'the good Sansculotte,'—whom we name not here;⁵ also a Chapel may be made, for the urn that holds his Heart, in the Place du Carrousel; and new-born children be named Marat; and Lago-di-Como Hawkers bake mountains of stucco into un-beautiful Busts; and David paint his Picture, or Death-Scene; and such other Apotheosis take place as the human genius, in these circumstances, can devise: but Marat returns no more to the light of this Sun. One sole circumstance we have read with clear sympathy, in the old *Moniteur* Newspaper: how Marat's Brother comes from Neuchâtel to ask of the Convention, 'that the deceased Jean-Paul Marat's musket be given him.'⁶ For Marat too had a brother and natural affections; and was wrapped once in swaddling-clothes, and slept safe in a cradle like the rest of us. Ye children of men!—A sister of his, they say, lives still to this day in Paris.

As for Charlotte Corday, her work is accomplished; the recompense of it is near and sure. The *chère amie*, and neighbours of the house, flying at her, she 'overturns some movables,' entrenches herself till the gendarmes arrive; then quietly surrenders; goes quietly to the Abbaye Prison: she alone quiet, all Paris sounding, in wonder, in rage or admiration, round her. Duperret is put in arrest, on account of her; his Papers sealed,—which may lead to consequences. Fauchet, in like manner; though Fauchet had not so much as heard of her. Charlotte, confronted with these two Deputies, praises the grave firmness of Duperret, censures the dejection of Fauchet.

On Wednesday morning, the thronged Palais de Justice and Revolutionary Tribunal can see her face; beautiful and calm: she dates it 'fourth day of the Preparation of Peace.' A strange murmur ran through the Hall, at sight of her; you could not say of what character.⁷ Tinville has his indictments and tape-

⁵ See *Eloge funèbre de Jean-Paul Marat*, prononcé à Strasbourg (in Barbaroux, pp. 125-131); Mercier, &c.

⁶ Séance du 16 Septembre 1793.

⁷ *Procès de Charlotte Corday*, &c. (*Hist. Parl.* xxviii. 311-338).

papers: the cutler of the Palais Royal will testify that he sold her the sheath-knife; "All these details are needless," interrupted Charlotte; "it is I that killed Marat." By whose instigation?—"By no one's." What tempted you, then? His crimes. "I killed one man," added she, raising her voice extremely (*extrêmement*), as they went on with their questions, "I killed one man to save a hundred thousand; a villain to save innocents; a savage wild-beast to give repose to my country. I was a Republican before the Revolution; I never wanted energy." There is therefore nothing to be said. The public gazes astonished: the hasty limners sketch her features, Charlotte not disapproving: the men of law proceed with their formalities. The doom is Death as a murderess. To her Advocate she gives thanks; in gentle phrase, in high-flown classical spirit. To the Priest they send her she gives thanks; but needs not any shriving, any ghostly or other aid from him.

On this same evening therefore, about half-past seven o'clock, from the gate of the Conciergerie, to a City all on tiptoe, the fatal Cart issues; seated on it a fair young creature, sheeted in red smock of Murderess; so beautiful, serene, so full of life; journeying towards death,—alone amid the World. Many take off their hats, saluting reverently; for what heart but must be touched?⁸ Others growl and howl. Adam Lux, of Mentz, declares that she is greater than Brutus; that it were beautiful to die with her: the head of this young man seems turned. At the Place de la Révolution, the countenance of Charlotte wears the same still smile. The executioners proceed to bind her feet; she resists, thinking it meant as an insult; on a word of explanation, she submits with cheerful apology. As the last act, all being now ready, they take the neckerchief from her neck; a blush of maidenly shame overspreads that fair face and neck; the cheeks were still tinged with it when the executioner lifted the severed head, to show it to the people. 'It is most true,' says Forster, 'that he struck the cheek insultingly; for I saw it with my eyes: the Police imprisoned him for it.'⁹

In this manner have the Beautifullest and the Squalidest come in collision, and extinguished one another. Jean-Paul Marat and Marie-Anne Charlotte Corday both, suddenly, are no more. 'Day of the Preparation of Peace'? Alas, how were peace possible or preparable, while, for example, the hearts of lovely

⁸ *Deux Amis*, x. 374-384.

⁹ *Briefwechsel*, i. 508.

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Maidens, in their convent-stillness, are dreaming not of Love-paradises and the light of Life, but of Codrus'-sacrifices and Death well-earned? That Twenty-five million hearts have got to such temper, this *is* the Anarchy; the soul of it lies in this: whereof not peace can be the embodiment! The death of Marat, whetting old animosities tenfold, will be worse than any life. O ye hapless Two, mutually extinctive, the Beautiful and the Squalid, sleep ye well,—in the Mother's bosom that bore you both!

This is the History of Charlotte Corday; most definite, most complete; angelic-dæmonic: like a Star! Adam Lux goes home, half-delirious; to pour forth his Apotheosis of her, in paper and print; to propose that she have a statue with this inscription, *Greater than Brutus*. Friends represent his danger; Lux is reckless; thinks it were beautiful to die with her.

CHAPTER II.

IN CIVIL WAR.

BUT during these same hours, another guillotine is at work, on another: Charlotte, for the Girondins, dies at Paris today; Chalier, by the Girondins, dies at Lyons tomorrow.

From rumbling of cannon along the streets of that City, it has come to firing of them, to rabid fighting: Nièvre Chol and the Girondins triumph;—behind whom there is, as everywhere, a Royalist Faction waiting to strike in. Trouble enough at Lyons; and the dominant party carrying it with a high hand! For, indeed, the whole South is astir; incarcerating Jacobins; arming for Girondins: wherefore we have got a 'Congress of Lyons,' also a 'Revolutionary Tribunal of Lyons,' and Anarchists shall tremble. So Chalier was soon found guilty, of Jacobinism, of murderous Plot, 'address with drawn dagger on the sixth of February last;' and, on the morrow, he also travels his final road, along the streets of Lyons, 'by the side of an ecclesiastic, with whom he seems to speak earnestly,'—the axe now glittering nigh. He could weep, in old years, this man, and 'fall on his knees on the pavement,' blessing Heaven at sight of Federation Programs or the like; then he pilgrimed to Paris, to worship Marat and the Mountain: now Marat and he are both gone;—we said he could not end well. Jacobinism groans inwardly, at

Lyons; but dare not outwardly. Chalier, when the Tribunal sentenced him, made answer: "My death will cost this City dear."

Montélimart Town is not buried under its ruins; yet Marseilles is actually marching, under order of a 'Lyons Congress'; is incarcerating Patriots; the very Royalists now showing face. Against which a General Cartaux fights, though in small force; and with him an Artillery Major, of the name of—Napoleon Buonaparte. This Napoleon, to prove that the Marseillaise have no chance ultimately, not only fights but writes; publishes his *Supper of Beaucaire*, a Dialogue which has become curious.¹ Unfortunate Cities, with their actions and their reactions! Violence to be paid with violence in geometrical ratio; Royalism and Anarchism both striking in;—the final net-amount of which geometrical series, what man shall sum?

The Bar of Iron has never yet floated in Marseilles Harbour; but the body of Rebecqui was found floating, self-drowned there. Hot Rebecqui, seeing how confusion deepened, and Respectability grew poisoned with Royalism, felt that there was no refuge for a Republican but death. Rebecqui disappeared: no one knew whither; till, one morning, they found the empty case or body of him risen to the top, tumbling on the salt waves;² and perceived that Rebecqui had withdrawn forever.—Toulon likewise is incarcerating Patriots; sending delegates to Congress; intriguing, in case of necessity, with the Royalists and English. Montpellier, Bourdeaux, Nantes: all France, that is not under the swoop of Austria and Cimmeria, seems rushing into madness and suicidal ruin. The Mountain labours; like a volcano in a burning volcanic Land. Convention Committees, of Surety, of Salvation, are busy night and day: Convention Commissioners whirl on all highways; bearing olive-branch and sword, or now perhaps sword only. Chaumette and Municipals come daily to the Tuileries demanding a Constitution: it is some weeks now since he resolved, in Townhall, that a Deputation 'should go every day,' and demand a Constitution, till one were got;³ whereby suicidal France might rally and pacify itself; a thing inexpressibly desirable.

This then is the fruit your Antianarchic Girondins have got from that Levying of War in Calvados? This fruit, we may say; and no other whatsoever. For indeed, before either Charlotte's or Chalier's head had fallen, the Calvados War itself had,

¹ See Hazlitt, ii. 529-41.

² Barbaroux, p. 29.

³ *Deux Amis*, x. 345.

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as it were, vanished, dreamlike, in a shriek ! With 'seventy-two Departments' on our side, one might have hoped better things. But it turns out that Respectabilities, though they will vote, will not fight. Possession always is nine points in Law ; but in Lawsuits of *this* kind, one may say, it is ninety-and-nine points. Men do what they were wont to do ; and have immense irresolution and inertia : they obey him who has the symbols that claim obedience. Consider what, in modern society, this one fact means : the Metropolis is with our enemies ! Metropolis, *Mother-city* ; rightly so named : all the rest are but as her children, her nurselings. Why, there is not a leathern Diligence, with its post-bags and luggage-boots, that lumbers out from her, but is as a huge life-pulse ; she is the heart of all. Cut short that one leathern Diligence, how much is cut short !—General Wimpfen, looking practically into the matter, can see nothing for it but that one should fall back on Royalism ; get into communication with Pitt ! Dark innuendos he flings out, to that effect : whereat we Girondins start, horrorstruck. He produces as his Second in command a certain '*Ci-devant*,' one Comte Puisaye ; entirely unknown to Louvet ; greatly suspected by him.

Few wars, accordingly, were ever levied of a more insufficient character than this of Calvados. He that is curious in such things may read the details of it in the Memoirs of that same *Ci-devant* Puisaye, the much-enduring man and Royalist : How our Girondin National forces, marching off with plenty of wind-music, were drawn out about the old Château of Brécourt, in the wood-country near Vernon, to meet the Mountain National forces advancing from Paris. How on the fifteenth afternoon of July, they did meet ;—and, as it were, shrieked mutually, and took mutually to flight, without loss. How Puisaye thereafter,—for the Mountain Nationals fled first, and we thought ourselves the victors,—was roused from his warm bed in the Castle of Brécourt ; and had to gallop without boots ; our Nationals, in the night-watches, having fallen unexpectedly into *sauve-qui-peut* :—and in brief the Calvados War had burnt priming ; and the only question now was, Whitherward to vanish, in what hole to hide oneself !⁴

The National Volunteers rush homewards, faster than they came. The Seventy-two Respectable Departments, says Meillan, 'all turned round and forsook us, in the space of four-and-twenty

⁴ *Mémoires de Puisaye* (London, 1803), ii. 142-67.

hours.' Unhappy those who, as at Lyons for instance, have gone too far for turning! 'One morning,' we find placarded on our Intendance Mansion, the Decree of Convention which casts us *Hors la loi*, into Outlawry; placarded by our Caen Magistrates;—clear hint that we also are to vanish. Vanish indeed: but whitherward? Gorsas has friends in Rennes; he will hide there,—unhappily will not lie hid. Gaudet, Lanjuinais are on cross roads; making for Bourdeaux. To Bourdeaux! cries the general voice, of Valour alike and of Despair. Some flag of Respectability still floats there, or is thought to float.

Thitherward therefore; each as he can! Eleven of these ill-fated Deputies, among whom we may count as twelfth, Friend Riouffe the Man of Letters, do an original thing: Take the uniform of National Volunteers, and retreat southward with the Breton Battalion, as private soldiers of that corps. These brave Bretons had stood truer by us than any other. Nevertheless, at the end of a day or two, they also do now get dubious, self-divided; we must part from them; and, with some half-dozen as convoy or guide, retreat by ourselves,—a solitary marching detachment, through waste regions of the West.⁵

CHAPTER III.

RETREAT OF THE ELEVEN.

It is one of the notablest Retreats, this of the Eleven, that History presents: The handful of forlorn Legislators retreating there, continually, with shouldered firelock and well-filled cartridge-box, in the yellow autumn; long hundreds of miles between them and Bourdeaux; the country all getting hostile, suspicious of the truth; simmering and buzzing on all sides, more and more. Louvet has preserved the Itinerary of it; a piece worth all the rest he ever wrote.

O virtuous Pétion, with thy early-white head, O brave young Barbaroux, has it come to this? Weary ways, worn shoes, light purse;—encompassed with perils as with a sea! Revolutionary Committees are in every Township; of Jacobin temper; our friends all cowed, our cause the losing one. In the Borough of Moncontour, by ill chance, it is market-day: to the gaping public such transit of a solitary Marching Detachment is sus-

⁵ Louvet, pp. 101-37; Meillan, pp. 81, 241-70.

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picious ; we have need of energy, of promptitude and luck, to be allowed to march through. Hasten, ye weary pilgrims ! The country is getting up ; noise of you is bruited day after day, a solitary Twelve retreating in this mysterious manner : with every new day, a wider wave of inquisitive pursuing tumult is stirred up, till the whole West will be in motion. ‘Cussy is tormented with gout, Buzot is too fat for marching.’ Riouffe, blistered, bleeding, marches only on tiptoe ; Barbaroux limps with sprained ankle, yet ever cheery, full of hope and valour. Light Louvet glances hare-eyed, not hare-hearted : only virtuous Pétion’s serenity ‘was but once seen ruffled.’¹ They lie in straw-lofts, in woody brakes ; rudest pailleasse on the floor of a secret friend is luxury. They are seized in the dead of night by Jacobin mayors and tap of drum ; get off by firm countenance, rattle of muskets and ready wit.

Of Bourdeaux, through fiery La Vendée and the long geographical spaces that remain, it were madness to think : well if you can get to Quimper on the sea-coast, and take shipping there. Faster, ever faster ! Before the end of the march, so hot has the country grown, it is found advisable to march all night. They do it ; under the still night-canopy they plod along ;—and yet behold, Rumour has outplodded them. In the paltry Village of Carhaix (be its thatched huts and bottomless peat-bogs long notable to the Traveller), one is astonished to find light still glimmering : citizens are awake, with rush-lights burning, in that nook of the terrestrial Planet ; as we traverse swiftly the one poor street, a voice is heard saying, “There they are, *Les voilà qui passent !*”² Swifter, ye doomed lame Twelve : speed ere they can arm ; gain the Woods of Quimper before day, and lie squatted there !

The doomed Twelve do it ; though with difficulty, with loss of road, with peril and the mistakes of a night. In Quimper are Girondin friends, who perhaps will harbour the homeless, till a Bourdeaux ship weigh. Wayworn, heartworn, in agony of suspense, till Quimper friendship get warning, they lie there, squatted under the thick wet bosage ; suspicious of the face of man. Some pity to the brave ; to the unhappy ! Unhappiest of all Legislators, O when ye packed your luggage, some score or two-score months ago, and mounted this or the other leathern vehicle, to be Conscript Fathers of a regenerated France, and

¹ Meillan, pp. 119-137.

² Louvet, pp. 138-164.

reap deathless laurels,—did you think your journey was to lead *hither*? The Quimper Samaritans find them squatted; lift them up to help and comfort; will hide them in sure places. Thence let them dissipate gradually; or there they can lie quiet, and write *Memoirs*, till a Bourdeaux ship sail.

And thus, in Calvados all is dissipated; Romme is out of prison, meditating his Calendar; ringleaders are locked in his room. At Caen the Corday family mourns in silence: Buzot's House is a heap of dust and demolition; and amid the rubbish sticks a Gallows, with this inscription, *Here dwelt the Traitor Buzot, who conspired against the Republic*. Buzot and the other vanished Deputies are *hors la loi*, as we saw; their lives free to take where they can be found. The worse fares it with the poor Arrested visible Deputies at Paris. 'Arrestment at home' threatens to become 'Confinement in the Luxembourg;' to end: *where*? For example, what pale-visaged thin man is this, journeying towards Switzerland as a Merchant of Neuchâtel, whom they arrest in the town of Moulins? To Revolutionary Committee he is suspect. To Revolutionary Committee, on probing the matter, he is evidently: Deputy Brissot! Back to thy Arrestment, poor Brissot; or indeed to strait confinement,—whither others are fated to follow. Rabaut has built himself a false-partition, in a friend's house; lives, in invisible darkness, between two walls. It will end, this same Arrestment business, in Prison, and the Revolutionary Tribunal.

Nor must we forget Duperret, and the seal put on his papers by reason of Charlotte. One Paper is there, fit to breed woe enough: A secret solemn Protest against that *suprema dies* of the Second of June! This Secret Protest our poor Duperret had drawn up, the **same** week, in all plainness of speech; waiting the time for publishing it: to which Secret Protest his signature, and that of other honourable Deputies not a few, stands legibly appended. And now, if the seals were once broken, the Mountain still victorious? Such Protesters, your Merciers, Bailleuls, Seventy-three by the tale, what yet remains of Respectable Girondism in the Convention, may tremble to think! —These are the fruits of levying civil war.

Also we find, that in these last days of July, the famed Siege of Mentz is *finished*: the Garrison to march out with honours of war; not to serve against the Coalition for a year. Lovers

July.

of the Picturesque, and Goethe standing on the Chaussée of Mentz, saw, with due interest, the Procession issuing forth, in all solemnity :

‘Escorted by Prussian horse came first the French Garrison. ‘Nothing could look stranger than this latter; a column of Mar-seillese, slight, swarthy, parti-coloured, in patched clothes, came ‘tripping on ;—as if King Edwin had opened the Dwarf Hill, ‘and sent out his nimble Host of Dwarfs. Next followed regu-lar troops ; serious, sullen ; not as if downcast or ashamed. ‘But the remarkablest appearance, which struck every one, ‘was that of the Chasers (*Chasseurs*) coming out mounted : ‘they had advanced quite silent to where we stood, when their ‘Band struck up the *Marseillaise*. This revolutionary *Te-Deum* ‘has in itself something mournful and bodeful, however briskly ‘played ; but at present they gave it in altogether slow time, ‘proportionate to the creeping step they rode at. It was piercing ‘and fearful, and a most serious-looking thing, as these cava-liers, long, lean men, of a certain age, with mien suitable to ‘the music, came pacing on : singly you might have likened ‘them to Don Quixote ; in mass, they were highly dignified.

‘But now a single troop became notable : that of the Com-missioners or *Représentans*. Merlin of Thionville, in hussar ‘uniform, distinguishing himself by wild beard and look, had ‘another person in similar costume on his left ; the crowd ‘shouted out, with rage, at sight of this latter, the name of a ‘Jacobin Townsman and Clubbist ; and shook itself to seize ‘him. Merlin drew bridle ; referred to his dignity as French ‘Representative, to the vengeance that should follow any injury ‘done ; he would advise every one to compose himself, for this ‘was not the *last time* they would see him here.³ Thus rode Merlin ; threatening in defeat. But what now shall stem that tide of Prussians setting-in through the opened Northeast ? Lucky if fortified Lines of Weissembourg, and impassabilities of Vosges Mountains confine it to French Alsace, keep it from submerging the very heart of the country !

Furthermore, precisely in the same days, Valenciennes Siege is finished, in the Northwest :—fallen, under the red hail of York ! Condé fell some fortnight since. Cimmerian Coalition presses on. What seems very notable too, on all these captured French Towns there flies not the Royalist fleur-de-lys, in the name of

³ *Belagerung von Mainz* (Goethe's *Works*, xxx. 315).

a new Louis the Pretender ; but the Austrian flag flies ; as if Austria meant to keep them for herself ! Perhaps General Custine, still in Paris, can give some explanation of the fall of these strong-places ? Mother Society, from tribune and gallery, growls loud that he ought to do it ;—remarks, however, in a splenetic manner that ‘the *Monsieurs* of the Palais Royal’ are calling Long-life to this General.

The Mother Society, purged now, by successive ‘scrutinies or *épurations*,’ from all taint of Girondism, has become a great Authority : what we can call shield-bearer or bottle-holder, nay call it fogleman, to the purged National Convention itself. The Jacobins Debates are reported in the *Moniteur*, like Parliamentary ones.

CHAPTER IV.

O NATURE.

BUT looking more specially into Paris City, what is this that History, on the 10th of August, Year One of Liberty, ‘by old-style, year 1793,’ discerns there ? Praised be the Heavens, a new Feast of Pikes !

For Chaumette’s ‘Deputation every day’ has worked out its result : a Constitution. It was one of the rapidest Constitutions ever put together ; made, some say in eight days, by Hérault Séchelles and others ; probably a workmanlike, roadworthy Constitution enough ;—on which point, however, we are, for some reasons, little called to form a judgment. Workmanlike or not, the Forty-four Thousand Communes of France, by overwhelming majorities, did hasten to accept it ; glad of any Constitution whatsoever. Nay Departmental Deputies have come, the venerablest Republicans of each Department, with solemn message of Acceptance ; and now what remains but that our new Final Constitution be proclaimed, and sworn to, in Feast of Pikes ? The Departmental Deputies, we say, are come some time ago ; Chaumette very anxious about them, lest Girondin *Monsieurs*, Agio-jobbers, or were it even *Filles de joie* of a Girondin temper, corrupt their morals.¹ Tenth of August, immortal Anniversary, greater almost than Bastille July, is the Day.

Painter David has not been idle. Thanks to David and the French genius, there steps forth into the sunlight, this day,

¹ *Deux Amis*, xi, 73.

August 10th.

a Scenic Phantasmagory unexampled :—whereof History, so occupied with Real Phantasmagories, will say but little.

For one thing, History can notice with satisfaction, on the ruins of the Bastille, a *Statue of Nature*; gigantic, spouting water from her two *mammelles*. Not a Dream this; but a fact, palpable visible. There she spouts, great Nature; dim, before daybreak. But as the coming Sun ruddies the East, come countless Multitudes, regulated and unregulated; come Departmental Deputies, come Mother Society and Daughters; comes National Convention, led on by handsome Hérault; soft wind-music breathing note of expectation. Lo, as great Sol scatters his first fire-handful, tipping the hills and chimney-heads with gold, Hérault is at great Nature's feet (she is plaster-of-paris merely); Hérault lifts, in an iron saucer, water spouted from the sacred breasts; drinks of it, with an eloquent Pagan Prayer, beginning, "O Nature!" and all the Departmental Deputies drink, each with what best suitable ejaculation or prophetic-utterance is in him;—amid breathings, which become blasts, of wind-music; and the roar of artillery and human throats: finishing well the first act of this solemnity.

Next are processionings along the Boulevards: Deputies or Officials bound together by long indivisible tricolor riband; general 'members of the Sovereign' walking pell-mell, with pikes, with hammers, with the tools and emblems of their crafts; among which we notice a Plough, and ancient Baucis and Philemon seated on it, drawn by their children. Many-voiced harmony and dissonance filling the air. Through Triumphal Arches enough: at the basis of the first of which, we descry—whom thinkest thou?—the Heroines of the Insurrection of Women. Strong Dames of the Market, they sit there (Théroigne too ill to attend, one fears), with oak-branches, tricolor bedizenment; firm seated on their Cannons. To whom handsome Hérault, making pause of admiration, addresses soothing eloquence; whereupon they rise and fall into the march.

And now mark, in the Place de la Révolution, what other august Statue may this be; veiled in canvas,—which swiftly we shear off, by pulley and cord? The *Statue of Liberty*! She too is of plaster, hoping to become of metal; stands where a Tyrant Louis Quinze once stood. 'Three thousand birds' are let loose, into the whole world, with labels round their neck, *We are free; imitate us.* Holocaust of Royalist and *ci-devant*

trumpetry, such as one could still gather, is burnt ; pontifical eloquence must be uttered, by handsome Hérault, and Pagan orisons offered up.

And then forward across the River ; where is new enormous Statuary ; enormous plaster Mountain ; Hercules-*Peuple*, with uplifted all-conquering club ; ‘ many-headed Dragon of Girondin Federalism rising from fetid marsh :’—needing new eloquence from Hérault. To say nothing of Champ-de-Mars, and Fatherland’s Altar there ; with urn of slain Defenders, Carpenter’s-level of the Law ; and such exploding, gesticulating and perorating, that Hérault’s lips must be growing white, and his tongue cleaving to the roof of his mouth.²

Towards six o’clock let the wearied President, let Paris Patriotism generally sit down to what repast, and social repasts, can be had ; and with flowing tankard or light-mantling glass, usher in this New and Newest Era. In fact, is not Romme’s New Calendar getting ready ? On all house-tops flicker little tricolor Flags, their flagstaff a Pike and Liberty-Cap. On all house-walls,—for no Patriot not suspect will be behind another,—there stand printed these words : *Republic one and indivisible ; Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death.*

As to the New Calendar, we may say here rather than elsewhere that speculative men have long been struck with the inequalities and incongruities of the Old Calendar ; that a New one has long been as good as determined on. Maréchal the Atheist, almost ten years ago, proposed a New Calendar, free at least from superstition : this the Paris Municipality would now adopt, in defect of a better ; at all events, let us have either this of Maréchal’s or a better,—the New Era being come. Petitions, more than once, have been sent to that effect ; and indeed, for a year past, all Public Bodies, Journalists, and Patriots in general, have dated *First Year of the Republic*. It is a subject not without difficulties. But the Convention has taken it up ; and Romme, as we say, has been meditating it ; not Maréchal’s New Calendar, but a better New one of Romme’s and our own. Romme, aided by a Monge, a Lagrange and others, furnishes mathematics ; Fabre d’Eglantine furnishes poetic nomenclature : and so, on the 5th of October 1793, after trouble enough, they bring forth this New

² *Choix des Rapports*, xii. 432-42.

Republican Calendar of theirs, in a complete state ; and by Law get it put in action.

Four equal Seasons, Twelve equal Months of Thirty days each ; this makes three hundred and sixty days ; and five odd days remain to be disposed of. The five odd days we will make Festivals, and name the five *Sansculottides*, or Days without Breeches. Festival of Genius ; Festival of Labour ; of Actions ; of Rewards ; of Opinion : these are the five *Sansculottides*. Whereby the great Circle, or Year, is made complete : solely every fourth year, whilom called Leap-year, we introduce a sixth *Sansculottide* ; and name it Festival of the Revolution. Now as to the day of commencement, which offers difficulties, is it not one of the luckiest coincidences that the Republic herself commenced on the 21st of September ; close on the Autumnal Equinox ? Autumnal Equinox, at midnight for the meridian of Paris, in the year whilom Christian 1792, from that moment shall the New Era reckon itself to begin. *Vendémiaire, Brumaire, Frimaire* ; or as one might say, in mixed English, *Vintagearious, Fogarious, Frostarious* : these are our three Autumn months. *Nivose, Pluviose, Ventose*, or say, *Snowous, Rainous, Windous*, make our Winter season. *Germinal, Floréal, Prairial*, or *Buddal, Floweral, Meadowal*, are our Spring season. *Messidor, Thermidor, Fructidor*, that is to say (*dor* being Greek for *gift*), *Reapidor, Heatidor, Fruitidor*, are Republican Summer. These Twelve, in a singular manner, divide the Republican Year. Then as to minuter subdivisions, let us venture at once on a bold stroke : adopt your decimal subdivision ; and instead of the world-old Week, or *Se'ennight*, make it a *Tennight*, or *Décade* ;—not without results. There are three Decades, then, in each of the months, which is very regular ; and the *Décadi*, or Tenth-day, shall always be the 'Day of Rest.' And the Christian Sabbath, in that case ? Shall shift for itself !

This, in brief, is the New Calendar of Romme and the Convention ; calculated for the meridian of Paris, and Gospel of Jean Jacques : not one of the least afflicting occurrences for the actual British reader of French History ;—confusing the soul with *Messidors, Meadowals* ; till at last, in self-defence, one is forced to construct some ground-scheme, or rule of Commutation from New-style to Old-style, and have it lying by him. Such ground-scheme, almost worn out in our service, but still

legible and printable, we shall now in a Note, present to the reader. For the Romme Calendar, in so many Newspapers, Memoirs, Public Acts, has stamped itself deep into that section of Time: a New Era that lasts some Twelve years and odd is not to be despised.³ Let the Reader, therefore, with such ground-scheme, help himself, where needful, out of New-style into Old-style, called also 'slave-style, *stile-esclave*;'—whereof we, in these pages, shall as much as possible use the latter only.

Thus with new Feast of Pikes, and New Era or New Calendar, did France accept her New Constitution: the most Democratic Constitution ever committed to paper. How it will work in practice? Patriot Deputations, from time to time, solicit fruition of it; that it be set a-going. Always, however, this seems questionable; for the moment, unsuitable. Till, in some weeks, *Salut Public*, through the organ of Saint-Just, makes report, that, in the present alarming circumstances, the state of France is Revolutionary; that her 'Government must

³ September 22d of 1792 is Vendémiaire 1st of Year One, and the new months are all of 30 days each; therefore:

To the number of the day in	ADD		We have the number of the day in	DAYS	
	Vendémiaire . . .	21		September . . .	30
	Brumaire . . .	21		October . . .	31
	Frimaire . . .	20		November . . .	30
	Nivose . . .	20		December . . .	31
	Pluviose . . .	19		January . . .	31
	Ventose . . .	18		February . . .	28
	Germinal . . .	20		March . . .	31
	Floréal . . .	19		April . . .	30
	Prairial . . .	19		May . . .	31
	Messidor . . .	18		June . . .	30
	Thermidor . . .	18		July . . .	31
	Fructidor . . .	17		August . . .	31

There are 5 Sansculottides, and in leap-year a sixth, to be added at the end of Fructidor. Romme's first Leap-year is "*An 4*" (1795, not 1796), which is another troublesome circumstance, every fourth year, from 'September 23d' round to 'February 29' again.

The New Calendar ceased on the 1st of January 1806. See *Choix des Rapports*, xiii, 83-99; xix. 199.

be Revolutionary till the Peace.' Solely as Paper, then, and as a Hope, must this poor new Constitution exist ;—in which shape we may conceive it lying, even now, with an infinity of other things, in that Limbo near the Moon. Farther than paper it never got, nor ever will get.

CHAPTER V.

SWORD OF SHARPNESS.

IN fact, it is something quite other than paper theorems, it is iron and audacity that France now needs.

Is not La Vendée still blazing ;—alas too literally ; rogue Rossignol burning the very corn-mills ? General Santerre could do nothing there ; General Rossignol, in blind fury, often in liquor, can do less than nothing. Rebellion spreads, grows ever madder. Happily those lean Quixote-figures, whom we saw retreating out of Mentz, 'bound not to serve against the Coalition for a year,' have got to Paris. National Convention packs them into post-vehicles and conveyances ; sends them swiftly, by post, into La Vendée. There valiantly struggling, in obscure battle and skirmish, under rogue Rossignol, let them, unlaureled, save the Republic, and 'be cut down gradually to the last man.'¹

Does not the Coalition, like a fire-tide, pour in ; Prussia through the opened Northeast ; Austria, England through the Northwest ? General Houchard prospers no better there than General Custine did : let him look to it ! Through the Eastern and the Western Pyrenees Spain has deployed itself ; spreads, rustling with Bourbon banners, over the face of the South. Ashes and embers of confused Girondin civil war covered that region already. Marseilles is damped down, not quenched ; to be quenched in blood. Toulon, terror-struck, too far gone for turning, has flung itself, ye righteous Powers, into the hands of the English ! On Toulon Arsenal there flies a flag,—nay not even the Fleur-de-lys of a Louis Pretender ; there flies that accursed St. George's Cross of the English and Admiral Hood ! What remnant of sea-craft, arsenals, roperies, war-navy France had, has given itself to these enemies of human nature, '*ennemis du genre humain.*' Beleaguer it, bombard it, ye Com-

¹ *Deux Amis*, xi. 147 ; xiii. 160-92, &c.

missioners Barras, Fréron, Robespierre Junior; thou General Cartaux, General Dugommier; above all, thou remarkable Artillery-Major, Napoleon Buonaparte! Hood is fortifying himself, victualling himself; means, apparently, to make a new Gibraltar of it.

But lo, in the Autumn night, late night, among the last of August, what sudden red sunblaze is this that has risen over Lyons City; with a noise to deafen the world? It is the Powder-tower of Lyons, nay the Arsenal with four Powder-towers, which has caught fire in the Bombardment; and sprung into the air, carrying 'a hundred and seventeen houses' after it. With a light, one fancies, as of the noon sun; with a roar second only to the Last Trumpet! All living sleepers far and wide it has awakened. What a sight was that, which the eye of History saw, in the sudden nocturnal sunblaze! The roofs of hapless Lyons, and all its domes and steeples made momentarily clear; Rhone and Soane streams flashing suddenly visible; and height and hollow, hamlet and smooth stubblefield, and all the region round;—heights, alas, all scarped and counter-scarped, into trenches, curtains, redoubts; blue Artillerymen, little Powder-devilkins, plying their hell-trade there through the *not* ambrosial night! Let the darkness cover it again; for it pains the eye. Of a truth, Chalier's death is costing the City dear. Convention Commissioners, Lyons Congresses have come and gone; and action there was and reaction; bad ever growing worse; till it has come to this; Commissioner Dubois-Crancé, 'with seventy-thousand men, and all the Artillery of several Provinces,' bombarding Lyons day and night.

Worse things still are in store. Famine is in Lyons, and ruin and fire. Desperate are the sallies of the besieged; brave Précy, their National Colonel and Commandant, doing what is in man: desperate but ineffectual. Provisions cut off; nothing entering our city but shot and shells! The Arsenal has roared aloft; the very Hospital will be battered down, and the sick buried alive. A black Flag hung on this latter noble Edifice, appealing to the pity of the besiegers; for though maddened, were they not still our brethren? In their blind wrath, they took it for a flag of defiance, and aimed thitherward the more. Bad is growing ever worse here: and how will the worse stop, till it have grown worst of all? Commis-

Fruct.] Aug.

sioner Dubois will listen to no pleading, to no speech, save this only, We surrender at discretion. Lyons contains in it subdued Jacobins; dominant Girondins; secret Royalists. And now, mere deaf madness and cannon-shot enveloping them, will not the desperate Municipality fly, at last, into the arms of Royalism itself? Majesty of Sardinia was to bring help, but it failed. Emigrant d'Autichamp, in name of the Two Pretender Royal Highnesses, is coming through Switzerland with help; coming, not yet come: Pr  cy hoists the Fleur-de-lys!

At sight of which all true Girondins sorrowfully fling down their arms.—Let our Tricolor brethren storm us, then, and slay us in their wrath; with *you* we conquer not. The famishing women and children are sent forth: deaf Dubois sends them back;—rains in mere fire and madness. Our 'redoubts of cotton-bags' are taken, retaken; Pr  cy under his Fleur-de-lys is valiant as Despair. What will become of Lyons? It is a siege of seventy days.²

Or see, in these same weeks, far in the Western waters: breasting through the Bay of Biscay, a greasy dingy little Merchant-ship, with Scotch skipper; under hatches whereof sit, disconsolate,—the last forlorn nucleus of Girondism, the Deputies from Quimper! Several have dissipated themselves, whithersoever they could. Poor Riouffe fell into the talons of Revolutionary Committee and Paris Prison. The rest sit here under hatches; reverend P  tion with his gray hair, angry Buzot, suspicious Louvet, brave young Barbaroux, and others. They have escaped from Quimper, in this sad craft; are now tacking and struggling; in danger from the waves, in danger from the English, in still worse danger from the French;—banished by Heaven and Earth to the greasy belly of this Scotch skipper's Merchant-vessel, unfruitful Atlantic raving round. They are for Bourdeaux, if peradventure hope yet linger there. Enter not Bourdeaux, O Friends! Bloody Convention Representatives, Tallien and suchlike, with their Edicts, with their Guillotine, have arrived there; Respectability is driven under ground; Jacobinism lords it on high. From that R  ole landing-place, or *Beak of Amb  s*, as it were, pale Death, waving his Revolutionary Sword of Sharpness, waves you elsewhither!

On one side or the other of that Bec d'Amb  s, the Scotch Skipper with difficulty moors, a dexterous greasy man; with

² *Deux Amis*, xi. 80-143.

difficulty lands his Girondins ;—who, after reconnoitering, must rapidly burrow in the Earth ; and so, in subterranean ways, in friends' back-closets, in cellars, barn-lofts, in caves of Saint-Emilion and Libourne, stave-off cruel Death.³ Unhappiest of all Senators !

CHAPTER VI.

RISEN AGAINST TYRANTS.

AGAINST all which incalculable impediments, horrors and disasters, what can a Jacobin Convention oppose ? The uncalculating Spirit of Jacobinism, and Sansculottic sansformulistic Frenzy ! Our Enemies press-in on us, says Danton, but they shall not conquer us, “ we will burn France to ashes rather, *nous brûlerons la France.*”

Committees, of *Sûreté*, of *Salut*, have raised themselves ‘ *à la hauteur*, to the height of circumstances.’ Let all mortals raise themselves *à la hauteur*. Let the Forty-four thousand Sections and their Revolutionary Committees stir every fibre of the Republic ; and every Frenchman feel that he is to do or die. They are the life-circulation of Jacobinism, these Sections and Committees : Danton, through the organ of Barrère and *Salut Public*, gets decreed, That there be in Paris, by law, two meetings of Section weekly ; also that the Poorer Citizen be *paid* for attending, and have his day's-wages of Forty Sous.¹ This is the celebrated ‘ Law of the Forty Sous ;’ fiercely stimulant to Sansculottism, to the life-circulation of Jacobinism.

On the twenty-third of August, Committee of Public Salvation, as usual through Barrère, had promulgated, in words not unworthy of remembering, their Report, which is soon made into a Law, of *Levy in Mass*. ‘ All France, and whatsoever it contains of men or resources, is put under requisition,’ says Barrère ; really in Tyrtæan words, the best we know of his. ‘ The Republic is one vast besieged city.’ Two-hundred and fifty Forges shall, in these days, be set up in the Luxembourg Garden, and round the outer wall of the Tuileries ; to make gun-barrels ; in sight of Earth and Heaven ! From all hamlets, towards their Departmental Town ; from all Departmental Towns, towards the appointed Camp and seat of war, the Sons of Freedom shall march ; their banner is to bear : ‘ *Le Peuple*

³ Louvet, pp. 180-199.

¹ *Moniteur*, Séance du 5 Septembre 1793.

Fruct.] Aug.

*' Français debout contre les Tyrans, The French People risen against Tyrants. The young men shall go to the battle ; it is their task to conquer : the married men shall forge arms, transport baggage and artillery ; provide subsistence : the women shall work at soldiers' clothes, make tents ; serve in the hospitals : the children shall scrape old-linen into surgeon's-lint : the aged men shall have themselves carried into public places, and there, by their words, excite the courage of the young ; preach hatred to Kings and unity to the Republic.'*² Tyrtæan words ; which tingle through all French hearts.

In this humour, then, since no other serves, will France rush against its enemies. Headlong, reckoning no cost or consequence ; heeding no law or rule but that supreme law, Salvation of the People ! The weapons are, all the iron that is in France ; the strength is, that of all the men, women and children that are in France. There, in their two-hundred and fifty shed-smithies, in Garden of Luxembourg or Tuileries, let them forge gun-barrels, in sight of Heaven and Earth.

Nor with heroic daring against the Foreign foe, can black vengeance against the Domestic be wanting. Life-circulation of the Revolutionary Committees being quickened by that *Law of the Forty Sous*, Deputy Merlin,—not the Thionviller, whom we saw ride out of Mentz, but Merlin of Douai, named subsequently Merlin *Suspect*,—comes, about a week after, with his world-famous *Law of the Suspect* : ordering all Sections, by their Committees, instantly to arrest all Persons Suspect ; and explaining withal who the Arrestable and Suspect specially are. ' Are suspect,' says he, ' all who by their actions, by their connexions, ' speakings, writings have'—in short become Suspect.'³ Nay Chaumette, illuminating the matter still farther, in his Municipal Placards and Proclamations, will bring it about that you may almost recognise a Suspect on the streets, and clutch him there,—off to Committee and Prison. Watch well your words, watch well your looks : if Suspect of nothing else, you may grow, as came to be a saying, ' Suspect of being Suspect' ! For are we not in a state of Revolution ?

No frightfuler Law ever ruled in a Nation of men. All Prisons and Houses of Arrest in French land are getting crowded

² *Débats*, Séance du 23 Août 1793.

³ *Moniteur*, Séance du 17 Septembre 1793.

to the ridge-tile: Forty-four thousand Committees, like as many companies of reapers or gleaners, gleaning France, are gathering their harvest, and storing it in these Houses. Harvest of Aristocrat tares! Nay, lest the Forty-four thousand, each on its own harvest-field, prove insufficient, we are to have an ambulant 'Revolutionary Army:' six-thousand strong, under right captains, this shall perambulate the country at large, and strike in wherever it finds such harvest-work slack. So have Municipality and Mother Society petitioned; so has Convention decreed.⁴ Let Aristocrats, Federalists, Monsieurs vanish, and all men tremble: 'the Soil of Liberty shall be purged,'—with a vengeance!

Neither hitherto has the Revolutionary Tribunal been keeping holiday. Blanchelande, for losing Saint-Domingo; 'Conspirators of Orléans,' for 'assassinating,' for assaulting the sacred Deputy Léonard-Bourdon: these with many Nameless, to whom life was sweet, have died. Daily the great Guillotine has its due. Like a black Spectre, daily at eventide glides the Death-tumbril through the variegated throng of things. The variegated street shudders at it, for the moment; next moment forgets it: The Aristocrats! They were guilty against the Republic; their death, were it only that their goods are confiscated, will be useful to the Republic; *Vive la République!*

In the last days of August fell a notabler head: General Custine's. Custine was accused of harshness, of unskilfulness, perfidiousness; accused of many things: found guilty, we may say, of one thing, unsuccessfulness. Hearing his unexpected Sentence, 'Custine fell down before the Crucifix,' silent for the space of two hours: he fared, with moist eyes and a look of prayer, towards the Place de la Révolution; glanced upwards at the clear suspended axe; then mounted swiftly aloft,⁵ swiftly was struck away from the lists of the Living. He had fought in America; he was a proud, brave man; and his fortune led him *hither*.

On the 2d of this same month, at three in the morning, a vehicle rolled off, with closed blinds, from the Temple to the Conciergerie. Within it were two Municipals; and Marie-Antoinette, once Queen of France! There in that Conciergerie, in ignominious dreary cell, she, secluded from children, kindred,

⁴ *Moniteur*, Séances du 5, 9, 11 Septembre.

⁵ *Deux Amis*, xi. 148-188.

Vend. 23] Oct. 14th.

friend and hope, sits long weeks ; expecting when the end will be.⁶

The Guillotine, we find, gets always a quicker motion, as other things are quickening. The Guillotine, by its speed of going, will give index of the general velocity of the Republic. The clanking of its huge axe, rising and falling there, in horrid systole-diastole, is portion of the whole enormous life-movement and pulsation of the Sansculottic System!—‘Orléans Conspirators’ and Assaulters had to die, in spite of much weeping and entreating ; so sacred is the person of a Deputy. Yet the sacred can become desecrated : your very Deputy is not greater than the Guillotine. Poor Deputy Journalist Gorsas : we saw him hide at Rennes, when the Calvados War burnt priming. He stole, afterwards, in August, to Paris ; lurked several weeks about the Palais *ci-devant* Royal ; was seen there, one day ; was clutched, identified, and without ceremony, being already ‘out of the Law,’ was sent to the Place de la Révolution. He died, recommending his wife and children to the pity of the Republic. It is the ninth day of October 1793. Gorsas is the first Deputy that dies on the scaffold ; he will not be the last.

Ex-Mayor Bailly is in Prison ; Ex-Procureur Manuel. Brissot and our poor Arrested Girondins have become Incarcerated Indicted Girondins ; universal Jacobinism clamouring for their punishment. Duperret’s Seals are *broken* ! Those Seventy-three Secret Protesters, suddenly one day, are reported upon, are decreed accused ; the Convention-doors being ‘previously shut,’ that none implicated might escape. They were marched, in a very rough manner, to Prison that evening. Happy those of them who chanced to be absent ! Condorcet has vanished into darkness ; perhaps, like Rabaut, sits between two walls, in the house of a friend.

CHAPTER VII.

MARIE-ANTOINETTE.

ON Monday the Fourteenth of October 1793, a Cause is pending in the Palais de Justice, in the new Revolutionary Court, such as those old stone-walls never witnessed : the Trial of Marie-Antoinette. The once brightest of Queens, now tarnished,

⁶ See *Mémoires particuliers de la Captivité à la Tour du Temple* (by the Duchesse d’Angoulême, Paris, 21 janvier 1817).

defaced, forsaken, stands here at Fouquier-Tinville's Judgment-bar; answering for her life. The Indictment was delivered her last night.¹ To such changes of human fortune what words are adequate? Silence alone is adequate.

There are few Printed things one meets with of such tragic, almost ghastly, significance as those bald Pages of the *Bulletin du Tribunal Révolutionnaire*, which bear title, *Trial of the Widow Capet*. Dim, dim, as if in disastrous eclipse; like the pale kingdoms of Dis! Plutonic Judges, Plutonic Tinville; encircled, nine times, with Styx and Lethe, with Fire-Phlegethon and Cocytus named of Lamentation! The very witnesses summoned are like Ghosts: exculpatory, inculpatory, they themselves are all hovering over death and doom; they are known, in our imagination, as the prey of the Guillotine. Tall *ci-devant* Count d'Estaing, anxious to show himself Patriot, cannot escape; nor Bailly, who, when asked If he knows the Accused, answers with a reverent inclination towards her, "Ah, yes, I know Madame." Ex-Patriots are here, sharply dealt with, as Procureur Manuel; Ex-Ministers, shorn of their splendour. We have cold Aristocratic impassivity, faithful to itself even in Tartarus; rabid stupidity, of Patriot Corporals, Patriot Washerwomen, who have much to say of Plots, Treasons, August Tenth, old Insurrection of Women. For all now has become a crime in her who has *lost*.

Marie-Antoinette, in this her utter abandonment, and hour of extreme need, is not wanting to herself, the imperial woman. Her look, they say, as that hideous Indictment was reading, continued calm; 'she was sometimes observed moving her fingers, as when one plays on the piano.' You discern, not without interest, across that dim Revolutionary Bulletin itself, how she bears herself queenlike. Her answers are prompt, clear, often of Laconic brevity; resolution, which has grown contemptuous without ceasing to be dignified, veils itself in calm words. "You persist, then, in denial?"—"My plan is not denial: it is the truth I have said, and I persist in that." Scandalous Hébert has borne his testimony as to many things: as to one thing, concerning Marie-Antoinette and her little Son,—wherewith Human Speech had better not farther be soiled. She has answered Hébert; a Juryman begs to observe that she has not answered as to *this*. "I have not answered," she

¹ *Procès de la Reine (Deux Amis, xi, 251-381)*,

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exclaims with noble emotion, "because Nature refuses to answer such a charge brought against a Mother. I appeal to all the Mothers that are here." Robespierre, when he heard of it, broke out into something almost like swearing at the brutish blockheadism of this Hébert;² on whose foul head his foul lie has recoiled. At four o'clock on Wednesday morning, after two days and two nights of interrogating, jury-charging, and other darkening of counsel, the result comes out: sentence of Death. "Have you anything to say?" The Accused shook her head, without speech. Night's candles are burning out; and with her too Time is finishing, and it will be Eternity and Day. This Hall of Tinville's is dark, ill-lighted except where she stands. Silently she withdraws from it, to die.

Two Processions, or Royal Progresses, three-and-twenty years apart, have often struck us with a strange feeling of contrast. The first is of a beautiful Archduchess and Dauphiness, quitting her Mother's City, at the age of Fifteen; towards hopes such as no other Daughter of Eve then had: 'On the morrow,' says Weber an eye-witness, 'the Dauphiness left Vienna. The whole city crowded out; at first with a sorrow which was silent. She appeared: you saw her sunk back into her carriage; her face bathed in tears; hiding her eyes now with her handkerchief, now with her hands; several times putting out her head to see yet again this Palace of her Fathers, whither she was to return no more. She motioned her regret, her gratitude to the good Nation, which was crowding here to bid her farewell. Then arose not only tears; but piercing cries, on all sides. Men and women alike abandoned themselves to such expression of their sorrow. It was an audible sound of wail, in the streets and avenues of Vienna. The last Courier that followed her disappeared, and the crowd melted away.'³

The young imperial Maiden of Fifteen has now become a worn discrowned Widow of Thirty-eight; gray before her time: this is the last Procession: 'Few minutes after the Trial ended, the drums were beating to arms in all Sections; at sunrise the armed force was on foot, cannons getting placed at the extremities of the Bridges, in the Squares, Crossways, all along

² Villate, *Causes secrètes de la Révolution de Thermidor* (Paris, 1825),

p. 179.

³ Weber, i. 6.

' from the Palais de Justice to the Place de la Révolution. By
' ten o'clock, numerous patrols were circulating in the Streets ;
' thirty thousand foot and horse drawn up under arms. At
' eleven, Marie-Antoinette was brought out. She had on an
' undress of *piqué blanc*: she was led to the place of execution,
' in the same manner as an ordinary criminal ; bound, on a
' Cart ; accompanied by a Constitutional Priest in Lay dress ;
' escorted by numerous detachments of infantry and cavalry.
' These, and the double row of troops all along her road, she
' appeared to regard with indifference. On her countenance
' there was visible neither abashment nor pride. To the cries
' of *Vive la République* and *Down with Tyranny*, which at-
' tended her all the way, she seemed to pay no heed. She
' spoke little to her Confessor. The tricolor Streamers on the
' housetops occupied her attention, in the Streets du Roule and
' Saint-Honoré ; she also noticed the Inscriptions on the house-
' fronts. On reaching the Place de la Révolution, her looks
' turned towards the *Jardin National*, whilom Tuileries ; her
' face at that moment gave signs of lively emotion. She mounted
' the Scaffold with courage enough ; at a quarter past Twelve,
' her head fell ; the Executioner showed it to the people, amid
' universal long-continued cries of *Vive la République*.'⁴

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TWENTY-TWO.

WHOM next, O Tinville ! The next are of a different colour : our poor Arrested Girondin Deputies. What of them could still be laid hold of ; our Vergniaud, Brissot, Fauchet, Valazé, Gensonné ; the once flower of French Patriotism, Twenty-two by the tale : *hither*, at Tinville's Bar, onward from 'safe-guard of the French People,' from confinement in the Luxembourg, imprisonment in the Conciergerie, have they now, by the course of things, arrived. Fouquier-Tinville must give what account of them he can.

Undoubtedly this Trial of the Girondins is the greatest that Fouquier has yet had to do. Twenty-two, all chief Republicans, ranged in a line there ; the most eloquent in France ; Lawyers too ; not without friends in the auditory. How will Tinville

⁴ *Deux Amis*, xi. 301.

Brum. 9] Oct. 30th.

prove these men guilty of Royalism, Federalism, Conspiracy against the Republic? Vergniaud's eloquence awakes once more; 'draws tears,' they say. And Journalists report, and the Trial lengthens itself out day after day; 'threatens to become eternal,' murmur many. Jacobinism and Municipality rise to the aid of Fouquier. On the 28th of the month, Hébert and others come in deputation to inform a Patriot Convention that the Revolutionary Tribunal is quite 'shackled by Forms of Law;' that a Patriot Jury ought to have 'the power of cutting short, of *terminer les débats*, when they feel themselves convinced.' Which pregnant suggestion, of cutting short, passes itself, with all despatch, into a Decree.

Accordingly, at ten o'clock on the night of the 30th of October, the Twenty-two, summoned back once more, receive this information, That the Jury feeling themselves convinced have cut short, have brought in their verdict; that the Accused are found guilty, and the Sentence on one and all of them is, Death with confiscation of goods.

Loud natural clamour rises among the poor Girondins; tumult; which can only be repressed by the gendarmes. Valazé stabs himself; falls down dead on the spot. The rest, amid loud clamour and confusion, are driven back to their Conciergerie; Lasource exclaiming, "I die on the day when the People have lost their reason; ye will die when they recover it."¹ No help! Yielding to violence, the Doomed uplift the Hymn of the Marseillaise; return singing to their dungeon.

Riouffe, who was their Prison-mate in these last days, has lovingly recorded what death they made. To our notions, it is not an edifying death. Gay satirical *Pot-pourri* by Ducos; rhymed Scenes of Tragedy, wherein Barrère and Robespierre discourse with Satan; death's eve spent in 'singing' and 'sallies of gaiety,' with 'discourses on the happiness of peoples:' these things, and the like of these, we have to accept for what they are worth. It is the manner in which the Girondins make *their* Last Supper. Valazé, with bloody breast, sleeps cold in death; hears not the singing. Vergniaud has his dose of poison; but it is not enough for his friends, it is enough only for himself; wherefore he flings it from him; presides at this Last Supper of the Girondins, with wild coruscations of eloquence,

¹ Δημοσθένους εἰπόντος, Ἀποκτενοῦσί σε Ἀθηναῖοι, Φωκῖων. Ἄν μανῶσιν, εἴτε σὲ δ', εἴαν σωφρονῶσι.—Plut. *Orph.* t. iv. p. 310, ed. Reiske, 1776.

with song and mirth. Poor human Will struggles to assert itself; if not in this way, then in that.²

But on the morrow morning all Paris is out; such a crowd as no man had seen. The Death-carts, Valazé's cold corpse stretched among the yet living Twenty-one, roll along. Bare-headed, hands bound; in their shirt-sleeves, coat flung loosely round the neck: so fare the eloquent of France; bemurmured, beshouted. To the shouts of *Vive la République*, some of them keep answering with counter-shouts of *Vive la République*. Others, as Brissot, sit sunk in silence. At the foot of the scaffold they again strike up, with appropriate variations, the Hymn of the Marseillaise. Such an act of music; conceive it well! The yet Living chant there; the chorus so rapidly wearing weak! Samson's axe is rapid; one head per minute, or little less. The chorus is wearing weak; the chorus is worn *out*;—farewell forevermore, ye Girondins. Te-Deum Fauchet has become silent; Valazé's dead head is lopped: the sickle of the Guillotine has reaped the Girondins all away. 'The eloquent, the young, the beautiful and brave!' exclaims Riouffe. O Death, what feast is toward in thy ghastly Halls!

Nor, alas, in the far Bourdeaux region will Girondism fare better. In caves of Saint-Emilion, in loft and cellar, the weariest months roll on; apparel worn, purse empty; wintry November come; under Tallien and his Guillotine, all hope now gone. Danger drawing ever nigher, difficulty pressing ever straiter, they determine to separate. Not unpathetic the farewell; tall Barbaroux, cheeriest of brave men, stoops to clasp his Louvet: "In what place soever thou findest my Mother," cries he, "try to be instead of a son to her: no resource of mine but I will share with thy Wife, should chance ever lead me where she is."³

Louvet went with Guadet, with Salles and Valadi; Barbaroux with Buzot and Pétion. Valadi soon went southward, on a way of his own. The two friends and Louvet had a miserable day and night; the 14th of the November month, 1793. Sunk in wet, weariness and hunger, they knock, on the morrow, for help, at a friend's country-house; the fainthearted friend refuses to admit them. They stood therefore under trees, in the

² *Mémoires de Riouffe* (in *Mémoires sur les Prisons*, Paris, 1823), pp. 48-55.

³ Louvet, p. 213.

Therm.] July 1794.

pouring rain. Flying desperate, Louvet thereupon will to Paris. He sets forth, there and then, splashing the mud on each side of him, with a fresh strength gathered from fury or frenzy. He passes villages, finding 'the sentry asleep in his box in the thick rain;' he is gone, before the man can call after him. He bilks Revolutionary Committees; rides in carriers' carts, covered carts and open; lies hidden in one, under knapsacks and cloaks of soldiers' wives on the Street of Orléans, while men search for him; has hairbreadth escapes that would fill three romances: finally he gets to Paris to his fair Helpmate; gets to Switzerland, and waits better days.

Poor Guadet and Salles were both taken, ere long; they died by the Guillotine in Bourdeaux; drums beating to drown their voice. Valadi also is caught, and guillotined. Barbaroux and his two comrades weathered it longer, into the summer of 1794; but not long enough. One July morning, changing their hiding-place, as they have often to do, 'about a league' from Saint-Emilion, they observe a great crowd of country-people: doubtless Jacobins come to take them? Barbaroux draws a pistol, shoots himself dead. Alas, and it was not Jacobins; it was harmless villagers going to a village wake. Two days afterwards, Buzot and Pétion were found in a Cornfield, their bodies half-eaten by dogs.*

Such was the end of Girondism. They arose to regenerate France, these men; and have accomplished *this*. Alas, whatever quarrel we had with them, has not their cruel fate abolished it? Pity only survives. So many excellent souls of heroes sent down to Hades; they themselves given as a prey of dogs and all manner of birds! But, here too, the will of the Supreme Power was accomplished. As Vergniaud said: 'the Revolution, like Saturn, is devouring its own children.'

* *Recherches Historiques sur les Girondins* (in *Mémoires de Buzot*), p. 107.

BOOK FIFTH.

TERROR THE ORDER OF THE DAY.

CHAPTER I.

RUSHING DOWN.

WE are now, therefore, got to that black precipitous Abyss ; whither all things have long been tending ; where, having now arrived on the giddy verge, they hurl down, in confused ruin ; headlong, pellmell, down, down ;—till Sansculottism have consummated itself ; and in this wondrous French Revolution, as in a Doomsday, a World have been rapidly, if not born again, yet destroyed and engulfed. Terror has long been terrible : but to the actors themselves it has now become manifest that their appointed course is one of Terror ; and they say, Be it so. “*Que la Terreur soit à l'ordre du jour.*”

So many centuries, say only from Hugh Capet downwards, had been adding together, century transmitting it with increase to century, the sum of Wickedness, of Falschood, Oppression of man by man. Kings were sinners, and Priests were, and People. Open Scoundrels rode triumphant, bediademed, becoronnetted, bemitred ; or the still fataler species of Secret-Scoundrels, in their fair-sounding formulas, speciosities, respectabilities, hollow within : the race of Quacks was grown many as the sands of the sea. Till at length such a sum of Quackery had accumulated itself as, in brief, the Earth and the Heavens were weary of. Slow seemed the Day of Settlement ; coming on, all imperceptible, across the bluster and fanfaronade of Courtierisms, Conquering-Heroisms, Most Christian *Grand Monarque*-isms, Well-beloved Pompadourisms : yet behold it was always coming ; behold it has come, suddenly, unlooked

Year 2] 1793.

for by any man ! The harvest of long centuries was ripening and whitening so rapidly of late ; and now it is grown *white*, and is reaped rapidly, as it were, in one day. Reaped, in this Reign of Terror ; and carried home, to Hades and the Pit !—Unhappy Sons of Adam : it is ever so ; and never do they know it, nor will they know it. With cheerfully smoothed countenances, day after day, and generation after generation, they, calling cheerfully to one another, Well-speed-ye, are at work, *sowing the wind*. And yet, as God lives, they *shall reap the whirlwind* : no other thing, we say, is possible,—since God is a Truth, and His World is a Truth

History, however, in dealing with this Reign of Terror, has had her own difficulties. While the Phenomenon continued in its primary state, as mere ‘ Horrors of the French Revolution,’ there was abundance to be said and shrieked. With and also without profit. Heaven knows, there were terrors and horrors enough : yet that was not all the Phenomenon ; nay, more properly, that was not the Phenomenon at all, but rather was the *shadow* of it, the negative part of it. And now, in a new stage of the business, when History, ceasing to shriek, would try rather to include under her old Forms of speech or speculation this new amazing Thing ; that so some accredited scientific Law of Nature might suffice for the unexpected Product of Nature, and History might get to speak of it articulately, and draw inferences and profit from it ; in this new stage, History, we must say, babbles and flounders perhaps in a still painful manner. Take, for example, the latest Form of speech we have seen propounded on the subject as adequate to it, almost in these months, by our worthy M. Roux, in his *Histoire Parlementaire*. The latest and the strangest : that the French Revolution was a dead-lift effort, after eighteen hundred years of preparation, to realise—the Christian Religion !¹ *Unity, Indivisibility, Brotherhood or Death*, did indeed stand printed on all Houses of the Living ; also on Cemeteries, or Houses of the Dead, stood printed, by order of Procureur Chaumette, *Here is Eternal Sleep*.² but a Christian Religion realised by the Guillotine and Death-Eternal ‘is suspect to me,’ as Robespierre was wont to say, ‘*m’est suspecte*.’

Alas, no, M. Roux ! A Gospel of Brotherhood, not accord-

¹ *Hist. Parl.* (Introd.), i. 1 et seqq.

² *Deux Amis*, xii. 78.

ing to any of the Four old Evangelists, and calling on men to repent, and amend *each his own* wicked existence, that they might be saved ; but a Gospel rather, as we often hint, according to a new Fifth Evangelist Jean-Jacques, calling on men to amend *each the whole world's* wicked existence, and be saved by making the Constitution. A thing different and distant *toto cælo*, as they say : the whole breadth of the sky, and farther if possible !—It is thus, however, that History, and indeed all human Speech and Reason does yet, what Father Adam began life by doing : strive to *name* the new Things it sees of Nature's producing,—often helplessly enough.

But what if History were to admit, for once, that all the Names and Theorems yet known to her fall short ? That this grand Product of Nature was even grand, and new, in that it came not to range itself under old recorded Laws of Nature at all, but to disclose new ones ? In that case, History, renouncing the pretension to *name* it at present, will *look* honestly at it, and name what she can of it ! Any approximation to the right Name has value : were the right Name itself once here, the Thing is known henceforth ; the Thing is then ours, and can be dealt with.

Now surely not realisation, of Christianity or of aught earthly, do we discern in this Reign of Terror, in this French Revolution of which it is the consummating. Destruction rather we discern,—of all that was destructible. It is as if Twenty-five millions, risen at length into the Pythian mood, had stood up simultaneously to say, with a sound which goes through far lands and times, that this Untruth of an Existence had become insupportable. O ye Hypocrisies and Speciosities, Royal mantles, Cardinal plush-cloaks, ye Credos, Formulas, Respectabilities, fair-painted Sepulchres full of dead men's bones,—behold, ye appear to us to be altogether a Lie. Yet our Life is not a Lie ; yet our Hunger and Misery is not a Lie ! Behold we lift up, one and all, our Twenty-five million right-hands ; and take the Heavens, and the Earth and also the Pit of Tophet to witness, that either ye shall be abolished, or else we shall be abolished !

No inconsiderable Oath, truly ; forming, as has been often said, the most remarkable transaction in these last thousand years. Wherefrom likewise there follow, and will follow, results. The fulfilment of this Oath ; that is to say, the black desperate

Year 2] 1793.

battle of Men against their whole Condition and Environment, —a battle, alas, withal, against the Sin and Darkness that was in themselves as in others: this is the Reign of Terror. Transcendental despair was the purport of it, though not consciously so. False hopes, of Fraternity, Political Millennium, and what not, we have always seen: but the unseen heart of the whole, the transcendental despair, was not false; neither has it been of no effect. Despair, pushed far enough, completes the circle, so to speak; and becomes a kind of genuine productive hope again.

Doctrine of Fraternity, out of old Catholicism, does, it is true, very strangely in the vehicle of a Jean-Jacques Evangel, suddenly plump down out of its cloud-firmament; and from a theorem determine to make itself a practice. But just so do all creeds, intentions, customs, knowledges, thoughts and things, which the French have, suddenly plump down; Catholicism, Classicism, Sentimentalism, Cannibalism: all *isms* that make up Man in France are rushing and roaring in that gulf; and the theorem has become a practice, and whatsoever cannot swim sinks. Not Evangelist Jean-Jacques alone; there is not a Village Schoolmaster but has contributed his quota: do we not *thou* one another, according to the Free Peoples of Antiquity? The French Patriot, in red Phrygian nightcap of Liberty, christens his poor little red infant Cato,—Censor, or else of Utica. Gracchus has become Babœuf, and edits Newspapers; Mutius Scævola, Cordwainer of that ilk, presides in the Section Mutius-Scævola: and in brief, there is a world wholly jumbling itself, to try what will swim.

Wherefore we will, at all events, call this Reign of Terror a very strange one. Dominant Sansculottism makes, as it were, free arena; one of the strangest temporary states Humanity was ever seen in. A nation of men, full of wants and void of habits! The old habits are gone to wreck because they were old: men, driven forward by Necessity and fierce Pythian Madness, have, on the spur of the instant, to devise for the want the *way* of satisfying it. The Wonted tumbles down; by imitation, by invention, the Unwonted hastily builds itself up. What the French National head has in it comes out: if not a great result, surely one of the strangest.

Neither shall the Reader fancy that it was all black, this Reign of Terror: far from it. How many hammermen and

squaremen, bakers and brewers, washers and wringers, over this France, must ply their old daily work, let the Government be one of Terror or one of Joy ! In this Paris there are Twenty-three Theatres nightly ; some count as many as Sixty Places of Dancing.³ The Playwright manufactures,—pieces of a strictly Republican character. Ever fresh Novel-garbage, as of old, foddors the Circulating Libraries.⁴ The ‘Cesspool of *Agio*,’ now in a time of Paper Money, works with a vivacity unexampled, unimagined ; exhales from itself ‘sudden fortunes,’ like Aladdin-Palaces : really a kind of miraculous Fata-Morganas, since you *can* live in them, for a time. Terror is as a sable ground, on which the most variegated of scenes paints itself. In startling transitions, in colours all intensated, the sublime, the ludicrous, the horrible succeed one another ; or rather, in crowding tumult, accompany one another.

Here, accordingly, if anywhere, the ‘hundred tongues,’ which the old Poets often clamour for, were of supreme service ! In defect of any such organ on our part, let the Reader stir up his own imaginative organ : let us snatch for him this or the other significant glimpse of things, in the fittest sequence we can.

CHAPTER II.

DEATH.

IN the early days of November there is one transient glimpse of things that is to be noted : the last transit to his long home of Philippe d'Orléans Egalité. Philippe was ‘decreed accused,’ along with the Girondins, much to his and their surprise ; but not tried along with them. They are doomed and dead, some three days, when Philippe, after his long half-year of durance at Marseilles, arrives in Paris. It is, as we calculate, the third of November 1793.

On which same day, two notable Female Prisoners are also put in ward there : Dame Dubarry and Josephine Beauharnais. Dame whilom Countess Dubarry, Unfortunate-female, had returned from London ; they snatched her, not only as Ex-harlot of a whilom Majesty, and therefore suspect ; but as having ‘furnished the Emigrants with money.’ Contemporaneously with whom there comes the wife Beauharnais, soon to be the

³ Mercier, ii. 124.

⁴ *Moniteur* of these months, *passim*.

Brum. 16] Nov. 6th.

widow : she that is Josephine Tascher Beauharnais ; that shall be Josephine Empress Buonaparte,—for a black Divineress of the Tropics prophesied long since that she should be a Queen and more. Likewise, in the same hours, poor Adam Lux, nigh turned in the head, who, according to Forster, ‘has taken no food these three weeks,’ marches to the Guillotine for his Pamphlet on Charlotte Corday : he ‘sprang to the scaffold ;’ said ‘he died for her with great joy.’ Amid such fellow-travellers does Philippe arrive. For, be the month named Brumaire year 2 of Liberty, or November year 1793 of Slavery, the Guillotine goes always, *Guillotine va toujours*.

Enough, Philippe's indictment is soon drawn, his jury soon convinced. He finds himself made guilty of Royalism, Conspiracy and much else ; nay, it is a guilt in him that he voted Louis's Death, though he answers, “I voted in my soul and conscience.” The doom he finds is death forthwith ; this present 6th dim day of November is the last day that Philippe is to see. Philippe, says Montgaillard, thereupon called for breakfast : sufficiency of ‘oysters, two cutlets, best part of an excellent bottle of claret ;’ and consumed the same with apparent relish. A Revolutionary Judge, or some official Convention Emissary, then arrived, to signify that he might still do the State some service by revealing the truth about a plot or two. Philippe answered that, on him, in the pass things had come to, the State had, he thought, small claim ; that nevertheless, in the interest of Liberty, he, having still some leisure on his hands, was willing, were a reasonable question asked him, to give a reasonable answer. And so, says Montgaillard, he leant his elbow on the mantel-piece, and conversed in an undertone with great seeming composure ; till the leisure was done, or the Emissary went his ways.

At the door of the Conciergerie, Philippe's attitude was erect and easy, almost commanding. It is five years, all but a few days, since Philippe, within these same stone walls, stood up with an air of graciousity, and asked King Louis, “Whether it was a Royal Session, then, or a Bed of Justice ?” O Heaven !—Three poor blackguards were to ride and die with him : some say, they objected to such company, and had to be flung in, **neck and heels ;** but it seems not true. Objecting or not ob-

¹ Forster, ii. 628 ; Montgaillard, iv. 141-57.

jecting, the gallows-vehicle gets under way. Philippe's dress is remarked for its elegance ; green frock, waistcoat of white *piqué*, yellow buckskins, boots clear as Warren : his air, as before, entirely composed, impassive, not to say easy and Brummellean-polite. Through street after street ; slowly, amid execrations ;—past the Palais Egalité, whilom Palais Royal ! The cruel Populace stopped him there, some minutes : Dame de Buffon, it is said, looked out on him, in Jezebel headtire ; along the ashlar Wall there ran these words in huge tricolor print, REPUBLIC ONE AND INDIVISIBLE ; LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY OR DEATH : *National Property*. Philippe's eyes flashed hellfire, one instant ; but the next instant it was gone, and he sat impassive, Brummellean-polite. On the scaffold, Samson was for drawing off his boots : “ Tush,” said Philippe, “ they will come better off *after* ; let us have done, *dépêchons-nous* !”

So Philippe was not without virtue, then ? God forbid that there should be any living man without it ! He had the virtue to keep living for five-and-forty years ;—other virtues perhaps more than we know of. But probably no mortal ever had such things recorded of him : such facts, and also such lies. For he was a *Jacobin Prince of the Blood* ; consider what a combination ! Also, unlike any Nero, any Borgia, he lived in the Age of Pamphlets. Enough for us : Chaos *has* reabsorbed him ; may it late or never bear his like again !—Brave young Orléans Egalité, deprived of all, only not deprived of himself, is gone to Coire in the Grisons, under the name of Corby, to teach Mathematics. The Egalité Family is at the darkest depths of the Nadir.

A far nobler Victim follows ; one who will claim remembrance from several centuries : Jeanne-Marie Phlipon, the Wife of Roland. Queenly, sublime in her uncomplaining sorrow, seemed she to Riouffe in her Prison. ‘ Something more than ‘ is usually found in the looks of women painted itself,’ says Riouffe,² ‘ in those large black eyes of hers, full of expression ‘ and sweetness. She spoke to me often, at the Grate : we ‘ were all attentive round her, in a sort of admiration and astonishment ; she expressed herself with a purity, with a harmony ‘ and prosody that made her language like music, of which the ‘ ear could never have enough. Her conversation was serious, ‘ not cold ; coming from the mouth of a beautiful woman, it was

² *Mémoires (Sur les Prisons, i.), pp. 55-7.*

Brum. 18] Nov. 8th.

' frank and courageous as that of a great man.' ' And yet her maid said : " Before you, she collects her strength ; but in her own room, she will sit three hours sometimes leaning on the window, and weeping." ' She has been in Prison, liberated once, but recaptured the same hour, ever since the first of June : in agitation and uncertainty ; which has gradually settled down into the last stern certainty, that of death. In the Abbaye Prison, she occupied Charlotte Corday's apartment. Here in the Conciergerie, she speaks with Riouffe, with Ex-Minister Clavière ; calls the beheaded Twenty-two "*Nos amis*, our Friends,"—whom we are soon to follow. During these five months, those *Memoirs* of hers were written, which all the world still reads.

But now, on the 8th of November, ' clad in white,' says Riouffe, ' with her long black hair hanging down to her girdle,' she is gone to the Judgment-bar. She returned with a quick step ; lifted her finger, to signify to us that she was doomed : her eyes seemed to have been wet. Fouquier-Tinville's questions had been ' brutal ;' offended female honour flung them back on him, with scorn, not without tears. And now, short preparation soon done, she too shall go her last road. There went with her a certain Lamarche, ' Director of Assignat-printing ;' whose dejection she endeavoured to cheer. Arrived at the foot of the scaffold, she asked for pen and paper, " to write the strange thoughts that were rising in her :"³ a remarkable request ; which was refused. Looking at the Statue of Liberty which stands there, she says bitterly : " O Liberty, what things are done in thy name !" For Lamarche's sake, she will die first ; show him how easy it is to die : " Contrary to the order," said Samson.—" Pshaw, you cannot refuse the last request of a Lady ;" and Samson yielded.

Noble white Vision, with its high queenly face, its soft proud eyes, long black hair flowing down to the girdle ; and as brave a heart as ever beat in woman's bosom ! Like a white Grecian Statue, serenely complete, she shines in that black wreck of things ;—long memorable. Honour to great Nature who, in Paris City, in the Era of Noble-Sentiment and Pompadourism, can make a Jeanne Phlipon, and nourish her to clear perennial Womanhood, though but on Logics, *Encyclopédies*, and the Gospel according to Jean-Jacques ! Biography will long re-

³ *Mémoires de Madame Roland* (Introd.), i. 68.

member that trait of asking for a pen "to write the strange thoughts that were rising in her." It is as a little light-beam, shedding softness, and a kind of sacredness, over all that preceded : so in her too there was an Unnameable ; she too was a Daughter of the Infinite ; there were mysteries which Philosphism had not dreamt of !—She left long written counsels to her little Girl ; she said her Husband would not survive her.

Still crueller was the fate of poor Bailly, First National President, First Mayor of Paris : doomed now for Royalism, Fayetteism ; for that Red-Flag Business of the Champ-de-Mars ;—one may say in general, for leaving his Astronomy to meddle with Revolution. It is the 10th of November 1793, a cold bitter drizzling rain, as poor Bailly is led through the streets ; howling Populace covering him with curses, with mud ; waving over his face a burning or smoking mockery of a Red Flag. Silent, unpitied, sits the innocent old man. Slow faring through the sleety drizzle, they have got to the Champ-de-Mars : Not there ! vociferates the cursing Populace ; such Blood ought not to stain an Altar of the Fatherland : not there ; but on that dung-heap by the River-side ! So vociferates the cursing Populace ; Officiality gives ear to them. The Guillotine is taken down, though with hands numbed by the sleety drizzle ; is carried to the River-side ; is there set up again, with slow numbness ; pulse after pulse still counting itself out in the old man's weary heart. For hours long ; amid curses and bitter frost-rain ! " Bailly, thou tremblest," said one. "*Mon ami*, it is for cold," said Bailly, "*c'est de froid*." Crueller end had no mortal.*

Some days afterwards, Roland, hearing the news of what happened on the 8th, embraces his kind Friends at Rouen, leaves their kind house which had given him refuge ; goes forth, with farewell too sad for tears. On the morrow morning, 16th of the month, 'some four leagues from Rouen, Paris-ward, near Bourg-Baudoin, in M. Normand's Avenue,' there is seen sitting leant against a tree the figure of a rigorous wrinkled man ; stiff now in the rigour of death ; a cane-sword run through his heart ; and at his feet this writing : 'Whoever thou art that findest me lying, respect my remains : they are those of a man who consecrated all his life to being useful ; and who has died as he lived, virtuous and honest.' 'Not fear, but indignation, made me quit my retreat, on learning that my Wife had been mur-

* *Vie de Bailly* (in *Mémoires*, i.), p. 29.

Brumaire] November.

'dered. I wished not to remain longer on an Earth polluted
'with crimes.'⁵

Barnave's appearance at the Revolutionary Tribunal was of the bravest; but it could not stead him. They have sent for him from Grenoble; to pay the common smart. Vain is eloquence, forensic or other, against the dumb Clotho-shears of Tinville. He is still but two-and-thirty, this Barnave, and has known such changes. Short while ago, we saw him at the top of Fortune's wheel, his word a law to all Patriots: and now surely he is at the *bottom* of the wheel; in stormful altercation with a Tinville Tribunal, which is dooming him to die!⁶ And Pétion, once also of the Extreme Left, and named *Pétion Virtue*, where is he? Civilly dead; in the Caves of Saint-Emilion; to be devoured of dogs. And Robespierre, who rode along with him on the shoulders of the people, is in Committee of *Salut*; civilly alive: not to live always. Sogiddy-swift whirls and spins this immeasurable *tormentum* of a Revolution; wild-booming; not to be followed by the eye. Barnave, on the Scaffold, stamped with his foot; and looking upwards was heard to ejaculate, "This, then, is my reward!"

Deputy Ex-Procureur Manuel is already gone; and Deputy Osselin, famed also in August and September, is about to go: and Rabaut, discovered treacherously between his two walls, and the Brother of Rabaut. National Deputies not a few! And Generals: the memory of General Custine cannot be defended by his Son; his Son is already guillotined. Custine the Ex-Noble was replaced by Houchard the Plebeian: he too could not prosper in the North; for him too there was no mercy; he has perished in the Place de la Révolution, after attempting suicide in Prison. And Generals Biron, Beauharnais, Brunet, whatsoever General prospers not; tough old Lückner, with his eyes grown rheumy; Alsatian Westermann, valiant and diligent in La Vendée: *none of them can*, as the Psalmist sings, *his soul from death deliver*.

How busy are the Revolutionary Committees; Sections with their Forty Halfpence a-day! Arrestment on arrestment falls quick, continual; followed by death. Ex-Minister Clavière has killed himself in Prison. Ex-Minister Lebrun, seized in a hay-loft, under the disguise of a working man, is instantly conducted

⁵ *Mémoires de Madame Roland* (Intro!), i. 38.

⁶ Forster, ii. 629.

to death.⁷ Nay, withal, is it not what Barrère calls 'coining money on the Place de la Révolution'? For always the 'property of the guilty, if property he have,' is confiscated. To avoid accidents, we even make a Law that suicide shall not defraud us; that a criminal who kills himself does not the less incur forfeiture of goods. Let the guilty tremble, therefore, and the suspect, and the rich, and in a word all manner of Culottic men! Luxembourg Palace, once Monsieur's, has become a huge loathsome Prison; Chantilly Palace too, once Condé's:—And their landlords are at Blankenberg, on the wrong side of the Rhine. In Paris are now some Twelve Prisons; in France some Forty-four Thousand: thitherward, thick as brown leaves in Autumn, rustle and travel the suspect; shaken down by Revolutionary Committees, they are swept thitherward, as into their storehouse,—to be consumed by Samson and Tinville. 'The Guillotine goes not ill, *La Guillotine ne va pas mal.*'

CHAPTER III.

DESTRUCTION.

THE suspect may well tremble; but how much more the open rebels;—the Girondin Cities of the South! Revolutionary Army is gone forth, under Ronsin the Playwright; six thousand strong; 'in red nightcap, in tricolor waistcoat, in black-shag trousers, black-shag spencer, with enormous mustachioes, enormous sabre,—in *carmagnole complète*,'¹ and has portable guillotines. Representative Carrier has got to Nantes, by the edge of blazing La Vendée, which Rossignol has literally set on fire: Carrier will try what captives you make; what accomplices they have, Royalist or Girondin: his guillotine goes always, *va toujours*; and his wool-capped 'Company of Marat.' Little children are guillotined, and aged men. Swift as the machine is, it will not serve; the Headsman and all his valets sink, worn down with work; declare that the human muscles can no more.² Whereupon you must try fusillading; to which perhaps still frightfuler methods may succeed.

In Brest, to like purpose, rules Jean-Bon Saint-André; with an Army of Red Nightcaps. In Bourdeaux rules Tallien, with

⁷ *Moniteur*, II, 30 Décembre 1793; Louvet, p. 287.

¹ See Louvet, p. 301.

² *Deux Amis*, xii. 249-51.

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his Isabeau and henchmen ; Guadets, Cussys, Salleses, many fall ; the bloody Pike and Nightcap bearing supreme sway ; the Guillotine coining money. Bristly fox-haired Tallien, once Able Editor, still young in years, is now become most gloomy, potent ; a Pluto on Earth, and has the keys of Tartarus. One remarks, however, that a certain *Senhorina Cabarus*, or call her rather *Senhora* and wedded not yet widowed *Dame de Fontenai*, brown beautiful woman, daughter of Cabarus the Spanish Merchant,—has softened the red bristly countenance ; pleading for herself and friends ; and prevailing. The keys of Tartarus, or any kind of power, are something to a woman ; gloomy Pluto himself is not insensible to love. Like a new Proserpine, she, by this red gloomy Dis, is gathered ; and, they say, softens his stone heart a little.

Maignet, at Orange in the South ; Lebon, at Arras in the North, become world's wonders. Jacobin Popular Tribunal, with its National Representative, perhaps where Girondin Popular Tribunal had lately been, rises here and rises there ; where-soever needed. Fouchés, Maignets, Barrases, Frérons scour the Southern Departments ; like reapers, with their guillotine-sickle. Many are the labourers, great is the harvest. By the hundred and the thousand, men's lives are cropt ; cast like brands into the burning.

Marseilles is taken, and put under martial law : lo, at Marseilles, what one besmattered red-bearded corn-car is this which they cut ;—one gross Man, we mean, with copper-studded face ; plenteous beard, or beard-stubble, of a tile-colour ? By Nemesis and the Fatal Sisters, it is Jourdan Coupe-tête ! Him they have clutched, in these martial-law districts ; him too, with their 'national razor,' their *rasoir national*, they sternly shave away. Low now is Jourdan the Headsman's own head ;—low as Deshuttés's and Varigny's, which he sent on pikes, in the Insurrection of Women ! No more shall he, as a copper Portent, be seen gyrating through the Cities of the South ; no more sit judging, with pipes and brandy, in the Ice-tower of Avignon. The all-hiding Earth has received him, the bloated Tilebeard : may we never look upon his like again !—Jourdan one names ; the other Hundreds are not named. Alas, they, like confused faggots, lie massed together for us ; counted by the cart-load : and yet not an individual faggot-twigg of them but had a Life and History ; and was cut, not without pangs as when a Kaiser dies !

Least of all cities can Lyons escape. Lyons, which we saw in dread sunblaze, that Autumn night when the Powder-tower sprang aloft, was clearly verging towards a sad end. Inevitable: what could desperate valour and Précý do; Dubois-Crancé, deaf as Destiny, stern as Doom, capturing their 'redoubts of cotton-bags;' hemming them in, ever closer, with his Artillery-lava? Never would that *ci-devant* D'Autichamp arrive; never any help from Blankenberg. The Lyons Jacobins were hidden in cellars; the Girondin Municipality waxed pale, in famine, treason and red fire. Précý drew his sword, and some Fifteen Hundred with him; sprang to saddle, to cut their way to Switzerland. They cut fiercely; and were fiercely cut, and cut down; not hundreds, hardly units of them ever saw Switzerland.³ Lyons, on the 9th of October, surrenders at discretion; it is become a devoted Town. Abbé Lamourette, now Bishop Lamourette, whilom Legislator, he of the old *Baiser-l'Amourette* or Delilah-Kiss, is seized here; is sent to Paris to be guillotined: 'he made the sign of the cross,' they say, when Tinville intimated his death-sentence to him; and died as an eloquent Constitutional Bishop. But wo now to all Bishops, Priests, Aristocrats and Federalists that are in Lyons! The *manes* of Chalier are to be appeased; the Republic, maddened to the Sibylline pitch, has bared her right arm. Behold! Representative Fouché, it is Fouché of Nantes, a name to become well known; he with a Patriot company goes duly, in wondrous Procession, to raise the corpse of Chalier. An Ass housed in Priest's cloak, with a mitre on his head, and trailing the Mass-Books, some say the very Bible, at its tail, paces through Lyons streets: escorted by multitudinous Patriotism, by clangour as of the Pit; towards the grave of Martyr Chalier. The body is dug up, and burnt: the ashes are collected in an Urn; to be worshipped of Paris Patriotism. The Holy Books were part of the funeral pile; their ashes are scattered to the wind. Amid cries of "Vengeance! Vengeance!" — which, writes Fouché, shall be satisfied.⁴

Lyons in fact is a Town to be abolished; not Lyons henceforth, but '*Commune Affranchie*, Township Freed:' the very name of it shall perish. It is to be razed, this once great City, if Jacobinism prophesy right; and a Pillar to be erected on the ruins, with this Inscription, *Lyons rebelled against the Republic;*

³ *Deux Amis*, xi. 145.

⁴ *Moniteur* (du 17 Novembre 1793), &c.

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Lyons is no more. Fouché, Couthon, Collot, Convention Representatives succeed one another : there is work for the hangman ; work for the hammerman, *not* in building. The very Houses of Aristocrats, we say, are doomed. Paralytic Couthon, borne in a chair, taps on the wall, with emblematic mallet, saying, "*La Loi te frappe*, The Law strikes thee ;" masons, with wedge and crowbar, begin demolition. Crash of downfall, dim ruin and dust-clouds fly in the winter wind. Had Lyons been of soft stuff, it had all vanished in those weeks, and the Jacobin prophecy had been fulfilled. But Towns are not built of soap-froth ; Lyons Town is built of stone. Lyons, though it rebelled against the Republic, *is* to this day.

Neither have the Lyons Girondins all one neck, that you could despatch it at one swoop. Revolutionary Tribunal here, and Military Commission, guillotining, fusillading, do what they can : the kennels of the Place des Terreaux run red ; mangled corpses roll down the Rhone. Collot d'Herbois, they say, was once hissed on the Lyons stage : but with what sibilation, of world-catcall or hoarse Tartarean Trumpet, will ye hiss him now, in this his new character of Convention Representative,—not to be repeated ! Two-hundred and nine men are marched forth over the River, to be shot in mass, by musket and cannon, in the Promenade of the Brotteaux. It is the second of such scenes ; the first was of some Seventy. The corpses of the first were flung into the Rhone, but the Rhone stranded some ; so these now, of the second lot, are to be buried on land. Their one long grave is dug ; they stand ranked, by the loose mould-ridge ; the younger of them singing the *Marseillaise*. Jacobin National Guards give fire ; but have again to give fire, and again ; and to take the bayonet and the spade, for though the doomed all fall, they do not all die ;—and it becomes a butchery too horrible for speech. So that the very Nationals, as they fire, turn away their faces. Collot, snatching the musket from one such National, and levelling it with unmoved countenance, says, "It is thus a Republican ought to fire."

This is the second Fusillade, and happily the last : it is found too hideous ; even inconvenient. There were Two-hundred and nine marched out ; one escaped at the end of the Bridge : yet behold, when you count the corpses, they are Two-hundred and *ten*. Rede us this riddle, O Collot ? After

long guessing, it is called to mind that two individuals, here in the Brotteaux ground, did attempt to leave the rank, protesting with agony that they were not condemned men, that they were Police Commissaries : which two we repulsed, and disbelieved, and shot with the rest !⁵ Such is the vengeance of an enraged Republic. Surely this, according to Barrère's phrase, is Justice "under rough forms, *sous des formes acerbes*." But the Republic, as Fouché says, must "march to Liberty over corpses." Or again, as Barrère has it : "None but the dead do not come back, *Il n'y a que les morts qui ne reviennent pas*." Terror hovers far and wide : 'the Guillotine goes not ill.'

But before quitting those Southern regions, over which History can cast only glances from aloft, she will alight for a moment, and look fixedly at one point : the Siege of Toulon. Much battering and bombarding, heating of balls in furnaces or farm-houses, serving of artillery well and ill, attacking of Ollioules Passes, Forts Malbosquet, there has been : as yet to small purpose. We have had General Cartaux here, a whilom Painter elevated in the troubles of Marseilles ; General Doppet, a whilom Medical man elevated in the troubles of Piemont, who, under Crancé, took Lyons, but cannot take Toulon. Finally we have General Dugommier, a pupil of Washington. Convention *Représentans* also we have had ; Barrases, Salicetti, Robespierres the Younger :—also an Artillery *Chef de brigade*, of extreme diligence, who often takes his nap of sleep among the guns ; a short, taciturn, olive-complexioned young man, not unknown to us, by name Buonaparte ; one of the best Artillery-officers yet met with. And still Toulon is not taken. It is the fourth month now ; December, in slave-style ; *Frostarious* or *Frimaire*, in new-style : and still their cursed Red-Blue Fag flies there. They are provisioned from the Sea ; they have seized all heights, felling wood, and fortifying themselves ; like the cony, they have built their nest in the rocks.

Meanwhile *Frostarious* is not yet become *Snowous* or *Nivose*, when a Council of War is called ; Instructions have just arrived from Government and *Salut Public*. Carnot, in *Salut Public*, has sent us a plan of siege : on which plan General Dugommier has this criticism to make, Commissioner Salicetti has that ; and criticisms and plans are very various ; when that young Artillery-Officer ventures to speak ; the same whom we

⁵ *Deux Amis*, xii. 251-62.

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saw snatching sleep among the guns, who has emerged several times in this History,—the name of him Napoleon Buonaparte. It is his humble opinion, for he has been gliding about with spy-glasses, with thoughts, That a certain Fort l'Eguillette can be clutched, as with lion-spring, on the sudden; wherefrom, were it once ours, the very heart of Toulon might be battered; the English Lines were, so to speak, turned inside out, and Hood and our Natural Enemies must next day either put to sea, or be burnt to ashes. Commissioners arch their eyebrows, with negatory sniff: who is this young gentleman with more wit than we all? Brave veteran Dugommier, however, thinks the idea worth a word; questions the young gentleman; becomes convinced; and there is for issue, Try it.

On the taciturn bronze-countenance therefore, things being now all ready, there sits a grimmer gravity than ever, compressing a hotter central-fire than ever. Yonder, thou seest, is Fort l'Eguillette; a desperate lion-spring, yet a possible one; this day to be tried!—Tried it is; and found *good*. By stratagem and valour, stealing through ravines, plunging fiery through the fire-tempest, Fort l'Eguillette is clutched at, is carried; the smoke having cleared, we see the Tricolor fly on it; the bronze-complexioned young man was right. Next morning, Hood, finding the interior of his lines exposed, his defences turned inside out, makes for his shipping. Taking such Royalists as wished it on board with him, he weighs anchor; on this 19th of December 1793, Toulon is once more the Republic's!

Cannonading has ceased at Toulon; and now the guillotining and fusillading may begin. Civil horrors, truly: but at least that infamy of an English domination is purged away. Let there be Civic Feast universally over France: so reports Barrère, or Painter David; and the Convention assist in a body.⁶ Nay, it is said, these infamous English (with an attention rather to their own interests than to ours) set fire to our store-houses, arsenals, war-ships in Toulon Harbour, before weighing; some score of brave war-ships, the only ones we now had! However, it did not prosper, though the flame spread far and high; some two ships were burned, not more; the very galley-slaves ran with buckets to quench. These same proud Ships, Ship *l'Orient* and the rest, have to carry this same young Man to Egypt first: not yet can they be changed to ashes, or to Sea-Nymphs; not

⁶ *Moniteur*, 1793, Nos. 101 (31 Décembre), 95, 96, 98, &c

yet to sky-rockets, O ship *l'Orient*; nor become the prey of England,—before their time!

And so, over France universally, there is Civic Feast and high-tide: and Toulon sees fusillading, grapeshotting in mass, as Lyons saw; and 'death is poured out in great floods, *vomie à grands flots*;' and Twelve-thousand Masons are requisitioned from the neighbouring country, to raze Toulon from the face of the Earth. For it is to be razed, so reports Barrère; all but the National Shipping Establishments; and to be called henceforth not Toulon, but *Port of the Mountain*. There in black death-cloud we must leave it;—hoping only that Toulon too is built of stone; that perhaps even Twelve-thousand Masons cannot pull it down, till the fit pass.

One begins to be sick of 'death vomited in great floods.' Nevertheless, hearest thou not, O Reader (for the sound reaches through centuries), in the dead December and January nights, over Nantes Town,—confused noises, as of musketry and tumult, as of rage and lamentation; mingling with the everlasting moan of the Loire waters there? Nantes Town is sunk in sleep; but *Représentant* Carrier is not sleeping, the wool-capped Company of Marat is not sleeping. Why unmoors that flatbottomed craft, that *gabarre*; about eleven at night; with Ninety Priests under hatches? They are going to Belle Isle? In the middle of the Loire stream, on signal given, the *gabarre* is scuttled; she sinks with all her cargo. 'Sentence of Deportation,' writes Carrier, 'was executed *vertically*.' The Ninety Priests, with their *gabarre*-coffin, lie deep! It is the first of the *Noyades*, what we may call *Drownages*, of Carrier; which have become famous forever.

Guillotining there was at Nantes, till the Headsman sank worn out: then fusillading 'in the Plain of Saint-Mauve,' little children fusilladed, and women with children at the breast; children and women, by the hundred and twenty; and by the five hundred, so hot is La Vendée: till the very Jacobins grew sick, and all but the Company of Marat cried, Hold! Wherefore now we have got Noyading; and on the 24th night of *Frostarious* year 2, which is 14th of December 1793, we have a second Noyade; consisting of 'a Hundred and Thirty-eight persons.'⁷

Or why waste a *gabarre*, sinking it with them? Fling them

⁷ *Deux Amis*, xii. 266-72; *Moniteur*, du 2 Janvier 1794.

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out ; fling them out, with their hands tied : pour a continual hail of lead over all the space, till the last struggler of them be sunk ! Unsound sleepers of Nantes, and the Sea-Villages thereabouts, hear the musketry amid the night-winds ; wonder what the meaning of it is. And women were in that gabarre ; whom the Red Nightcaps were stripping naked ; who begged, in their agony, that their smocks might not be stript from them. And young children were thrown in, their mothers vainly pleading : “ Wolfings,” answered the Company of Marat, “ who would grow to be wolves.”

By degrees, daylight itself witnesses Noyades : women and men are tied together, feet and feet, hands and hands ; and flung in : this they call *Mariage Républicain*, Republican Marriage. Cruel is the panther of the woods, the she-bear bereaved of her whelps : but there is in man a hatred crueller than that. Dumb, out of suffering now, as pale swoln corpses, the victims tumble confusedly seaward along the Loire stream ; the tide rolling them back : clouds of ravens darken the River ; wolves prowl on the shoal-places : Carrier writes, ‘ *Quel torrent révolutionnaire*, What a torrent of Revolution !’ For the man is rabid ; and the Time is rabid. These are the Noyades of Carrier ; twenty-five by the tale, for what is done in darkness comes to be investigated in sunlight :⁸ not to be forgotten for centuries. — We will turn to another aspect of the Consummation of Sansculottism ; leaving this as the blackest.

But indeed men are all rabid ; as the Time is. Representative Lebon, at Arras, dashes his sword into the blood flowing from the Guillotine ; exclaims, “ How I like it !” Mothers, they say, by his orders, have to stand by while the Guillotine devours their children : a band of music is stationed near ; and, at the fall of every head, strikes up its *Ça-ira*.⁹ In the Burgh of Bedouin, in the Orange region, the Liberty-tree has been cut down overnight. Representative Maignet, at Orange, hears of it ; burns Bedouin Burgh to the last dog-hutch ; guillotines the inhabitants, or drives them into the caves and hills.¹⁰ Republic One and Indivisible ! She is the newest Birth of Nature’s waste inorganic Deep, which men name Orcus, Chaos, primeval Night ; and knows one law, that of self-preservation. *Tigresse Nationale* :

⁸ *Procès de Carrier* (4 tomes, Paris, 1795).

⁹ *Les Horreurs des Prisons d’Arras* (Paris, 1823).

¹⁰ Montgaillard, iv. 200.

meddle not with a whisker of her ! Swift-rending is her stroke ; look what a paw she spreads ;—pity has not entered into her heart.

Prudhomme, the dull-blustering Printer and Able Editor, as yet a Jacobin Editor, will become a renegade one, and publish large volumes, on these matters, *Crimes of the Revolution* ; adding innumerable lies withal, as if the truth were not sufficient. We, for our part, find it more edifying to know, one good time, that this Republic and National Tigress *is* a New-Birth ; a Fact of Nature among Formulas, in an Age of Formulas ; and to look, oftenest in silence, how the so genuine Nature-Fact will demean itself among these. For the Formulas are partly genuine, partly delusive, supposititious : we call them, in the language of metaphor, regulated modelled *shapes* ; some of which have bodies and life still in them ; most of which, according to a German Writer, have only emptiness, ‘glass-eyes glaring on ‘you with a ghastly affectation of life, and in their interior unclean accumulation of beetles and spiders !’ But the Fact, let all men observe, is a genuine and sincere one ; the sincerest of Facts ; terrible in its sincerity, as very Death. Whatsoever is equally sincere may front it, and beard it ; but whatsoever is *not* ?—

CHAPTER IV.

CARMAGNOLE COMPLETE.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with this Tophet-black aspect, there unfolds itself another aspect, which one may call a Tophet-red aspect, the Destruction of the Catholic Religion ; and indeed, for the time being, of Religion itself. We saw Romme's New Calendar establish its *Tenth Day of Rest* ; and asked, what would become of the Christian Sabbath ? The Calendar is hardly a month old, till all this is set at rest. Very singular, as Mercier observes : last *Corpus-Christi Day* 1792, the whole world, and Sovereign Authority itself, walked in religious gala, with a quite devout air ;—Butcher Legendre, supposed to be irreverent, was like to be massacred in his Gig, as the thing went by. A Gallican Hierarchy, and Church, and Church Formulas seemed to flourish, a little brown-leaved or so, but not browner than of late years or decades ; to flourish far and wide, in the sympathies of an unsophisticated People ; defying Philo-

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sophism, Legislature and the Encyclopédie. Far and wide, alas, like a brown-leaved Vallombrosa : which waits but one whirl-blast of the November wind, and in an hour stands bare ! Since that *Corpus-Christi* Day, Brunswick has come, and the Emigrants, and La Vendée, and eighteen months of Time : to all flourishing, especially to brown-leaved flourishing, there comes, were it never so slowly, an end.

On the 7th of November, a certain Citoyen Parens, Curate of Boissise-le-Bertrand, writes to the Convention that he has all his life been preaching a lie, and is grown weary of doing it ; wherefore he will now lay down his Curacy and stipend, and begs that an august Convention would give him something else to live upon. '*Mention honorable*,' shall we give him ? Or 'reference to Committee of Finances' ? Hardly is this got decided, when goose Gobel, Constitutional Bishop of Paris, with his Chapter, with Municipal and Departmental escort in red nightcaps, makes his appearance, to do as Parens has done. Goose Gobel will now acknowledge 'no Religion but Liberty ;' therefore he doffs his Priest-gear, and receives the Fraternal embrace. To the joy of Departmental Momoro, of Municipal Chaumettes and Héberts, of Vincent and the Revolutionary Army ! Chaumette asks, Ought there not, in these circumstances, to be among our intercalary Days Sans-breeches, a Feast of Reason ?¹ Proper surely ! Let Atheist Maréchal, Lalande, and little Atheist Naigeon rejoice ; let Clootz, Speaker of Mankind, present to the Convention his *Evidences of the Mahometan Religion*, 'a work evincing the nullity of all Religions,'—with thanks. There shall be Universal Republic now, thinks Clootz ; and 'one God only, *Le Peuple*.'

The French nation is of gregarious imitative nature ; it needed but a fogle-motion in this matter ; and goose Gobel, driven by Municipality and force of circumstances, has given one. What Curé will be behind him of Boissise ; what Bishop behind him of Paris ? Bishop Grégoire, indeed, courageously declines ; to the sound of "We force no one ; let Grégoire consult his conscience ;" but Protestant and Romish by the hundred volunteer and assent. From far and near, all through November into December, till the work is accomplished, come Letters of renegation, come Curates who 'are learning to be Carpenters,' Curates with their new-wedded Nuns : has not the

¹ *Moniteur*, Séance du 17 Brumaire (7th November), 1793.

day of Reason dawned, very swiftly, and become noon? From sequestered Townships come Addresses, stating plainly, though in Patois dialect, That 'they will have no more to do with the black animal called Curay, *animal noir appelé Curay*.²

Above all things, there come Patriotic Gifts, of Church-furniture. The remnant of bells, except for tocsin, descend from their belfries, into the National meltingpot to make cannon. Censers and all sacred vessels are beaten broad; of silver, they are fit for the poverty-stricken Mint; of pewter, let them become bullets, to shoot the '*enemies du genre humain*.' Dalmatics of plush make breeches for him who had none; linen albs will clip into shirts for the Defenders of the Country: old-clothesmen, Jew or Heathen, drive the briskest trade. Chalier's Ass-Procession, at Lyons, was but a type of what went on, in those same days, in all Towns. In all Towns and Townships as quick as the guillotine may go, so quick goes the axe and the wrench: sacristies, lutrins, altar-rails are pulled down; the Mass-Books torn into cartridge-papers: men dance the Carmagnole all night about the bonfire. All highways jingle with metallic Priest-tackle, beaten broad; sent to the Convention, to the poverty-stricken Mint. Good Sainte-Geneviève's *Chasse* is let down: alas, to be burst open, this time, and burnt on the Place de Grève. Saint Louis's Shirt is burnt;—might not a Defender of the Country have had it? At Saint-Denis Town, no longer Saint-Denis but *Franciade*, Patriotism has been down among the Tombs, rummaging; the Revolutionary Army has taken spoil. This, accordingly, is what the streets of Paris saw:

'Most of these persons were still drunk, with the brandy 'they had swallowed out of chalices;—eating mackerel on the 'patenas! Mounted on Asses, which were housed with Priests' 'cloaks, they reined them with Priests' stoles; they held clutched 'with the same hand communion-cup and sacred wafer. They 'stopped at the doors of Dramshops; held out ciboriums: and 'the landlord, stoup in hand, had to fill them thrice. Next came 'Mules high-laden with crosses, chandeliers, censers, holy-water vessels, hyssops;—recalling to mind the Priests of Cybele, 'whose panniers, filled with the instruments of their worship, 'served at once as storehouse, sacristy and temple. In such 'equipage did these profaners advance towards the Convention. 'They enter there, in an immense train, ranged in two rows;

² *Analyse du Moniteur* (Paris, 1801), ii. 280.

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'all masked like mummers in fantastic sacerdotal vestments ;
'bearing on hand-barrows their heaped plunder,—ciboriums,
'suns, candelabras, plates of gold and silver.'³

The Address we do not give ; for indeed it was in strophes, sung *vivâ voce*, with all the parts ;—Danton glooming considerably, in his place ; and demanding that there be prose and decency in future.⁴ Nevertheless the captors of such *spolia opima* crave, not untouched with liquor, permission to dance the Carmagnole also on the spot : whereto an exhilarated Convention cannot but accede. Nay 'several Members,' continues the exaggerative Mercier, who was not there to witness, being in Limbo now, as one of Duperret's *Seventy-three*, 'several Members, quitting their curule chairs, took the hand of girls flaunting in Priests' vestures, and danced the Carmagnole along 'with them.' Such Old-Hallowtide have they, in this year, once named of Grace 1793.

Out of which strange fall of Formulas, tumbling there in confused welter, betrampled by the Patriotic dance, is it not passing strange to see a *new* Formula arise ? For the human tongue is not adequate to speak what 'triviality run distracted' there is in human nature. Black Mumbo-Jumbo of the woods, and most Indian Wau-waus, one can understand : but this of Procureur *Anaxagoras*, whilom John-Peter, Chaumette ? We will say only : Man is a born idol-worshipper, *sight*-worshipper, so sensuous-imaginative is he ; and also partakes much of the nature of the ape.

For the same day, while this brave Carmagnole-dance has hardly jiggged itself out, there arrive Procureur Chaumette and Municipals and Departmentals, and with them the strangest freightage : a New Religion ! Demoiselle Candeille, of the Opera ; a woman fair to look upon, when well rouged ; 'she, borne on palanquin shoulderhigh ; with red woollen nightcap ; in azure mantle ; garlanded with oak ; holding in her hand the Pike of the Jupiter-*Peuple*, sails in : heralded by white young women girt in tricolor. Let the world consider it ! This, O National Convention wonder of the universe, is our New Divinity ; *Goddess of Reason*, worthy, and alone worthy of revering. Her henceforth we adore. Nay were it too much to ask of an

³ Mercier, iv. 134. See *Moniteur*, Séance du 10 Novembre.

⁴ See also *Moniteur*, Séance du 26 Novembre.

august National Representation that it also went with us to the *ci-devant* Cathedral called of Notre-Dame, and executed a few strophes in worship of her?

President and Secretaries give Goddess Candeille, borne at due height round their platform, successively the Fraternal kiss; whereupon she, by decree, sails to the right-hand of the President and there alights. And now, after due pause and flourishes of oratory, the Convention, gathering its limbs, does get under way in the required procession towards Notre-Dame;—Reason, again in her litter, sitting in the van of them, borne, as one judges, by men in the Roman costume; escorted by wind-music, red nightcaps, and the madness of the world. And so, straight-way, Reason taking seat on the high-altar of Notre-Dame, the requisite worship or quasi-worship is, say the Newspapers, *executed*; National Convention chanting ‘the *Hymn to Liberty*, words by Chénier, music by Gossec.’ It is the first of the *Feasts of Reason*; first communion-service of the New Religion of Chaumette.

‘The corresponding Festival in the Church of Saint-Eus-tache,’ says Mercier, ‘offered the spectacle of a great tavern. ‘The interior of the choir represented a landscape decorated with ‘cottages and boskets of trees. Round the choir stood tables ‘overloaded with bottles, with sausages, pork-puddings, pastries ‘and other meats. The guests flowed in and out through all ‘doors: whosoever presented himself took part of the good ‘things: children of eight, girls as well as boys, put hand to ‘plate, in sign of Liberty; they drank also of the bottles, and ‘their prompt intoxication created laughter. Reason sat in ‘azure mantle aloft, in a serene manner; Cannoneers, pipe in ‘mouth, serving her as acolytes. And out of doors,’ continues the exaggerative man, ‘were mad multitudes dancing round the ‘bonfire of Chapel-balustrades, of Priests’ and Canons’ stalls; ‘and the dancers,—I exaggerate nothing,—the dancers nigh ‘bare of breeches, neck and breast naked, stockings down, went ‘whirling and spinning, like those Dust-vortexes, forerunners ‘of Tempest and Destruction.’⁵ At Saint-Gervais Church, again, there was a terrible ‘smell of herrings;’ Section or Municipality having provided no food, no condiment, but left it to chance. Other mysteries, seemingly of a Cabiric or even Paphian character, we leave under the Veil, which appropriately stretches

⁵ Mercier, iv. 127-146.

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itself 'along the pillars of the aisles,'—not to be lifted aside by the hand of History.

But there is one thing we should like almost better to understand than any other: what Reason herself thought of it, all the while. What articulate words poor Mrs. Momoro, for example, uttered; when she had become ungoddessed again, and the Bibliopolist and she sat quiet at home, at supper? For he was an earnest man, Bookseller Momoro; and had notions of Agrarian Law. Mrs. Momoro, it is admitted, made one of the best Goddesses of Reason; though her teeth were a little defective.—And now if the Reader will represent to himself that such visible Adoration of Reason went on 'all over the Republic,' through these November and December weeks, till the Church woodwork was burnt out, and the business otherwise completed, he will perhaps feel sufficiently what an adoring Republic it was, and without reluctance quit this part of the subject.

Such gifts of Church-spoil are chiefly the work of the *Armée Révolutionnaire*; raised, as we said, some time ago. It is an army with portable guillotine: commanded by Playwright Ronsin in terrible mustachioes; and even by some uncertain shadow of Usher Maillard, the old Bastille Hero, Leader of the Menads, September Man in Gray! Clerk Vincent of the War-Office, one of Pache's old Clerks, 'with a head heated by the ancient orators,' had a main hand in the appointments, at least in the staff-appointments.

But of the marchings and retreating of these Six-thousand no Xenophon exists. Nothing, but an inarticulate hum, of cursing and sooty frenzy, surviving dubious in the memory of ages! They scour the country round Paris; seeking Prisoners; raising Requisitions; seeing that Edicts are executed, that the Farmers have thrashed sufficiently; lowering Church-bells or metallic Virgins. Detachments shoot forth dim, towards remote parts of France; nay new Provincial Revolutionary Armies rise dim, here and there, as Carrier's Company of Marat, as Tallien's Bourdeaux Troop; like sympathetic clouds in an atmosphere all electric. Ronsin, they say, admitted, in candid moments, that his troops were the elixir of the Rascality of the Earth. One sees them drawn up in market-places; travel-splashed, rough-bearded, in *carmagnole complète*: the first exploit is to prostrate what Royal or Ecclesiastical monument,

crucifix or the like, there may be : to plant a cannon at the steeple ; fetch down the bell without climbing for it, bell and belfry together. This, however, it is said, depends somewhat on the size of the town : if the town contains much population, and these perhaps of a dubious choleric aspect, the Revolutionary Army will do its work gently, by ladder and wrench ; nay perhaps will take its billet without work at all ; and, refreshing itself with a little liquor and sleep, pass on to the next stage.⁶ Pipe in cheek, sabre on thigh ; in Carmagnole complete !

Such things have been ; and may again be. Charles Second sent out his Highland Host over the Western Scotch Whigs : Jamaica Planters got Dogs from the Spanish Main to hunt their Maroons with : France too is bescoured with a Devil's Pack, the baying of which, at this distance of half a century, still sounds in the mind's ear.

CHAPTER V.

LIKE A THUNDER-CLOUD.

BUT the grand and indeed substantially primary and generic aspect of the Consummation of Terror remains still to be looked at ; nay blinkard History has for most part all but *overlooked* this aspect, the soul of the whole ; that which makes it terrible to the Enemies of France. Let Despotism and Cimmerian Coalitions consider. All French men and French things are in a State of Requisition ; Fourteen Armies are got on foot ; Patriotism, with all that it has of faculty in heart or in head, in soul or body or breeches-pocket, is rushing to the Frontiers, to prevail or die ! Busy sits Carnot, in *Salut Public* ; busy, for his share, in 'organising victory.' Not swifter pulses that Guillotine, in dread systole-diastole in the Place de la Révolution, than smites the Sword of Patriotism, smiting Cimmeria back to its own borders, from the sacred soil.

In fact, the Government is what we can call Revolutionary ; and some men are '*à la hauteur*,' on a level with the circumstances ; and others are not *à la hauteur*,—so much the worse for them. But the Anarchy, we may say, has *organised* itself : Society is literally overset ; its old forces working with mad activity, but in the inverse order ; destructive and self-destructive.

Curious to see how all still refers itself to some head and

⁶ *Deux Amis*, xii. 62-5.

Brum.] Nov.

fountain ; not even an Anarchy but must have a centre to revolve round. It is now some six months since the Committee of *Salut Public* came into existence ; some three months since Danton proposed that all power should be given it, and 'a sum of fifty millions,' and the 'Government be declared Revolutionary.' He himself, since that day, would take no hand in it, though again and again solicited ; but sits private in his place on the Mountain. Since that day, the Nine, or if they should even rise to Twelve, have become permanent, always reëlected when their term runs out ; *Salut Public, Sûreté Générale* have assumed their ulterior form and mode of operating.

Committee of Public Salvation, as supreme ; of General Surety, as subaltern : these, like a Lesser and Greater Council, most harmonious hitherto, have become the centre of all things. They ride this Whirlwind ; they, raised by force of circumstances, insensibly, very strangely, thither to that dread height ; —and guide it, and seem to guide it. Stranger set of Cloud-Compellers the Earth never saw. A Robespierre, a Billaud, a Collot, Couthon, Saint-Just ; not to mention still meaner Amars, Vadiers, in *Sûreté Générale* : these are your Cloud-Compellers. Small intellectual talent is necessary : indeed where among them, except in the head of Carnot, busied organising victory, would you find any ? The talent is one of instinct rather. It is that of divining aright what this great dumb Whirlwind wishes and wills ; that of willing, with more frenzy than any one, what all the world wills. To stand at no obstacles ; to heed no considerations, human or divine ; to know well that, of divine or human, there is one thing needful, Triumph of the Republic, Destruction of the Enemies of the Republic ! With this one spiritual endowment, and so few others, it is strange to see how a dumb inarticulately storming Whirlwind of things puts, as it were, its reins into your hand, and invites and compels you to be leader of it.

Hard by sits a Municipality of Paris ; all in red nightcaps since the fourth of November last : a set of men fully 'on a level with circumstances,' or even beyond it. Sleek Mayor Pache, studious to be safe in the middle ; Chaumettes, Héberts, Varlets, and Henriot their great Commandant ; not to speak of Vincent the War-clerk, of Momoros, Dobsents and suchlike : all intent to have Churches plundered, to have Reason adored, Suspects cut down, and the Revolution triumph. Perhaps

carrying the matter *too* far? Danton was heard to grumble at the civic strophes; and to recommend prose and decency. Robespierre also grumbles that, in overturning Superstition, we did not mean to make a religion of Atheism. In fact, your Chaumette and Company constitute a kind of Hyper-Jacobinism, or rabid 'Faction *des Enragés*;' which has given orthodox Patriotism some umbrage, of late months. To 'know a Suspect on the streets;' what is this but bringing the *Law of the Suspect* itself into ill odour? Men half-frantic, men zealous over-much,—they toil there, in their red nightcaps, restlessly, rapidly, accomplishing what of Life is allotted them.

And the Forty-four Thousand other Townships, each with Revolutionary Committee, based on Jacobin Daughter Society; enlightened by the spirit of Jacobinism; quickened by the Forty Sous a-day!—The French Constitution spurned always at anything like Two Chambers; and yet, behold, has it not verily got Two Chambers? National Convention, elected, for one; Mother of Patriotism, self-elected, for another! Mother of Patriotism has her Debates reported in the *Moniteur*, as important state-procedures; which indisputably they are. A Second Chamber of Legislature we call this Mother Society;—if perhaps it were not rather comparable to that old Scotch Body named *Lords of the Articles*, without whose origination, and signal given, the so-called Parliament could introduce no bill, could do no work? Robespierre himself, whose words are a law, opens his incorruptible lips copiously in the Jacobins Hall. Smaller Council of *Salut Public*, Greater Council of *Sûreté Générale*, all active Parties, come here to plead; to shape beforehand what decision they must arrive at, what destiny they have to expect. Now if a question arose, Which of those Two Chambers, Convention, or Lords of the Articles, was the *stronger*? Happily they as yet go hand in hand.

As for the National Convention, truly it has become a most composed Body. Quenched now the old effervescence; the Seventy-three locked in ward; once noisy Friends of the Girondins sunk all into silent men of the Plain, called even 'Frogs of the Marsh,' *Crapauds du Marais*! Addresses come, Revolutionary Church-plunder comes; Deputations, with prose or strophes: these the Convention receives. But beyond this, the Convention has one thing mainly to do: to listen what *Salut Public* proposes, and say, Yea.

Bazire followed by Chabot, with some impetuosity, declared, one morning, that this was not the way of a Free Assembly. "There ought to be an Opposition side, a *Côté Droit*," cried Chabot : "if none else will form it, I will. People say to me, You will all get guillotined in your turn, first you and Bazire, then Danton, then Robespierre himself."¹ So spake the Disfrocked, with a loud voice : next week, Bazire and he lie in the Abbaye ; wending, one may fear, towards Tinville and the Axe ; and 'people say to me'—what seems to be proving true ! Bazire's blood was all inflamed with Revolution Fever ; with coffee and spasmodic dreams.² Chabot, again, how happy with his rich Jew-Austrian wife, late Fräulein Frey ! But he lies in Prison ; and his two Jew-Austrian Brothers-in-Law, the Bankers Frey, lie with him ; waiting the urn of doom. Let a National Convention, therefore, take warning, and know its function. Let the Convention, all as one man, set its shoulder to the work ; not with bursts of Parliamentary eloquence, but in quite other and serviceabler ways !

Convention Commissioners, what we ought to call Representatives, '*Représentans* on mission,' fly, like the Herald Mercury, to all points of the Territory ; carrying your behests far and wide. In their 'round hat, plumed with tricolor feathers, 'girt with flowing tricolor taffeta ; in close frock, tricolor sash, 'sword and jack-boots,' these men are powerfuler than King or Kaiser. They say to whomso they meet, Do ; and he must do it : all men's goods are at their disposal ; for France is as one huge City in Siege. They smite with Requisitions and Forced-loan ; they have the power of life and death. Saint-Just and Lebas order the rich classes of Strasburg to 'strip-off their shoes,' and send them to the Armies, where as many as 'ten-thousand pairs' are needed. Also, that within four-and-twenty hours, 'a thousand beds' be got ready ;³ wrapt in matting, and sent under way. For the time presses !—Like swift bolts, issuing from the fuliginous Olympus of *Salut Public*, rush these men, oftenest in pairs ; scatter your thunder-orders over France ; make France one enormous Revolutionary thunder-cloud.

¹ *Débats*, du 10 Novembre 1793.

² *Dictionnaire des Hommes Marquans*, i 115.

³ *Moniteur*, du 27 Novembre 1793.

CHAPTER VI.

DO THY DUTY.

ACCORDINGLY, alongside of these bonfires of Church-balustrades, and sounds of fusillading and noyading, there rise quite another sort of fires and sounds: Smithy-fires and Proof-volleys for the manufacture of arms.

Cut off from Sweden and the world, the Republic must learn to make steel for itself; and, by aid of Chemists, she has learnt it. Towns that knew only iron, now know steel: from their new dungeons at Chantilly, Aristocrats may hear the rustle of our new steel furnace there. Do not bells transmute themselves into cannon; iron stancheons into the white-weapon (*arme blanche*), by sword-cutlery? The wheels of Langres scream, amid their sputtering fire-halo; grinding mere swords. The stithies of Charleville ring with gun-making. What say we, Charleville? Two-hundred and fifty-eight Forges stand in the open spaces of Paris itself; a hundred and forty of them in the Esplanade of the Invalides, fifty-four in the Luxembourg Garden: so many Forges stand; grim Smiths beating and forging at lock and barrel there. The Clockmakers have come, requisitioned, to do the touch-holes, the hard-solder and file-work. Five great Barges swing at anchor on the Seine Stream, loud with boring; the great press-drills grating harsh thunder to the general ear and heart. And deft Stock-makers do gouge and rasp; and all men bestir themselves, according to their cunning:—in the language of hope, it is reckoned that ‘a thousand finished muskets can be delivered daily.’¹ Chemists of the Republic have taught us miracles of swift tanning:² the cordwainer bores and stitches;—*not* of ‘wood and pasteboard,’ or he shall answer it to Tinville! The women sew tents and coats, the children scrape surgeon’s-lint, the old men sit in the market-places; able men are on march; all men in requisition: from Town to Town flutters, on the Heaven’s winds, this Banner, THE FRENCH PEOPLE RISEN AGAINST TYRANTS.

All which is well. But now arises the question: What is to be done for saltpetre? Interrupted Commerce and the English Navy shut us out from saltpetre; and without saltpetre there is no gunpowder. Republican Science again sits

¹ *Choix des Rapports*, xiii. 189.

² *Ibid.* xv. 36c.

Year 2] 1793-4.

meditative ; discovers that saltpetre exists here and there, though in attenuated quantity ; that old plaster of walls holds a sprinkling of it ;—that the earth of the Paris Cellars holds a sprinkling of it, diffused through the common rubbish ; that were these dug up and washed, saltpetre might be had. Whereupon, swiftly, see ! the Citoyens, with up-shoved *bonnet rouge*, or with doffed bonnet, and hair toil-wetted ; digging fiercely, each in his own cellar, for saltpetre. The Earth-heap rises at every door ; the Citoyennes with hod and bucket carrying it up ; the Citoyens, pith in every muscle, shovelling and digging : for life and saltpetre. Dig, my *braves* ; and right well speed ye ! What of saltpetre is essential the Republic shall not want.

Consummation of Sansculottism has many aspects and tints : but the brightest tint, really of a solar or stellar brightness, is this which the Armies give it. That same fervour of Jacobinism, which internally fills France with hatreds, suspicions, scaffolds and Reason-worship, does, on the Frontiers, show itself as a glorious *Pro patria mori*. Ever since Dumouriez's defection, three Convention Representatives attend every General. Committee of *Salut* has sent them ; often with this Laconic order only : "Do thy duty, *Fais ton devoir*." It is strange, under what impediments the fire of Jacobinism, like other such fires, will burn. These Soldiers have shoes of wood and pasteboard, or go booted in hay-ropes, in dead of winter ; they skewer a bast mat round their shoulders, and are destitute of most things. What then ? It is for Rights of Frenchhood, of Manhood, that they fight : the unquenchable spirit, here as elsewhere, works miracles. "With steel and bread," says the Convention Representative, "one may get to China." The Generals go fast to the guillotine ; justly and unjustly. From which what inference ? This, among others : That ill-success is death ; that in victory alone is life ! To conquer or die is no theatrical palabra, in these circumstances, but a practical truth and necessity. All Girondism, Halfness, Compromise is swept away. Forward, ye Soldiers of the Republic, captain and man ! Dash, with your Gaelic impetuosity, on Austria, England, Prussia, Spain, Sardinia ; Pitt, Cobourg, York, and the Devil and the World ! Behind us is but the Guillotine ; before us is Victory, Apotheosis and Millennium without end !

See, accordingly, on all Frontiers, how the Sons of Night, astonished after short triumph, do recoil;—the Sons of the Republic flying at them, with wild *Ça-ira* or Marseillaise *Aux armes*, with the temper of cat-o'-mountain, or demon incarnate; which no Son of Night can stand! Spain, which came bursting through the Pyrenees, rustling with Bourbon banners, and went conquering here and there for a season, falters at such cat-o'-mountain welcome; draws itself in again; too happy now were the Pyrenees impassable. Not only does Dugommier, conqueror of Toulon, drive Spain back; he invades Spain. General Dugommier invades it by the Eastern Pyrenees; General Müller shall invade it by the Western. *Shall*, that is the word: Committee of *Salut Public* has said it; Representative Cavaignac, on mission there, must see it done. Impossible! cries Müller. —Infallible! answers Cavaignac. Difficulty, impossibility, is to no purpose. "The Committee is deaf on that side of its head," answers Cavaignac, "*n'entend pas de cette oreille là*." How many wantest thou of men, of horses, cannons? Thou shalt have them. Conquerors, conquered or hanged, forward we must."³ Which things also, even as the Representatives spake them, were *done*. The Spring of the new Year sees Spain invaded: and redoubts are carried, and Passes and Heights of the most scarp'd description; Spanish Field-officerism struck mute at such cat-o'-mountain spirit, the cannon forgetting to fire.⁴ Swept are the Pyrenees; Town after Town flies open, burst by terror or the petard. In the course of another year, Spain will crave Peace; acknowledge its sins and the Republic; nay, in Madrid, there will be joy as for a victory, that even Peace is got.

Few things, we repeat, can be notabler than these Convention Representatives, with their power more than kingly. Nay at bottom are they not Kings, *Able-men*, of a sort; chosen from the Seven-hundred and Forty-nine French Kings; with this order, Do thy duty? Representative Levasseur, of small stature, by trade a mere pacific Surgeon-Accoucheur, has mutinies to quell; mad hosts (mad at the Doom of Custine) bellowing

³ There is, in *Prudhomme*, an atrocity *à la* Captain-Kirk reported of this Cavaignac; which has been copied into Dictionaries of *Hommes Marquans*, of *Biographie Universelle*, &c.; which not only has no truth in it, but, much more singular, is still capable of being proved to have none.

⁴ *Deux Amis*, xiii. 205-30; Toulougeon, &c.

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far and wide ; he alone amid them, the one small Representative,—small, but as hard as flint, which also carries *fire* in it ! So too, at Hondschooten, far in the afternoon, he declares that the Battle is not lost ; that it must be gained ; and fights, himself, with his own obstetric hand ;—horse shot under him, or say on foot, ‘up to the haunches in tide-water ;’ cutting stoccado and passado there, in defiance of Water, Earth, Air and Fire, the choleric little Representative that he was ! Whereby, as natural, Royal Highness of York had to withdraw,—occasionally at full gallop ; like to be swallowed by the tide : and his Siege of Dunkirk became a dream, realising only much loss of beautiful siege-artillery and of brave lives.⁵

General Houchard, it would appear, stood behind a hedge on this Hondschooten occasion ; wherefore they have since guillotined him. A new General Jourdan, late Sergeant Jourdan, commands in his stead : he, in long-winded Battles of Watigny, ‘murderous artillery-fire mingling itself with sound of Revolutionary battle-hymns,’ forces Austria behind the Sambre again ; has hopes of purging the soil of Liberty. With hard wrestling, with artillerying and *ça-ira-ing*, it shall be done. In the course of a new Summer, Valenciennes will see itself beleagured ; Condé beleagured ; whatsoever is yet in the hands of Austria beleagured and bombarded : nay, by Convention Decree, we even summon them *all* ‘either to surrender in twenty-four hours, or else be put to the sword ;’—a high saying, which, though it remains unfulfilled, may show what spirit one is of.

Representative Drouet, as an Old-dragon, could fight by a kind of second nature : but he was unlucky. Him, in a night-foray at Maubeuge, the Austrians took alive, in October last. They stript him almost naked, he says ; making a show of him, as King-taker of Varennes. They flung him into carts ; sent him far into the interior of Cimmeria, to ‘a Fortress called Spitzberg’ on the Danube River ; and left him there, at an elevation of perhaps a hundred and fifty feet, to his own bitter reflections. Reflections ; and also devices ! For the indomitable Old-dragon constructs wing-machinery, of Paperkite ; saws window-bars ; determines to fly down. He will seize a boat, will follow the River’s course ; land somewhere in Crim Tartary, in the Black-Sea or Constantinople region : *à la Sindbad* ! Authentic History, accordingly, looking far into Cimmeria,

⁵ Levasscur, *Mémoires*, ii. c. 2-7.

discerns dimly a phenomenon. In the dead night-watches, the Spitzberg sentry is near fainting with terror :—Is it a huge vague Portent descending through the night-air? It is a huge National Representative Old-dragoon, descending by Paper-kite ; too rapidly, alas ! For Drouet had taken with him ‘ a small provision-store, twenty pounds weight or thereby ;’ which proved accelerative : so he fell, fracturing his leg ; and lay there, moaning, till day dawned, till you could discern clearly that he was not a Portent but a Representative.⁶

Or see Saint-Just, in the Lines of Weissembourg, though physically of a timid apprehensive nature, how he charges with his ‘ Alsatian Peasants armed hastily’ for the nonce ; the solemn face of him blazing into flame ; his black hair and tricolor hat-taffeta flowing in the breeze ! These our Lines of Weissembourg were indeed forced, and Prussia and the Emigrants rolled through : but we *re-force* the Lines of Weissembourg ; and Prussia and the Emigrants roll back again still faster,—hurled with bayonet-charges and fiery *ça-ira*-ing.

Ci-devant Sergeant Pichegru, *ci-devant* Sergeant Hoche, risen now to be Generals, have done wonders here. Tall Pichegru was meant for the Church ; was Teacher of Mathematics once, in Brienne School,—his remarkablest Pupil there was the Boy Napoleon Buonaparte. He then, not in the sweetest humour, enlisted, exchanging ferula for musket ; and had got the length of the halberd, beyond which nothing could be hoped ; when the Bastille barriers falling made passage for him, and he is here. Hoche bore a hand at the literal overturn of the Bastille ; he was, as we saw, a Sergeant of the *Gardes Françaises*, spending his pay in rushlights and cheap editions of books. How the Mountains are burst, and many an Enceladus is disimprisoned ; and Captains founding on Four parchments of Nobility are blown with their parchments across the Rhine, into Lunar Limbo !

What high feats of arms, therefore, were done in these Fourteen Armies ; and how, for love of Liberty and hope of Promotion, lowborn valour cut its desperate way to Generalship ; and, from the central Carnot in *Salut Public* to the outmost drummer on the Frontiers, men strove for their Republic, let Readers fancy. The snows of Winter, the flowers of Summer continue

⁶ His Narrative (in *Deux Amis*, xiv. 177-86).

Prairial 13] June 1st.

to be stained with warlike blood. Gaelic impetuosity mounts ever higher with victory; spirit of Jacobinism weds itself to national vanity: the Soldiers of the Republic are becoming, as we prophesied, very Sons of Fire. Barefooted, barebacked: but with bread and iron you can get to China! It is one Nation against the whole world; but the Nation has that within her which the whole world will not conquer. Cimmeria, astonished, recoils faster or slower; all round the Republic there rises fiery, as it were, a magic ring of musket-volleying and *ça-ira-ing*. Majesty of Prussia, as Majesty of Spain, will by and by acknowledge his sins and the Republic; and make a Peace of Bâle.

Foreign Commerce, Colonies, Factories in the East and in the West, are fallen or falling into the hands of sea-ruling Pitt, enemy of human nature. Nevertheless what sound is this that we hear, on the first of June 1794; sound as of war-thunder borne from the Ocean too, of tone most piercing? War-thunder from off the Brest waters: Villaret-Joyeuse and English Howe, after long manœuvring, have ranked themselves there; and are belching fire. The enemies of human nature are on their own element; cannot be conquered; cannot be kept from conquering. Twelve hours of raging cannonade; sun now sinking westward through the battle-smoke: six French Ships taken, the Battle lost; what Ship soever can still sail, making off! But how is it, then, with that *Vengeur* Ship, she neither strikes nor makes off? She is lamed, she cannot make off; strike she will not. Fire rakes her fore and aft from victorious enemies; the *Vengeur* is sinking. Strong are ye, Tyrants of the sea; yet we also, are we weak? Lo! all flags, streamers, jacks, every rag of tricolor that will yet run on rope, fly rustling aloft: the whole crew crowds to the upper deck; and with universal soul-maddening yell, shouts *Vive la République*,—sinking, sinking. She staggers, she lurches, her last drunk whirl; Ocean yawns abysmal: down rushes the *Vengeur*, carrying *Vive la République* along with her, unconquerable, into Eternity.⁷ Let foreign Despots think of that. There is an Unconquerable in man, when he stands on his Rights of Man: let Despots and Slaves and all people know this, and only them that stand on the Wrongs of Man tremble to know it.—So has History written, nothing doubting, of the sunk *Vengeur*.

⁷ Compare Barrère (*Choix des Rapports*, xvi. 416-21); Lord Howe (*Annual Register of 1794*, p. 86), &c.

—— Reader! Mendez Pinto, Münchhausen, Cagliostro, Psalmanazar have been great; but they are not the greatest. O Barrère, Barrère, Anacreon of the Guillotine! must inquisitive pictorial History, in a new edition, ask again, 'How *is* it with the *Vengeur*,' in this its glorious suicidal sinking; and, with resentful brush, dash a bend-sinister of contumelious lamp-black through thee and it? Alas, alas! The *Vengeur*, after fighting bravely, did sink altogether as other ships do, her captain and above two-hundred of her crew escaping gladly in British boats; and this same enormous inspiring Feat, and rumour 'of sound most piercing,' turns out to be an enormous inspiring Non-entity, extant nowhere save, as falsehood, in the brain of Barrère! Actually so.⁸ Founded, like the World itself, on *Nothing*; proved by Convention Report, by solemn Convention Decree and Decrees, and wooden '*Model of the Vengeur*,' believed, bewept, besung by the whole French People to this hour, it may be regarded as Barrère's masterpiece; the largest, most inspiring piece of *blague* manufactured, for some centuries, by any man or nation. As such, and not otherwise, be it henceforth memorable.

CHAPTER VII.

FLAME-PICTURE.

IN this manner, mad-blazing with flame of all imaginable tints, from the red of Tophet to the stellar-bright, blazes off this Consummation of Sansculottism.

But the hundredth part of the things that were done, and the thousandth part of the things that were projected and decreed to be done, would tire the tongue of History. Statue of the *Peuple Souverain*, high as Strasburg Steeple; which shall fling its shadow from the Pont Neuf over Jardin National and Convention Hall;—enormous, in Painter David's Head! With other the like enormous Statues not a few: realised in paper Decree. For, indeed, the Statue of Liberty herself is still but Plaster, in the Place de la Révolution. Then Equalisation of Weights and Measures, with decimal division; Institutions, of Music and of much else; Institute in general; School of Arts, School of Mars, *Elèves de la Patrie*, Normal Schools: amid

⁸ Carlyle's *Miscellanies*, § Sinking of the *Vengeur*.

Messidor 3] June 26th.

such Gun-boring, Altar-burning, Saltpetre-digging, and miraculous improvements in Tannery!

What, for example, is this that Engineer Chappe is doing, in the Park of Vincennes? In the Park of Vincennes; and onwards, they say, in the Park of Lepelletier Saint-Fargeau the assassinated Deputy; and still onwards to the Heights of Ecouen and farther, he has scaffolding set up, has posts driven in; wooden arms with elbow-joints are jerking and fugling in the air, in the most rapid mysterious manner! Citoyens ran up, suspicious. Yes, O Citoyens, we are signalling: it is a device this, worthy of the Republic; a thing for what we will call *Far-writing* without the aid of post-bags; in Greek it shall be named Telegraph.—*Télégraphe sacré!* answers Citoyenism: For writing to Traitors, to Austria?—and tears it down. Chappe had to escape, and get a new Legislative Decree. Nevertheless he has accomplished it, the indefatigable Chappe: this his *Far-writer*, with its wooden arms and elbow-joints, can intelligibly signal; and lines of them are set up, to the North Frontiers and elsewhither. On an Autumn evening of the Year Two, Far-writer having just written that Condé Town has surrendered to us, we send from the Tuileries Convention-Hall this response in the shape of Decree: 'The name of Condé is changed to *Nord-Libre*, North-Free. The Army of the North ceases not 'to merit well of the country.'—To the admiration of men! For lo, in some half hour, while the Convention yet debates, there arrives this new answer: 'I inform thee, *je t'annonce*, Citizen 'President, that the Decree of Convention, ordering change of 'the name Condé into *North-Free*; and the other, declaring 'that the Army of the North ceases not to merit well of the 'country, are transmitted and acknowledged by Telegraph. I 'have instructed my Officer at Lille to forward them to North-'Free by express. *Signed, CHAPPE.*'¹

Or see, over Fleurus in the Netherlands, where General Jourdan, having now swept the soil of Liberty, and advanced thus far, is just about to fight, and sweep or be swept, hangs there not in the Heaven's Vault some Prodigy, seen by Austrian eyes and spy-glasses: in the similitude of an enormous Wind-bag, with netting and enormous Saucer depending from it? A Jove's Balance, O ye Austrian spy-glasses? One saucer-scale of a Jove's Balance; *your* poor Austrian scale having kicked

¹ *Choix des Rapports*, xv. 378. 384.

itself quite aloft, out of sight? By Heaven, answer the spy-glasses, it is a Montgolfier, a Balloon, and they are making signals! Austrian cannon-battery barks at this Montgolfier; harmless as dog at the Moon: the Montgolfier makes its signals; detects what Austrian ambuscade there may be, and descends at its ease.²—What will not these devils incarnate contrive?

On the whole, is it not, O Reader, one of the strangest Flame-Pictures that ever painted itself; flaming off there, on its ground of Guillotine-black? And the nightly Theatres are Twenty-three; and the *Salons de danse* are Sixty; full of mere *Egalité*, *Fraternité* and *Carmagnole*. And Section Committee-rooms are Forty-eight; redolent of tobacco and brandy: vigorous with twenty-pence a-day, coercing the Suspect. And the Houses of Arrest are Twelve, for Paris alone; crowded and even crammed. And at all turns, you need your 'Certificate of Civism;' be it for going out, or for coming in; nay without it you cannot, for money, get your daily ounces of bread. Dusky red-capped Bakers'-queues; wagging themselves; not in silence! For we still live by Maximum, in all things; waited on by these two, Scarcity and Confusion. The faces of men are darkened with suspicion; with suspecting, or being suspect. The streets lie unswept; the ways unmended. Law has shut her Books; speaks little, save impromptu, through the throat of Tinville. Crimes go unpunished; not crimes against the Revolution.³ 'The number of foundling children,' as some compute, 'is doubled.'

How silent now sits Royalism; sits all Aristocratism; Respectability that kept its Gig! The honour now, and the safety, is to Poverty, not to Wealth. Your Citizen, who would be fashionable, walks abroad, with his Wife on his arm, in red-wool nightcap, black-shag spencer, and carmagnole complete. Aristocratism crouches low, in what shelter is still left; submitting to all requisitions, vexations; too happy to escape with life. Ghastly châteaux stare on you by the wayside; disroofed, diswindowed; which the National Housebroker is peeling for the lead and ashlar. The old tenants hover disconsolate, over the Rhine with Condé; a spectacle to men. *Ci-devant* Seigneur, exquisite in palate, will become an exquisite Restaurateur Cook in Hamburg; *Ci-devant* Madame, exquisite in dress, a success-

² 26th June 1794 (see *Rapport de Guyton-Morveau sur les Aérostats*, in *Mémiteur* du 6 Vendémiaire, An 2).

³ Mercier, v. 25; *Deux Amis*, xii. 142-199.

ful *Marchande des Modes* in London. In Newgate-Street, you meet M. le Marquis, with a rough deal on his shoulder, adze and jack-plane under arm; he has taken to the joiner trade; it being necessary to live (*faut vivre*).⁴—Higher than all Frenchmen the domestic Stock-jobber flourishes,—in a day of Paper-money. The Farmer also flourishes: ‘Farmers’ houses,’ says Mercier, ‘have become like Pawnbrokers’ shops;’ all manner of furniture, apparel, vessels of gold and silver accumulate themselves there: bread is precious. The Farmer’s rent is Paper-money, and he alone of men has bread: Farmer is better than Landlord, and will himself become Landlord.

And daily, we say, like a black Spectre, silently through that Life-tumult, passes the Revolution Cart; writing on the walls its MENE, MENE, *Thou art weighed, and found wanting!* A Spectre with which one has grown familiar. Men have adjusted themselves: complaint issues not from that Death-tumbril. Weak women and *ci-devants*, their plumage and finery all tarnished, sit there; with a silent gaze, as if looking into the Infinite Black. The once light lip wears a curl of irony, uttering no word; and the Tumbril fares along. They may be guilty before Heaven, or not; they are guilty, we suppose, before the Revolution. Then, does not the Republic ‘coin money’ of them, with its great axe? Red Nightcaps howl dire approval: the rest of Paris looks on; if with a sigh, that is much: Fellow-creatures whom sighing cannot help; whom black Necessity and Tinville have clutched.

One other thing, or rather two other things, we will still mention; and no more: The Blond Perukes; the Tannery at Meudon. Great talk is of these *Perruques blondes*: O Reader, they are made from the Heads of Guillotined women! The locks of a Duchess, in this way, may come to cover the scalp of a Cordwainer; her blonde German Frankism his black Gaelic poll, if it be bald. Or they may be worn affectionately, as relics; rendering one suspect?⁵ Citizens use them, not without mockery; of a rather cannibal sort.

Still deeper into one’s heart goes that Tannery at Meudon; not mentioned among the other miracles of tanning! ‘At Meudon,’ says Montgaillard with considerable calmness, ‘there

⁴ See *Deux Amis*, xv. 189-192; *Mémoires de Genlis; Founders of the French Republic*, &c. &c.

⁵ Mercier, ii. 134.

' was a Tannery of Human Skins ; such of the Guillotined as ' seemed worth flaying : of which perfectly good wash-leather ' was made ;' for breeches, and other uses. The skin of the men, he remarks, was superior in toughness (*consistance*) and quality to shamoy ; that of the women was good for almost nothing, being so soft in texture !⁶—History looking back over Cannibalism, through *Purchas's Pilgrims* and all early and late Records, will perhaps find no terrestrial Cannibalism of a sort, on the whole, so detestable. It is a manufactured, soft-feeling, quietly elegant sort ; a sort *perfidie* ! Alas, then, is man's civilisation only a wrappage, through which the savage nature of him can still burst, infernal as ever ? Nature still makes him ; and has an Infernal in her as well as a Celestial.

⁶ Montgaillard, iv. 290.

BOOK SIXTH.

THERMIDOR.

CHAPTER I.

THE GODS ARE ATHIRST.

WHAT, then, is this Thing called *La Révolution*, which, like an Angel of Death, hangs over France, noyading, fusillading, fighting, gun-boring, tanning human skins? *La Révolution* is but so many Alphabetic Letters; a thing nowhere to be laid hands on, to be clapt under lock and key: where is it? what is it? It is the Madness that dwells in the hearts of men. In this man it is, and in that man; as a rage or as a terror, it is in all men. Invisible, impalpable; and yet no black Azrael, with wings spread over half a continent, with sword sweeping from sea to sea, could be a truer Reality.

To explain, what is called explaining, the march of this Revolutionary Government, be no task of ours. Man cannot explain it. A paralytic Couthon, asking in the Jacobins, 'What hast thou done to be hanged if Counter-Revolution should arrive?' a sombre Saint-Just, not yet six-and-twenty, declaring that 'for Revolutionists there is no rest but in the tomb;' a seagreen Robespierre converted into vinegar and gall; much more an Amar and Vadier, a Collot and Billaud: to inquire what thoughts, predetermination or prevision, might be in the head of these men! Record of their thought remains not; Death and Darkness have swept it out utterly. Nay, if we even had their thought, all that they could have articulately spoken to us, how insignificant a fraction were that of the Thing which realised itself, which decreed itself, on signal given by them! As has been said more than once, this Revolutionary Government

is not a self-conscious but a blind fatal one. Each man, enveloped in his ambient-atmosphere of revolutionary fanatic Madness, rushes on, impelled and impelling; and has become a blind brute Force; no rest for him but in the grave! Darkness and the mystery of horrid cruelty cover it for us, in History; as they did in Nature. The chaotic Thunder-cloud, with its pitchy black, and its tumult of dazzling jagged fire, in a world all electric: thou wilt not undertake to show how that comported itself,—what the secrets of its dark womb were; from what sources, with what specialties, the lightning it held did, in confused brightness of terror, strike forth, destructive and self-destructive, till it ended? Like a Blackness naturally of Erebus, which by will of Providence had for once mounted itself into dominion and the Azure: is not this properly the nature of Sansculottism consummating itself? Of which Erebus Blackness be it enough to discern that this and the other dazzling fire-bolt, dazzling fire-torrent, does by small Volition and great Necessity, verily issue,—in such and such succession; destructive so and so, self-destructive so and so: till it end.

Royalism is extinct; 'sunk,' as they say, 'in the mud of the Loire;' Republicanism dominates without and within: what, therefore, on the 15th day of March 1794, is this? Arrestment, sudden really as a bolt out of the Blue, has hit strange victims: Hébert *Père Duchesne*, Biblioplist Momoro, Clerk Vincent, General Ronsin; high Cordelier Patriots, red-capped Magistrates of Paris, Worshipers of Reason, Commanders of Revolutionary Army! Eight short days ago, their Cordelier Club was loud, and louder than ever, with Patriot denunciations. Hébert *Père Duchesne* had "held his tongue and his heart these " two months, at sight of Moderates, Crypto-Aristocrats, Camilles, *Scélérats* in the Convention itself: but could not do it " any longer; would, if other remedy were not, invoke the sacred " right of Insurrection." So spake Hébert in Cordelier Session; with vivats, till the roofs rang again.¹ Eight short days ago; and now already! They rub their eyes: it is no dream; they find themselves in the Luxembourg. Goose Gobel too; and they that burnt Churches! Chaumette himself, potent Procureur, *Agent National* as they now call it, who could 'recognise the Suspect by the very face of them,' he lingers but three days;

¹ *Moniteur*, du 17 Ventose (7th March) 1794.

Ventose] March,

on the third day he too is hurled in. Most chopfallen, blue, enters the National Agent this Limbo whither he has sent so many. Prisoners crowd round, jibing and jeering ; " Sublime " National Agent," says one, " in virtue of thy immortal Proclamation, lo there ! I am suspect, thou art suspect, he is suspect, we are suspect, ye are suspect, they are suspect ! "

The meaning of these things ? Meaning ! It is a Plot ; Plot of the most extensive ramifications ; which, however, Barrère holds the threads of. Such Church-burning and scandalous masquerades of Atheism, fit to make the Revolution odious : where indeed could they originate but in the gold of Pitt ? Pitt indubitably, as Preternatural Insight will teach one, did hire this Faction of *Enragés*, to play their fantastic tricks ; to roar in their Cordeliers Club about Moderatism ; to print their *Père Duchesne* ; worship skyblue Reason in red nightcap ; rob Altars, —and bring the spoil to *us* !

Still more indubitable, visible to the mere bodily sight, is this : that the Cordeliers Club sits pale, with anger and terror ; and has ' veiled the Rights of Man,' —without effect. Likewise that the Jacobins are in considerable confusion ; busy ' purging themselves, *s'épurant*,' as in times of Plot and public Calamity they have repeatedly had to do. Not even Camille Desmoulins but has given offence : nay there have risen murmurs against Danton himself ; though he bellowed them down, and Robespierre finished the matter by ' embracing him in the Tribune.'

Whom shall the Republic and a jealous Mother Society trust ? In these times of temptation, of Preternatural Insight ! For there are Factions of the Stranger, '*de l'étranger*,' Factions of Moderates, of Enraged ; all manner of Factions : we walk in a world of Plots ; strings universally spread, of deadly gins and falltraps, baited by the gold of Pitt ! Clootz, Speaker of Mankind so-called, with his *Evidences of Mahometan Religion*, and babble of Universal Republic, him an incorruptible Robespierre has purged away. Baron Clootz, and Paine rebellious Needleman lie, these two months, in the Luxembourg ; limbs of the Faction *de l'étranger*. Representative Phélippeaux is purged out : he came back from La Vendée with an ill report in his mouth against rogue Rossignol, and our method of warfare there. Recant it, O Phélippeaux, we entreat thee ! Phélippeaux will not recant ; and is purged out. Representative Fabre d'Églantine, famed Nomenclator of Romme's Calendar, is purged

out ; nay, is cast into the Luxembourg : accused of Legislative Swindling 'in regard to moneys of the India Company.' There with his Chabots, Bazires, guilty of the like, let Fabre wait his destiny. And Westermann friend of Danton, he who led the Marseillaise on the Tenth of August, and fought well in La Vendée, but spoke not well of rogue Rossignol, is purged out. Lucky, if he too go not to the Luxembourg. And your Prolys, Guzmans, of the Faction of the Stranger, they have gone ; Percyra, though he fled, is gone, 'taken in the disguise of a Tavern Cook.' I am suspect, thou art suspect, he is suspect !—

The great heart of Danton is weary of it. Danton is gone to native Arcis, for a little breathing-time of peace : Away, black Arachne-webs, thou world of Fury, Terror and Suspicion ; welcome, thou everlasting Mother, with thy spring greenness, thy kind household loves and memories ; true art thou, were all else untrue ! The great Titan walks silent, by the banks of the murmuring Aube, in young native haunts that knew him when a boy ; wonders what the end of these things may be.

But strangest of all, Camille Desmoulins is purged out. Couthon gave as a test in regard to Jacobin purgation the question, 'What hast thou done to be hanged if Counter-Revolution should arrive?' Yet Camille, who could so well answer this question, is purged out ! The truth is, Camille, early in December last, began publishing a new Journal, or Series of Pamphlets, entitled the *Vieux Cordelier*, Old Cordelier. Camille, not afraid at one time to 'embrace Liberty on a heap of dead bodies,' begins to ask now, Whether among so many arresting and punishing Committees, there ought not to be a 'Committee of Mercy' ? Saint-Just, he observes, is an extremely solemn young Republican, who 'carries his head as if it were a *Saint-Sacrement*,' adorable Hostie, or divine Real-Presence ! Sharply enough, this *old* Cordelier,—Danton and he were of the earliest primary Cordeliers,—shoots his glittering war-shatts into your *new* Cordeliers, your Héberts, Momoros, with their brawling brutalities and despicabilities ; say, as the Sun-god (for poor Camille is a Poet) shot into that Python Serpent sprung of mud.

Whereat, as was natural, the Hébertist Python did hiss and writhe amazingly ; and threaten 'sacred right or Insurrection ;'—and, as we saw, get cast into Prison. Nay, with all the old wit, dexterity and light graceful poignancy, Camille, translating

Germ. 4] March 24th.

'out of *Tacitus*, from the Reign of Tiberius,' pricks into the *Law of the Suspect* itself; making it odious! Twice, in the Decade, his wild Leaves issue; full of wit, nay of humour, of harmonious ingenuity and insight,—one of the strangest phenomena of that dark time; and smite, in their wild-sparkling way, at various monstrosities, Saint-Sacrament heads, and Juggernaut idols, in a rather reckless manner. To the great joy of Josephine Beauharnais, and the other Five-thousand and odd Suspect, who fill the Twelve Houses of Arrest; on whom a ray of hope dawns! Robespierre, at first approbatory, knew not at last what to think; then thought, with his Jacobins, that Camille must be expelled. A man of true Revolutionary spirit, this Camille; but with the unwisest sallies; whom Aristocrats and Moderates have the art to corrupt! Jacobinism is in uttermost crisis and struggle; enmeshed wholly in plots, corruptibilities, neck-gins and baited falltraps of Pitt *ennemi du genre humain*. Camille's First Number begins with '*O Pitt!*'—his last is dated 15 Pluviose Year 2, 3d February 1794; and ends with these words of Montezuma's, '*Les dieux ont soif*, The gods are athirst.'

Be this as it may, the Hébertists lie in Prison only some nine days. On the 24th of March, therefore, the Revolution Tumbrils carry through that Life-tumult a new cargo: Hébert, Vincent, Momoro, Ronsin, Nineteen of them in all; with whom, curious enough, sits Cloutz Speaker of Mankind. They have been massed swiftly into a lump, this miscellany of Non-descripts; and travel now their last road. No help. They too must 'look through the little window;' they too 'must sneeze into the sack,' *éternuer dans le sac*; as they have done to others, so is it done to them. *Sainte-Guillotine*, meseems, is worse than the old Saints of Superstition; a man-devouring Saint? Cloutz, still with an air of polished sarcasm, endeavours to jest, to offer cheering 'arguments of Materialism;' he requested to be executed last, 'in order to establish certain principles,'—which hitherto, I think, Philosophy has got no good of. General Ronsin too, he still looks forth with some air of defiance, eye of command: the rest are sunk in a stony paleness of despair. Momoro, poor Bibliopolist, no Agrarian Law yet realised,—they might as well have hanged thee at Evreux, twenty months ago, when Girondin Buzot hindered them. Hébert *Père Duchesne* shall never in this world rise in sacred right of insurrection; he

sits there low enough, head sunk on breast ; Red Nightcaps shouting round him, in frightful parody of his Newspaper Articles, "Grand choler of the Père Duchesne !" Thus perish they ; the sack receives all their heads. Through some section of History, Nineteen spectre-chimeras shall flit, squeaking and gibbering ; till Oblivion swallow them.

In the course of a week, the Revolutionary Army itself is disbanded ; the General having become spectral. This Faction of Rabids, therefore, is also purged from the Republican soil ; here also the baited falltraps of that Pitt have been wrenched up harmless ; and anew there is joy over a Plot Discovered. The Revolution, then, is verily devouring its own children ? All Anarchy, by the nature of it, is not only destructive but self-destructive.

CHAPTER II.

DANTON, NO WEAKNESS.

DANTON meanwhile has been pressingly sent for from Arcis : he must return instantly, cried Camille, cried Phélippeaux and Friends, who scented danger in the wind. Danger enough ! A Danton, a Robespierre, chief-products of a victorious Revolution, are now arrived in immediate front of one another ; must ascertain how they will live together, rule together. One conceives easily the deep mutual incompatibility that divided these two : with what terror of feminine hatred the poor seagreen Formula looked at the monstrous colossal Reality, and grew greener to behold him ;—the Reality, again, struggling to think no ill of a chief-product of the Revolution ; yet feeling at bottom that such chief-product was little other than a chief windbag, blown large by Popular air ; not a man, with the heart of a man, but a poor spasmodic incorruptible pedant, with a logic-formula instead of heart ; of Jesuit or Methodist-Parson nature ; full of sincere-cant, incorruptibility, of virulence, poltroonery ; barren as the eastwind ! Two such chief-products are too much for one Revolution.

Friends, trembling at the results of a quarrel on their part, brought them to meet. "It is right," said Danton, swallowing much indignation, "to repress the Royalists : but we should not strike except where it is useful to the Republic ; we should not confound the innocent and the guilty."—"And who told you,"

Germ. II.] March 31st.

replied Robespierre with a poisonous look, "that one innocent person had perished?"—"Quoi," said Danton, turning round to Friend Pâris self-named Fabricius, Jurymen in the Revolutionary Tribunal: "Quoi, not one innocent? What sayest thou of it, Fabricius?"¹—Friends, Westermann, this Pâris and others urged him to show himself, to ascend the Tribune and act. The man Danton was not prone to show himself; to act, or uproar for his own safety. A man of careless, large, hoping nature; a large nature that could rest: he would sit whole hours, they say, hearing Camille talk, and liked nothing so well. Friends urged him to fly; his Wife urged him: "Whither fly?" answered he: "If freed France cast me out, there are only dungeons for me elsewhere. One carries not his country with him at the sole of his shoe!" The man Danton sat still. Not even the arrestment of Friend Hérault, a member of *Salut*, yet arrested by *Salut*, can rouse Danton.—On the night of the 30th of March Jurymen Pâris came rushing in; haste looking through his eyes: A clerk of the *Salut* Committee had told him Danton's warrant was made out, he is to be arrested this very night! Entreaties there are and trepidation, of poor Wife, of Pâris and Friends: Danton sat silent for a while; then answered, "*Ils n'oseraient*, They dare not;" and would take no measures. Murmuring "They dare not," he goes to sleep as usual.

And yet, on the morrow morning, strange rumour spreads over Paris City: Danton, Camille, Phélippeaux, Lacroix have been arrested overnight! It is verily so: the corridors of the Luxembourg were all crowded, Prisoners crowding forth to see this giant of the Revolution enter among them. "Messieurs," said Danton politely, "I hoped soon to have got you all out of this: but here I am myself; and one sees not where it will end."—Rumour may spread over Paris: the Convention clusters itself into groups; wide-eyed, whispering "Danton arrested!" Who, then, is safe? Legendre, mounting the Tribune, utters, at his own peril, a feeble word for him; moving that he be heard at that Bar before indictment; but Robespierre frowns him down: "Did you hear Chabot or Bazire? Would you have two weights and measures?" Legendre cowers low: Danton, like the others, must take his doom.

Danton's Prison-thoughts were curious to have; but are not given in any quantity: indeed few such remarkable men have

¹ *Biographie des Ministres*, § Danton.

been left so obscure to us as this Titan of the Revolution. He was heard to ejaculate: "This time twelvemonth, I was moving the creation of that same Revolutionary Tribunal. I crave pardon for it of God and man. They are all Brothers Cain; Brissot would have had me guillotined as Robespierre now will. I leave the whole business in a frightful welter (*gâchis épouvantable*): not one of them understands anything of government. Robespierre will follow me; I drag down Robespierre. O, it were better to be a poor fisherman than to meddle with governing of men."—Camille's young beautiful Wife, who had made him rich not in money alone, hovers round the Luxembourg, like a disembodied spirit, day and night. Camille's stolen letters to her still exist; stained with the mark of his tears.² "I carry my head like a Saint-Sacrament?" so Saint-Just was heard to mutter: "perhaps he will carry his like a Saint-Denis."

Unhappy Danton, thou still unhappier light Camille, once light *Procureur de la Lanterne*, ye also have arrived, then, at the Bourne of Creation, where, like Ulysses Polytlas at the limit and utmost Gades of his voyage, gazing into that dim Waste beyond Creation, a man does see *the Shade of his Mother*, pale, ineffectual;—and days when his Mother nursed and wrapped him are all-too sternly contrasted with this day! Danton, Camille, Héroult, Westermann, and the others, very strangely massed up with Bazires, Swindler Chabots, Fabre d'Eglantines, Banker Freys, a most motley Batch, '*Fournée*' as such things will be called, stand ranked at the Bar of Tinville. It is the 2d of April 1794. Danton has had but three days to lie in Prison; for the time presses.

What is your name? place of abode? and the like, Fouquier asks; according to formality. "My name is Danton," answers he; "a name tolerably known in the Revolution: my abode will soon be Annihilation (*dans le Néant*); but I shall live in the Pantheon of History." A man will endeavour to say something forcible, be it by nature or not! Héroult mentions epigrammatically that he "sat in this Hall, and was detested of Parlementeers." Camille makes answer, "My age is that of the *bon Sansculotte Jésus*; an age fatal to Revolutionists." O Camille, Camille! And yet in that Divine Transaction, let us say,

² *Abécus sur Camille Desmoulins* (in *Vieux Cordelier*, Paris, 1825), pp. 1-29.

Germ. 13] April 2d.

there did lie, among other things, the fatalest Reproof ever uttered here below to Worldly Right-honourableness; 'the highest fact,' so devout Novalis calls it, 'in the Rights of Man.' Camille's real age, it would seem, is thirty-four. Danton is one year older.

Some five months ago, the Trial of the Twenty-two Girondins was the greatest that Fouquier had then done. But here is a still greater to do; a thing which tasks the whole faculty of Fouquier; which makes the very heart of him waver. For it is the voice of Danton that reverberates now from these domes; in passionate words, piercing with their wild sincerity, winged with wrath. Your best Witnesses he shivers into ruin at one stroke. He demands that the Committee-men themselves come as Witnesses, as Accusers; he "will cover them with ignominy." He raises his huge stature, he shakes his huge black head, fire flashes from the eyes of him,—piercing to all Republican hearts: so that the very Galleries, though we filled them by ticket, murmur sympathy; and are like to burst down and raise the People, and deliver him! He complains loudly that he is classed with Chabots, with swindling Stockjobbers; that his Indictment is a list of platitudes and horrors. "Danton hidden on the 10th of August?" reverberates he, with the roar of a lion in the toils: "where are the men that had to press Danton to show himself, that day? Where are these high-gifted souls of whom he borrowed energy? Let them appear, these Accusers of mine: I have all the clearness of my self-possession when I demand them. I will unmask the three shallow scoundrels," *les trois plats coquins*, Saint-Just, Couthon, Lebas, "who fawn on Robespierre, and lead him towards his destruction. Let them produce themselves here; I will plunge them into Nothingness, out of which they ought never to have risen." The agitated President agitates his bell; enjoins calmness, in a vehement manner: "What is it to thee how I defend myself?" cries the other: "the right of *dooming* me is thine always. The voice of a man speaking for his honour and his life may well drown the jingling of thy bell!" Thus Danton, higher and higher; till the lion-voice of him 'dies away in his throat:' speech will not utter what is in that man. The Galleries murmur ominously; the first day's Session is over.

O Tinville, President Herman, what will ye do? They have two days more of it, by strictest Revolutionary Law. The Gal-

leries already murmur. If this Danton were to burst your mesh-work !—Very curious indeed to consider. It turns on a hair : and what a hoitytoity were *there*, Justice and Culprit changing places ; and the whole History of France running changed ! For in France there is this Danton only that could still try to govern France. He only, the wild amorphous Titan ;—and perhaps that other olive-complexioned individual, the Artillery-Officer at Toulon, whom we left pushing his fortune in the South ?

On the evening of the second day, matters looking not better but worse and worse, Fouquier and Herman, distraction in their aspect, rush over to *Salut Public*. What is to be done ? *Salut Public* rapidly concocts a new Decree ; whereby if men ‘insult Justice,’ they may be ‘thrown out of the Debates.’ For indeed, withal, is there not ‘a Plot in the Luxembourg Prison’ ? *Ci-devant* General Dillon, and others of the Suspect, plotting with Camille’s Wife to distribute *assignats* ; to force the Prisons, overset the Republic ? Citizen Laflotte, himself Suspect but desiring enfranchisement, has reported said Plot for us :—a report that may bear fruit ! Enough, on the morrow morning, an obedient Convention passes this Decree. *Salut* rushes off with it to the aid of Tinville, reduced now almost to extremities. And so, *Hors de Débats*, Out of the Debates, ye insolents ! Police-men, do your duty ! In such manner, with a dead-lift effort, *Salut*, Tinville, Herman, Leroi *Dix-Août*, and all stanch jury-men setting heart and shoulder to it, the Jury becomes ‘sufficiently instructed ;’ Sentence is passed, is sent by an Official, and torn and trampled on : *Death this day*. It is the 5th of April 1794. Camille’s poor Wife may cease hovering about this Prison. Nay let her kiss her poor children ; and prepare to enter it, and to follow !—

Danton carried a high look in the Death-cart. Not so Camille : it is but one week, and all is so topsyturvied ; angel Wife left weeping ; love, riches, revolutionary fame, left all at the Prison-gate ; carnivorous Rabble now howling round. Palpable, and yet incredible ; like a madman’s dream ! Camille struggles and writhes ; his shoulders shuffle the loose coat off them, which hangs knotted, the hands tied : “Calm, my friend,” said Danton ; “heed not that vile canaille (*laissez là cette vile canaille*).” At the foot of the Scaffold, Danton was heard to ejaculate : “O my Wife, my well-beloved, I shall never see thee more, then !”—but, interrupting himself : “Danton, no weak-

Germ. 21] April 10th.

ness !" He said to Hérault-Séchelles stepping forward to embrace him: "Our heads will meet *there*," in the Headsman's sack. His last words were to Samson the Headsman himself: "Thou wilt show my head to the people; it is worth showing."

So passes, like a gigantic mass of valour, ostentation, fury, affection and wild revolutionary force and manhood, this Danton, to his unknown home. He was of Arcis-sur-Aube; born of 'good farmer-people' there. He had many sins; but one worst sin he had not, that of Cant. No hollow Formalist, deceptive and self-deceptive, *ghastly* to the natural sense, was this; but a very Man: with all his dross he was a Man; fiery-real, from the great fire-bosom of Nature herself. He saved France from Brunswick; he walked straight his own wild road, whither it led him. He may live for some generations in the memory of men.

CHAPTER III.

THE TUMBRILS.

NEXT week, it is still but the 10th of April, there comes a new Nineteen; Chaumette, Gobel, Hébert's Widow, the Widow of Camille: these also roll their fated journey; black Death devours them. Mean Hébert's Widow was weeping, Camille's Widow tried to speak comfort to her. O ye kind Heavens, azure, beautiful, eternal behind your tempests and Time-clouds, is there not pity in store for all! Gobel, it seems, was repentant; he begged absolution of a Priest; died as a Gobel best could. For Anaxagoras Chaumette, the sleek head now stripped of its *bonnet rouge*, what hope is there? Unless Death *were* 'an eternal sleep'? Wretched Anaxagoras, God shall judge thee, not I.

Hébert, therefore, is gone, and the Hébertists; they that robbed Churches, and adored blue Reason in red nightcap. Great Danton, and the Dantonists; they also are gone. Down to the catacombs; they are become silent men! Let no Paris Municipality, no Sect or Party of this hue or that, resist the will of Robespierre and *Salut*. Mayor Pache, not prompt enough in denouncing these Pitt Plots, may congratulate about them now. Never so heartily; it skills not! His course likewise is to the Luxembourg. We appoint one Fleuriot-Lescot Interim-Mayor in his stead: an 'architect from Belgium,' they say, this

Fleuriot ; he is a man one can depend on. Our new Agent-National is Payan, lately Juryman ; whose cynosure also is Robespierre.

Thus then, we perceive, this confusedly electric Erebus-cloud of Revolutionary Government has altered its shape somewhat. Two masses, or wings, belonging to it ; an over-electric mass of Cordelier Rabids, and an under-electric of Dantonist Moderates and Clemency-men,—these two masses, shooting bolts at one another, so to speak, have annihilated one another. For the Erebus-cloud, as we often remark, is of suicidal nature ; and, in jagged irregularity, darts its lightning withal into itself. But now these two discrepant masses being mutually annihilated, it is as if the Erebus-cloud had got to internal composure ; and did only pour its hellfire lightning on the World that lay under it. In plain words, Terror of the Guillotine was never terrible till now. Systole, diastole, swift and ever swifter goes the Axe of Samson. Indictments cease by degrees to have so much as plausibility : Fouquier chooses from the Twelve Houses of Arrest what he calls Batches, '*Fournées*,' a score or more at a time ; his Jurymen are charged to make *feu de file*, file-firing till the ground be *clear*. Citizen Laflotte's report of Plot in the Luxembourg is verily bearing fruit ! If no speakable charge exist against a man, or Batch of men, Fouquier has always this : a Plot in the Prison. Swift and ever swifter goes Samson ; up, finally, to threescore and more at a Batch. It is the highday of Death : none but the Dead return not.

O dusky D'Espréménil, what a day is this the 22d of April, thy last day ! The Palais Hall here is the same stone Hall, where thou, five years ago, stoodest perorating, amid endless pathos of rebellious Parlement, in the gray of the morning ; bound to march with D'Agoust to the Isles of Hières. The stones are the same stones : but the rest, Men, Rebellion, Pathos, Peroration, see, it has all fled, like a gibbering troop of ghosts, like the phantasms of a dying brain. With D'Espréménil, in the same line of Tumbrils, goes the mournfulest medley. Chapelier goes, *ci-devant* popular President of the Constituent ; whom the Menads and Maillard met in his carriage, on the Versailles Road. Thouret likewise, *ci-devant* President, father of Constitutional Law-acts ; he whom we heard saying, long since, with a loud voice, "The Constituent Assembly has fulfilled its mission !" And the noble old Malesherbes, who de-

Flor. 3] April 22d.

fended Louis and could not speak, like a gray old rock dissolving into sudden water : he journeys here now, with his kindred, daughters, sons and grandsons, his Lamoignons, Châteaubriands ; silent, towards Death.—One young Châteaubriand alone is wandering amid the Natchez, by the roar of Niagara Falls, the moan of endless forests : Welcome thou great Nature, savage, but not false, not unkind, unmotherly ; no Formula thou, or rabid jangle of Hypothesis, Parliamentary Eloquence, Constitution-building and the Guillotine ; speak thou to me, O Mother, and sing my sick heart thy mystic everlasting lullaby-song, and let all the rest be far !—

Another row of Tumbrils we must notice : that which holds Elizabeth, the Sister of Louis. Her Trial was like the rest ; for Plots, for Plots. She was among the kindest, most innocent of women. There sat with her, amid four-and-twenty others, a once timorous Marchioness de Crussol ; courageous now ; expressing towards her the liveliest loyalty. At the foot of the Scaffold, Elizabeth with tears in her eyes thanked this Marchioness ; said she was grieved she could not reward her. “Ah, Madame, would your Royal Highness deign to embrace me, my wishes were complete !”—“Right willingly, Marquise de Crussol, and with my whole heart.”¹ Thus they : at the foot of the Scaffold. The Royal Family is now reduced to two : a girl and a little boy. The boy, once named Dauphin, was taken from his Mother while she yet lived ; and given to one Simon, by trade a Cordwainer, on service then about the Temple-Prison, to bring him up in principles of Sansculottism. Simon taught him to drink, to swear, to sing the *carmagnole*. Simon is now gone to the Municipality : and the poor boy, hidden in a tower of the Temple, from which in his fright and bewilderment and early decrepitude he wishes not to stir out, lies perishing, ‘his shirt not changed for six months ;’ amid squalor and darkness, lamentably,²—so as none but poor Factory Children and the like are wont to perish, and *not* be lamented !

The Spring sends its green leaves and bright weather, bright May, brighter than ever : Death pauses not. Lavoisier, famed Chemist, shall die and not live : Chemist Lavoisier was Farmer-General Lavoisier too, and now ‘all the Farmers-General are arrested ;’ all, and shall give an account of their moneys and

¹ Montgaillard, iv. 300.

² Duchesse d’Angoulême, *Captivité à la Tour du Temple*, pp. 37-71.

incomings ; and die for 'putting water in the tobacco' they sold.³ Lavoisier begged a fortnight more of life, to finish some experiments : but "the Republic does not need such ;" the axe must do its work. Cynic Chamfort, reading these inscriptions of *Brotherhood or Death*, says, "it is a Brotherhood of Cain : " arrested, then liberated ; then about to be arrested again, this Chamfort cuts and slashes himself with frantic uncertain hand ; gains, not without difficulty, the refuge of death. Condorcet has lurked deep, these many months ; Argus-eyes watching and searching for him. His concealment is become dangerous to others and himself ; he has to fly again, to skulk, round Paris, in thickets and stone-quarries. And so at the Village of Clamars, one bleared May morning, there enters a Figure, ragged, rough-bearded, hunger-stricken ; asks breakfast in the tavern there. Suspect, by the look of him ! "Servant out of place, sayest thou ?" Committee-President of Forty-Sous finds a Latin Horace on him : "Art not thou one of those *Ci-devants* that were wont to keep servants ? *Suspect !*" He is haled forthwith, breakfast unfinished, towards Bourg-la-Reine, on foot : he faints with exhaustion ; is set on a peasant's horse ; is flung into his damp prison-cell : on the morrow, recollecting him, you enter ; Condorcet lies dead on the floor. They die fast, and disappear : the Notabilities of France disappear, one after one, like lights in a Theatre, which you are snuffing out.

Under which circumstances, is it not singular, and almost touching, to see Paris City drawn out, in the meek May nights, in civic ceremony, which they call '*Souper Fraternel*,' Brotherly Supper ? Spontaneous, or partially spontaneous, in the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth nights of this May month, it is seen. Along the Rue Saint-Honoré, and main Streets and Spaces, each Citoyen brings forth what of supper the stingy *Maximum* has yielded him, to the open air ; joins it to his neighbour's supper ; and with common table, cheerful light burning frequent, and what due modicum of cut-glass and other garnish and relish is convenient, they eat frugally together, under the kind stars.⁴ See it, O Night ! With cheerfully pledged wine-cup, hobnobbing to the Reign of Liberty, Equality, Brotherhood, with their wives in best ribands, with their little ones romping round, the

³ *Tribunal Révolutionnaire* du 8 Mai 1794 (*Moniteur*, No. 231).

⁴ *Tableaux de la Révolution*, § *Soupers Fraternels* ; Mercier, ii. 150.

Citoyens, in frugal Love-feast, sit there. Night in her wide empire sees nothing similar. O my brothers, why is the reign of Brotherhood *not* come! It is come, it shall have come, say the Citoyens frugally hobnobbing.—Ah me! these everlasting stars, do they not look down ‘like glistening eyes, bright with immortal pity, over the lot of man’!—

One lamentable thing, however, is, that individuals will attempt assassination—of Representatives of the People. Representative Collot, Member even of *Salut*, returning home, ‘about one in the morning,’ probably touched with liquor, as he is apt to be, meets on the stairs the cry “*Scélérat!*” and also the snap of a pistol: which latter flashes in the pan; disclosing to him, momentarily, a pair of truculent saucer-eyes, swart grim-clenched countenance; recognisable as that of our little fellow-lodger, Citoyen Amiral, formerly ‘a clerk in the Lotteries.’ Collot shouts *Murder*, with lungs fit to awaken all the *Rue Favart*; Amiral snaps a second time; a second time flashes in the pan; then darts up into his apartment; and, after there firing, still with inadequate effect, one musket at himself and another at his captor, is clutched and locked in Prison.⁵ An indignant little man this Amiral, of Southern temper and complexion, of ‘considerable muscular force.’ He denies not that he meant to “purge France of a Tyrant;” nay avows that he had an eye to the Incorruptible himself, but took Collot as more convenient!

Rumour enough hereupon; heaven-high congratulation of Collot, fraternal embracing, at the Jacobins and elsewhere. And yet, it would seem, the assassin mood proves catching. Two days more, it is still but the 23d of May, and towards nine in the evening, Cécile Renault, Paper-dealer’s daughter, a young woman of soft blooming look, presents herself at the Cabinet-maker’s in the Rue Saint-Honoré; desires to see Robespierre. Robespierre cannot be seen; she grumbles irreverently. They lay hold of her. She has left a basket in a shop hard by: in the basket are female change of raiment and two knives! Poor Cécile, examined by Committee, declares she “wanted to see what a tyrant was like:” the change of raiment was “for my own use in the place I am surely going to.”—“What place?”—“Prison; and then the Guillotine,” answered she.—Such

⁵ Riouffe, p. 73; *Deux Amis*, xii. 298-302.

things come of Charlotte Corday ; in a people prone to imitation, and monomania ! Swart choleric men try Charlotte's feat, and their pistols miss fire ; soft blooming young women try it, and, only half-resolute, leave their knives in a shop.

O Pitt, and ye Faction of the Stranger, shall the Republic never have rest ; but be torn continually by baited springes, by wires of explosive spring-guns ? Swart Amiral, fair young Cécile, and all that knew them, and many that did not know them, lie locked, waiting the scrutiny of Tinville.

CHAPTER IV.

MUMBO-JUMBO.

BUT on the day they call *Décadi*, New-Sabbath, 20 *Prairial*, 8th June by old style, what thing is this going forward in the Jardin National, whilom Tuileries Garden ?

All the world is there, in holiday clothes :¹ foul linen went out with the Hébertists ; nay Robespierre, for one, would never once countenance that ; but went always elegant and frizzled, not without vanity even,—and had his room hung round with seagreen Portraits and Busts. In holiday clothes, we say, are the innumerable Citoyens and Citoyennes : the weather is of the brightest ; cheerful expectation lights all countenances. Jury-man Vilate gives breakfast to many a Deputy, in his official Apartment, in the Pavillon *ci-devant* of Flora ; rejoices in the bright-looking multitudes, in the brightness of leafy June, in the auspicious *Décadi*, or New-Sabbath. This day, if it please Heaven, we are to have, on improved Anti-Chaumette principles : a New Religion.

Catholicism being burned out, and Reason-worship guillotined, was there not need of one ? Incorruptible Robespierre, not unlike the Ancients, as Legislator of a free people, will now also be Priest and Prophet. He has donned his sky-blue coat, made for the occasion ; white silk waistcoat brodered with silver, black silk breeches, white stockings, shoe-buckles of gold. He is President of the Convention ; he has made the Convention *decree*, so they name it, *décréter* the 'Existence of the Supreme Being,' and likewise '*ce principe consolateur* of the Immortality of the Soul.' These consolatory principles, the basis of rational

¹ Vilate, *Causes Secrètes de la Révolution du 9 Thermidor*.

Prair. 20] June 8th.

Republican Religion, are getting decreed; and here, on this blessed *Décadi*, by help of Heaven and Painter David, is to be our first act of worship.

See, accordingly, how after Decree passed, and what has been called 'the scraggiest Prophetic Discourse ever uttered by man,'—Mahomet Robespierre, in sky-blue coat and black breeches, frizzled and powdered to perfection, bearing in his hand a bouquet of flowers and wheat-ears, issues proudly from the Convention Hall; Convention following him, yet, as is remarked, with an interval. Amphitheatre has been raised, or at least *Monticule* or Elevation; hideous Statues of Atheism, Anarchy and suchlike, thanks to Heaven and Painter David, strike abhorrence into the heart. Unluckily, however, our Monticule is too small. On the top of it not half of us can stand; wherefore there arises indecent shoving, nay treasonous irreverent growling. Peace, thou Bourdon de l'Oise; peace, or it may be worse for thee!

The seagreen Pontiff takes a torch, Painter David handing it; mouths some other froth-rant of vocables, which happily one cannot hear; strides resolutely forward, in sight of expectant France; sets his torch to Atheism and Company, which are but made of pasteboard steeped in turpentine. 'They burn up rapidly; and, from within, there rises 'by machinery,' an incom-bustible Statue of Wisdom, which, by ill hap, gets besmoked a little; but does stand there visible in as serene attitude as it can.

And then? Why, then, there is other Processioning, scraggy Discoursing, and—this *is* our Feast of the *Être Suprême*; our new Religion, better or worse, is come!—Look at it one moment, O Reader, not two. The shabbiest page of Human Annals: or is there, that thou wottest of, one shabbier? Mumbo-Jumbo of the African woods to me seems venerable beside this new Deity of Robespierre; for this is a *conscious* Mumbo-Jumbo, and *knows* that he is machinery. O seagreen Prophet, unhappiest of windbags blown nigh to bursting, what distracted Chimera among realities art thou growing to! This then, this common pitch-link for artificial fireworks of turpentine and pasteboard; *this* is the miraculous Aaron's Rod thou wilt stretch over a hag-ridden hell-ridden France, and bid her plagues cease? Vanish, thou and it!—"Avec ton Être Suprême," said Billaud,

“ *tu commences m'embêter* : With thy *Être Suprême* thou beginnest to be a bore to me.”²

Catherine Théot, on the other hand, ‘an ancient serving-maid seventy-nine years of age,’ inured to Prophecy and the Bastille from of old, sits in an upper room in the Rue de Contrescarpe, poring over the Book of Revelations, with an eye to Robespierre; finds that this astonishing thrice-potent Maximilien really is the Man spoken of by Prophets, who is to make the Earth young again. With her sit devout old Marchionesses, *ci-devant* honourable women; among whom Old-Constituent Dom Gerle, with his addle head, cannot be wanting. They sit there, in the Rue de Contrescarpe; in mysterious adoration: Mumbo is Mumbo, and Robespierre is his Prophet. A conspicuous man this Robespierre. He has his volunteer Bodyguard of *Tappe-durs*, let us say *Strike-sharps*, fierce Patriots with feruled sticks; and Jacobins kissing the hem of his garment. He enjoys the admiration of many, the worship of some; and is well worth the wonder of one and all.

The grand question and hope, however, is: Will not this Feast of the Tuileries Mumbo-Jumbo be a sign perhaps that the Guillotine is to abate? Far enough from that! Precisely on the second day after it, Couthon, one of the ‘three shallow scoundrels,’ gets himself lifted into the Tribune; produces a bundle of papers. Couthon proposes that, as Plots still abound, the *Law of the Suspect* shall have extension, and Arrestment new vigour and facility. Farther, that as in such case business is like to be heavy, our Revolutionary Tribunal too shall have extension; be divided, say, into Four Tribunals, each with its President, each with its Fouquier or Substitute of Fouquier, all labouring at once, and any remnant of shackle or dilatory formality be struck off: in this way it may perhaps still overtake the work. Such is Couthon’s *Decree of the Twenty-second Prairial*, famed in those times. At hearing of which Decree, the very Mountain gasped, awestruck; and one Ruamps ventured to say that if it passed without adjournment and discussion, he, as one Representative, “would blow his brains out.” Vain saying! The Incorruptible knit his brows; spoke a prophetic fateful word or two: the *Law of Prairial* is Law; Ruamps glad

² See Vilate, *Causes Secrètes*. (Vilate’s Narrative is very curious; but is not to be taken as true, without sifting; being, at bottom, in spite of its title, not a Narrative but a Pleading.)

Prairial] June.

to leave his rash brains where they are. Death then, and always Death! Even so. Fouquier is enlarging his borders; making room for Batches of a Hundred and fifty at once;—getting a Guillotine set up of improved velocity, and to work under cover, in the apartment close by. So that *Salut* itself has to intervene, and forbid him: “Wilt thou *demoralise* the Guillotine,” asks Collot, reproachfully, “*démoraliser le supplice!*”

There is indeed danger of that; were not the Republican faith great, it were already done. See, for example, on the 17th of June, what a *Batch*, Fifty-four at once! Swart Amiral is here, he of the pistol that missed fire; young Cécile Rénault, with her father, family, entire kith and kin; the Widow of D'Espréménil; old M. de Sombreuil of the Invalides, with his Son,—poor old Sombreuil, seventy-three years old, his Daughter saved him in September, and it was but for *this*. Faction of the Stranger, fifty-four of them! In red shirts and smocks, as Assassins and Faction of the Stranger, they flit along there; red baleful Phantasmagory, towards the land of Phantoms.

Meanwhile will not the people of the Place de la Révolution, the inhabitants along the Rue Saint-Honoré, as these continual Tumbrils pass, begin to look gloomy? Republicans too have bowels. The Guillotine is shifted, then again shifted; finally set up at the remote extremity of the South-east:³ Suburbs Saint-Antoine and Saint-Marceau, it is to be hoped, if they have bowels, have very tough ones.

CHAPTER V.

THE PRISONS.

IT is time now, however, to cast a glance into the Prisons. When Desmoulins moved for his Committee of Mercy, these Twelve Houses of Arrest held five-thousand persons. Continually arriving since then, there have now accumulated twelve-thousand. They are Ci-devants, Royalists; in far greater part, they are Republicans, of various Girondin, Fayettish, Un-Jacobin colour. Perhaps no human Habitation or Prison ever equalled in squalor, in noisome horror, these Twelve Houses of Arrest. There exist records of personal experience in them.

³ Montgaillard, iv. 237

Mémoires sur les Prisons; one of the strangest Chapters in the Biography of Man.

Very singular to look into it : how a kind of order rises up in all conditions of human existence ; and wherever two or three are gathered together, there are formed modes of existing together, habitudes, observances, nay gracefulnesses, joys ! Citoyen Coittant will explain fully how our lean dinner, of herbs and carrion, was consumed not without politeness and *placaux-dames* : how Seigneur and Shoebblack, Duchess and Doll-Tearsheet, flung pell-mell into a heap, ranked themselves according to method : at what hour ‘the Citoyennes took to their needlework ;’ and we, yielding the chairs to them, endeavoured to talk gallantly in a standing posture, or even to sing and harp more or less. Jealousies, enmities, are not wanting ; nor flirtations, of an effective character.

Alas, by degrees, even needlework must cease : Plot in the Prison rises, by Citoyen Laflotte and Preternatural Suspicion. Suspicious Municipality snatches from us all implements ; all money and possession, of means or metal, is ruthlessly searched for, in pocket, in pillow and paillasse, and snatched away : red-capped Commissaries entering every cell. Indignation, temporary desperation, at robbery of its very thimble, fills the gentle heart. Old Nuns shriek shrill discord ; demand to be killed forthwith. No help from shrieking ! Better was that of the two shifty male Citizens, who, eager to preserve an implement or two, were it but a pipe-picker, or needle to darn hose with, determined to defend themselves : by tobacco. Swift then, as your fell Red Caps are heard in the Corridor rummaging and slamming, the two Citoyens light their pipes, and begin smoking. Thick darkness envelops them. The Red Nightcaps, opening the cell, breathe but one mouthful ; burst forth into chorus of barking and coughing. “*Quoi, Messieurs,*” cry the two Citoyens, “you don’t smoke ? Is the pipe disagreeable ? *Est-ce que vous ne fumez pas ?*” But the Red Nightcaps have fled, with slight search : “*Vous n’aimez pas la pipe ?*” cry the Citoyens, as their door slams-to again.¹ My poor brother Citoyens, O surely, in a reign of Brotherhood, you are not the two I would guillotine !

Rigour grows, stiffens into horrid tyranny ; Plot in the Pri-

¹ *Maison d’Arrêt de Port-Libre*, par Coittant, &c. (*Mémoires sur les Prisons*, ii.)

Prairial] June.

son getting ever rifer. This Plot in the Prison, as we said, is now the stereotype formula of Tinville: against whomsoever he knows no crime, this is a ready-made crime. His Judgment-bar has become unspeakable; a recognised mockery; known only as the wicket one passes through, towards Death. His Indictments are drawn out in blank; you insert the Names after. He has his *moutons*, detestable traitor jackals, who report and bear witness; that they themselves may be allowed to live,—for a time. His *Fournées*, says the reproachful Collot, ‘shall in no case exceed threescore;’ that is his *maximum*. Nightly come his Tumbrils to the Luxembourg, with the fatal Roll-call; list of the *Fournée* of tomorrow. Men rush towards the Grate; listen, if their name be in it? One deep-drawn breath, when the name is not in; we live still one day! And yet some score or scores of names were in. Quick these, they clasp their loved ones to their heart, one last time; with brief adieu, wet-eyed or dry-eyed, they mount, and are away. This night to the Conciergerie; through the Palais misnamed of *Justice*, to the Guillotine tomorrow.

Recklessness, defiant levity, the Stoicism if not of strength yet of weakness, has possessed all hearts. Weak women and *Ci-devants*, their locks not yet made into blond perukes, their skins not yet tanned into breeches, are accustomed to ‘act the Guillotine’ by way of pastime. In fantastic mummery, with towel-turbans, blanket-ermine, a mock Sanhedrim of Judges sits, a mock Tinville pleads; a culprit is doomed, is guillotined by the oversetting of two chairs. Sometimes we carry it farther: Tinville himself, in his turn, is doomed, and not to the Guillotine alone. With blackened face, hirsute, horned, a shaggy Satan snatches him not unshrinking; shows him, with outstretched arm and voice, the fire that is not quenched, the worm that dies not; the monotony of Hell-pain, and the *What hour?* answered by, *It is Eternity.*²

And still the Prisons fill fuller, and still the Guillotine goes faster. On all high roads march flights of Prisoners, wending towards Paris. Not *Ci-devants* now; they, the noisy of them, are mown down; it is Republicans now. Chained two and two they march; in exasperated moments singing their *Marseillaise*. A hundred and thirty-two men of Nantes, for instance, march towards Paris, in these same days: Republicans,

² Montgaillard, iv. 218; Riouffe, p. 273.

or say even Jacobins to the marrow of the bone ; but Jacobins who had not approved Noyading.³ *Vive la République* rises from them in all streets of towns : they rest by night in unutterable noisome dens, crowded to choking ; one or two dead on the morrow. They are wayworn, weary of heart ; can only shout : *Live the Republic* ; we, as under horrid enchantment, dying in this way for it !

Some Four-hundred Priests, of whom also there is record, ride at anchor 'in the roads of the Isle of Aix,' long months ; looking out on misery, vacuity, waste Sands of Oleron and the ever-moaning brine. Ragged, sordid, hungry ; wasted to shadows : eating their unclean ration on deck, circularly, in parties of a dozen, with finger and thumb ; beating their scandalous clothes between two stones ; choked in horrible miasmata, closed under hatches, seventy of them in a berth, through night ; so that the 'aged Priest is found lying dead in the morning, in the attitude of prayer !'⁴—How long, O Lord !

Not forever ; no. All Anarchy, all Evil, Injustice, is, by the nature of it, *dragon's-teeth* ; suicidal, and cannot endure.

CHAPTER VI.

TO FINISH THE TERROR.

It is very remarkable, indeed, that since the *Être-Suprême* Feast, and the sublime continued harangues on it, which Billaud feared would become a bore to him, Robespierre has gone little to Committee ; but held himself apart, as if in a kind of pet. Nay they have made a Report on that old Catherine Théot, and her Regenerative Man spoken of by the Prophets ; not in the best spirit. This Théot mystery they affect to regard as a Plot ; but have evidently introduced a vein of satire, of irreverent banter, not against the Spinster alone, but obliquely against her Regenerative Man ! Barrère's light pen was perhaps at the bottom of it : read through the solemn snuffing organs of old Vadier of the *Sûreté Générale*, the Théot Report had its effect ; wrinkling the general Republican visage into an iron grin. Ought these things to be ?

³ *Voyage de Cent Trente-deux Nantais* (Prisons, ii. 288-335).

⁴ *Relation de ce qu'ont souffert pour la Religion les Prêtres déportés en 1794, dans la rade de l'île d'Aix* (Ib. ii. 387-485).

Messidor] July.

We note farther, that among the Prisoners in the Twelve Houses of Arrest, there is one whom we have seen before. Senhora Fontenai, *born* Cabarus, the fair Proserpine whom Representative Tallien Pluto-like did gather at Bourdeaux, not without effect on himself! Tallien is home, by recall, long since, from Bourdeaux; and in the most alarming position. Vain that he sounded, louder even than ever, the note of Jacobinism, to hide past shortcomings: the Jacobins purged him out; two times has Robespierre growled at him words of omen from the Convention Tribune. And now his fair Cabarus, hit by denunciation, lies Arrested, Suspect, in spite of all he could do!—Shut in horrid pinfold of death, the Senhora smuggles out to her red-gloomy Tallien the most pressing entreaties and conjurings: Save me; save thyself. Seest thou not that thy own head is doomed; thou with a too fiery audacity; a Dantonist withal; against whom lie grudges? Are ye not all doomed, as in the Polyphemus Cavern: the fawningest slave of you will be but eaten last!—Tallien feels with a shudder that it is true. Tallien has had words of omen, Bourdon has had words, Fréron is hated and Barras: each man ‘feels his head if it yet stick on his shoulders.’

Meanwhile Robespierre, we still observe, goes little to Convention, not at all to Committee; speaks nothing except to his Jacobin House of Lords, amid his bodyguard of *Tappe-durs*. These ‘forty-days,’ for we are now far in July, he has not showed face in Committee; could only work there by his three shallow scoundrels, and the terror there was of him. The Incorruptible himself sits apart; or is seen stalking in solitary places in the fields, with an intensely meditative air; some say, ‘with eyes red-spotted,’¹ fruit of extreme bile: the lamentablest seagreen Chimera that walks the Earth that July! O hapless Chimera,—for thou too hadst a life, and heart of flesh,—what is this that the stern gods, seeming to smile all the way, have led and let thee to! Art not thou he, who, few years ago, was a young Advocate of promise; and gave up the Arras Judgeship rather than sentence one man to die?—

What his thoughts might be? His plans for finishing the Terror? One knows not. Dim vestiges there flit of Agrarian Law; a victorious Sansculottism become Landed Proprietor; old Soldiers sitting in National Mansions, in Hospital Palaces

¹ *Deux Amis*, xii. 347-73.

of Chambord and Chantilly; peace bought by victory; breaches healed by Feast of *Être Suprême*;—and so, through seas of blood, to Equality, Frugality, worksome Blessedness, Fraternity, and Republic of the virtues. Blessed shore, of such a sea of Aristocrat blood: but how to land on it? Through one last wave: blood of corrupt Sansculottists; traitorous or semi-traitorous Conventionals, rebellious Talliens, Billauds, to whom with my *Être Suprême* I have become a bore; with my Apocalyptic Old Woman a laughing-stock!—So stalks he, this poor Robespierre, like a seagreen ghost, through the blooming July. Vestiges of schemes flit dim. But *what* his schemes or his thoughts were will never be known to man.

New Catacombs, some say, are digging for a huge simultaneous butchery. Convention to be butchered, down to the right pitch, by General Henriot and Company: Jacobin House of Lords made dominant; and Robespierre Dictator.² There is actually, or else there is not actually, a List made out; which the Hairdresser has got eye on, as he frizzled the Incorruptible locks. Each man asks himself, Is it I?

Nay, as Tradition and rumour of Anecdote still convey it, there was a remarkable bachelor's dinner, one hot day, at Barrère's. For doubt not, O Reader, this Barrère and others of them gave dinners; had 'country-house at Clichy,' with elegant enough sumptuosities, and pleasures high-rouged.³ But at this dinner we speak of, the day being so hot, it is said, the guests all stript their coats, and left them in the drawing-room: from the dinner-table Carnot glided out, driven by a necessity, needing of all things *paper*; groped in Robespierre's pocket; found a list of Forty, his own name among them;—and tarried not at the wine-cup that day!—Ye must bestir yourselves, O Friends; ye dull Frogs of the Marsh, mute ever since Girondism sank under, even you now must croak or die! Councils are held, with word and beck; nocturnal, mysterious as death. Does not a feline Maximilien stalk there; voiceless as yet; his green eyes red-spotted; back bent, and hair up? Rash Tallien, with his rash temper and audacity of tongue; he shall *bell the cat*. Fix a day; and be it soon, lest never!

Lo, before the fixed day, on the day which they call Eighth of Thermidor, 26th July 1794, Robespierre himself reappears in Convention; mounts to the Tribune! The biliary face

² *Deux Amis*, xii. 350-8.

³ See Vilate.

Therm. 8] July 26th.

seems clouded with new gloom : judge whether your Talliens, Bourdons, listened with interest. It is a voice bodeful of death or of life. Longwinded, unmelodious as the screech-owl's, sounds that prophetic voice : Degenerate condition of Republican spirit ; corrupt Moderatism ; *Sûreté, Salut* Committees themselves infected ; backsliding on this hand and on that ; I, Maximilien, alone left incorruptible, ready to die at a moment's warning. For all which what remedy is there ? The Guillotine ; new vigour to the all-healing Guillotine ; death to traitors of every hue ! So sings the prophetic voice ; into its Convention sounding-board. The old song this : but today, O Heavens, has the sounding-board ceased to act ? There is not resonance in this Convention ; there is, so to speak, a gasp of silence ; nay a certain grating of one knows not what !—Lecointre, our old Draper of Versailles, in these questionable circumstances, sees nothing he can do so safe as rise, 'insidiously' or not insidiously, and move, according to established wont, that the Robespierre Speech be 'printed and sent to the Departments.' Hark : gratings, even of dissonance ! Honourable Members hint dissonance ; Committee-Members, inculpated in the Speech, utter dissonance, demand 'delay in printing.' Ever higher rises the note of dissonance ; inquiry is even made by Editor Fréron : "What has become of the Liberty of Opinions in this Convention ?" The Order to print and transmit, which had got passed, is rescinded. Robespierre, greener than ever before, has to retire, foiled ; discerning that it is mutiny, that evil is nigh !

Mutiny is a thing of the fatalest nature in all enterprises whatsoever ; a thing so incalculable, swift-frightful : not to be dealt with in *fright*. But mutiny in a Robespierre Convention, above all,—it is like fire seen sputtering in the ship's powder-room ! One death-defiant plunge at it, this moment, and you may still tread it out : hesitate till next moment,—ship and ship's captain, crew and cargo are shivered far ; the ship's voyage has suddenly ended between sea and sky. If Robespierre can, tonight, produce his Henriot and Company, and get his work done by them, he and Sansculottism may still subsist some time ; if not, probably not. Oliver Cromwell, when that Agitator Sergeant stepped forth from the ranks, with plea of grievances, and began gesticulating and demonstrating, as the mouth-piece of Thousands expectant there, — discerned, with those

truculent eyes of his, how the matter lay ; plucked a pistol from his holsters ; blew Agitator and Agitation instantly out. Noll was a man fit for such things.

Robespierre, for his part, glides over at evening to his Jacobin House of Lords ; unfolds there, instead of some adequate resolution, his woes, his uncommon virtues, incorruptibilities ; then, secondly, his rejected screech-owl Oration ;—reads this latter over again ; and declares that he is ready to die at a moment's warning. Thou shalt not die ! shouts Jacobinism from its thousand throats. “ Robespierre, I will drink the hemlock with thee,” cries Painter David, “ *Je boirai la cigue avec toi* ;”—a thing not essential to *do*, but which, in the fire of the moment, can be said.

Our Jacobin sounding-board, therefore, does act ! Applauses heaven-high cover the rejected Oration ; fire-eyed fury lights all Jacobin features : Insurrection a sacred duty ; the Convention to be purged ; Sovereign People under Henriot and Municipality ; we will make a new June-Second of it : To your tents, O Israel ! In this key pipes Jacobinism ; in sheer tumult of revolt. Let Tallien and all Opposition men make off. Collot d'Herbois, though of the supreme *Salut*, and so lately near shot, is elbowed, bullied ; is glad to escape alive. Entering Committee-room of *Salut*, all dishevelled, he finds sleek sombre Saint-Just there, among the rest ; who in his sleek way asks, “ What is passing at the Jacobins ? ”—“ What is passing ? ” repeats Collot, in the unhistrionic Cambyzes vein : “ What is passing ? Nothing but revolt and horrors are passing. Ye want our lives ; ye shall not have them.” Saint-Just stutters at such Cambyzes oratory ; takes his hat to withdraw. That *Report* he had been speaking of, Report on Republican Things in General we may say, which is to be read in Convention on the morrow, he cannot show it them, at this moment : a friend has it ; he, Saint-Just, will get it, and send it, were he once home. Once home, he sends not it, but an answer that he will not send it ; that they will hear it from the Tribune tomorrow.

Let every man, therefore, according to a well-known good-advice, ‘ pray to Heaven, and keep his powder dry ’ ! Paris, on the morrow, will see a thing. Swift scouts fly dim or invisible, all night, from *Sûreté* and *Salut* ; from conclave to conclave ; from Mother Society to Townhall. Sleep, can it fall on the eyes of Talliens, Frérons, Collots ? Puissant Henriot, Mayor Fleu-

Therm. 9] July 27th.

riot, Judge Coffinhal, Procureur Payan, Robespierre and all the Jacobins are getting ready.

CHAPTER VII.

GO DOWN TO.

TALLIEN'S eyes beamed bright, on the morrow, Ninth of Thermidor, 'about nine o'clock,' to see that the Convention had actually met. Paris is in rumour: but at least we are met, in Legal Convention here; we have not been snatched seriatim; treated with a *Pride's Purge* at the door. "*Allons*, brave men of the Plain," late Frogs of the Marsh! cried Tallien with a squeeze of the hand, as he passed in; Saint-Just's sonorous voice being now audible from the Tribune, and the game of games begun.

Saint-Just is verily reading that Report of his; green Vengeance, in the shape of Robespierre, watching nigh. Behold, however, Saint-Just has read but few sentences, when interruption rises, rapid *crescendo*; when Tallien starts to his feet, and Billaud, and this man starts and that,—and Tallien, a second time, with his: "Citoyens, at the Jacobins last night, I trembled for the Republic. I said to myself, if the Convention dare not strike the Tyrant, then I myself dare; and with this I will do it, if need be," said he, whisking out a clear-gleaming Dagger, and brandishing it there; the Steel of Brutus, as we call it. Whereat we all bellow, and brandish, impetuous acclaim. "Tyranny! Dictatorship! Triumvirate!" And the *Salut* Committee-men accuse, and all men accuse, and uproar, and impetuously acclaim. And Saint-Just is standing motionless, pale of face; Couthon ejaculating, "Triumvir?" with a look at his paralytic legs. And Robespierre is struggling to speak, but President Thuriot is jingling the bell against him, but the Hall is sounding against him like an Æolus-Hall: and Robespierre is mounting the Tribune-steps and descending again; going and coming, like to choke with rage, terror, desperation:—and mutiny is the order of the day!¹

O President Thuriot, thou that wert Elector Thuriot, and from the Bastille battlements sawest Saint-Antoine rising like the Ocean-tide, and hast seen much since, sawest thou ever the like of this? Jingle of bell, which thou jinglest against Robes-

¹ *Moniteur*, Nos. 311, 312; *Débats*, iv. 421-42; *Deux Amis*, xii. 390-411.

pierre, is hardly audible amid the Bedlam storm ; and men rage for life. " President of Assassins," shrieks Robespierre, " I demand speech of thee for the last time ! " It cannot be had. " To you, O virtuous men of the Plain," cries he, finding audience one moment, " I appeal to you ! " The virtuous men of the Plain sit silent as stones. And Thuriot's bell jingles, and the Hall sounds like Æolus's Hall. Robespierre's frothing lips are grown 'blue;' his tongue dry, cleaving to the roof of his mouth. " The blood of Danton chokes him," cry they. " Accusation ! Decree of Accusation ! " Thuriot swiftly puts that question. Accusation passes ; the incorruptible Maximilien is decreed Accused.

" I demand to share my Brother's fate, as I have striven to share his virtues," cries Augustin, the Younger Robespierre : Augustin also is decreed. And Couthon, and Saint-Just, and Lebas, they are all decreed ; and packed forth,—not without difficulty, the Ushers almost trembling to obey. Triumvirate and Company are packed forth, into *Salut* Committee-room ; their tongue cleaving to the roof of their mouth. You have but to summon the Municipality ; to cashier Commandant Henriot, and launch Arrest at him ; to regulate formalities ; hand Tinville his victims. It is noon : the Æolus-Hall has delivered itself ; blows now victorious, harmonious, as one irresistible wind.

And so the work is finished ? One thinks so : and yet it is not so. Alas, there is yet but the first-act finished ; three or four other acts still to come ; and an uncertain catastrophe ! A huge City holds in it so many confusions : seven hundred thousand human heads ; not one of which knows what its neighbour is doing, nay not what itself is doing.—See, accordingly, about three in the afternoon, Commandant Henriot, how instead of sitting cashiered, arrested, he gallops along the Quais, followed by Municipal Gendarmes, 'trampling down several persons ! ' For the Townhall sits deliberating, openly insurgent : Barriers to be shut ; no Gaoler to admit any Prisoner this day ;—and Henriot is galloping towards the Tuileries, to deliver Robespierre. On the Quai de la Ferrallerie, a young Citoyen, walking with his wife, says aloud : " Gendarmes, that man is not your Commandant ; he is under arrest." The Gendarmes strike down the young Citoyen with the flat of their swords.²

Representatives themselves (as Merlin the Thionviller), who

² *Précis des Evénemens du Neuf Thermidor*, par C. A. Méda, ancien Gendarme (Paris, 1825).

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accost him, this puissant Henriot flings into guard-houses. He bursts towards the Tuileries Committee-room, "to speak with Robespierre:" with difficulty, the Ushers and Tuileries Gendarmes, earnestly pleading and drawing sabre, seize this Henriot; get the Henriot Gendarmes persuaded not to fight; get Robespierre and Company packed into hackney-coaches, sent off under escort, to the Luxembourg and other Prisons. This, then, *is* the end? May not an exhausted Convention adjourn now, for a little repose and sustenance, 'at five o'clock'?

An exhausted Convention did it; and repented it. The end was not come; only the end of the *second-act*. Hark, while exhausted Representatives sit at victuals,—tocsin bursting from all steeples, drums rolling, in the summer evening: Judge Coffinhal is galloping with new Gendarmes, to deliver Henriot from Tuileries Committee-room; and does deliver him! Puissant Henriot vaults on horseback; sets to haranguing the Tuileries Gendarmes; corrupts the Tuileries Gendarmes too; trots off with them to Townhall. Alas, and Robespierre is not in Prison: the Gaoler showed his Municipal order, durst not, on pain of his life, admit any Prisoner; the Robespierre Hackney-coaches, in this confused jangle and whirl of uncertain Gendarmes, have floated safe—into the Townhall! There sit Robespierre and Company, embraced by Municipals and Jacobins in sacred right of Insurrection; redacting Proclamations; sounding tocsins; corresponding with Sections and Mother Society. Is not here a pretty enough third-act of a *natural* Greek Drama; catastrophe more uncertain than ever?

The hasty Convention rushes together again, in the ominous nightfall: President Collot, for the chair is his, enters with long strides, paleness on his face; claps-on his hat; says with solemn tone: "Citoyens, armed Villains have beset the Committee-rooms, and got possession of them. The hour is come, to die at our post!" "*Oui*," answer one and all: "We swear it!" It is no rodомontade, this time, but a sad fact and necessity; unless we *do* at our posts, we must verily die. Swift therefore, Robespierre, Henriot, the Municipality, are declared Rebels; put *Hors la Loi*, Out of Law. Better still, we appoint Barras Commandant of what Armed-force is to be had; send Missionary Representatives to all Sections and quarters, to preach, and raise force: will die at least with harness on our back.

What a distracted City; men riding and running, reporting

and hearsaying; the Hour clearly in travail,—child not to be *named* till born! The poor Prisoners in the Luxembourg hear the rumour; tremble for a new September. They see men making signals to them, on skylights and roofs, apparently signals of hope; cannot in the least make out what it is.³ We observe, however, in the eventide, as usual, the Death-tumbrils faring Southeastward, through Saint-Antoine, towards their Barrier du Trône. Saint-Antoine's tough bowels melt; Saint-Antoine surrounds the Tumbrils; says, It shall not be. O Heavens, why should it! Henriot and Gendarmes, scouring the streets that way, bellow, with waved sabres, that it must. Quit hope, ye poor Doomed! The Tumbrils move on.

But in this set of Tumbrils there are two other things notable: one notable person; and one want of a notable person. The notable person is Lieutenant-General Loiserolles, a nobleman by birth and by nature; laying down his life here for his son. In the Prison of Saint-Lazare, the night before last, hurrying to the Grate to hear the Death-list read, he caught the name of his son. The son was asleep at the moment. "I am Loiserolles," cried the old man: at Tinville's bar, an error in the Christian name is little; small objection was made.—The want of the notable person, again, is that of Deputy Paine! Paine has sat in the Luxembourg since January; and seemed forgotten; but Fouquier had pricked him at last. The Turnkey, List in hand, is marking with chalk the outer doors of tomorrow's *Fournée*. Paine's outer door happened to be open, turned back on the wall; the Turnkey marked it on the side next him, and hurried on: another Turnkey came, and shut it; no chalk-mark now visible, the *Fournée* went without Paine. Paine's life lay not there.—

Our fifth-act, of this natural Greek Drama, with its natural unities, can only be painted in gross; somewhat as that antique Painter, driven desperate, did the *foam*. For through this blessed July night, there is clangour, confusion very great, of marching troops; of Sections going this way, Sections going that; of Missionary Representatives reading Proclamations by torchlight; Missionary Legendre, who has raised force somewhere, emptying out the Jacobins, and flinging their key on the Convention table: "I have locked their door; it shall be Virtue that reopens it." Paris, we say, is set against itself, rushing

³ *Mémoires sur les Prisons*, ii. 277.

Therm. 10] July 28th.

confused, as Ocean-currents do; a huge *Mahlstrom*, sounding there, under cloud of night. Convention sits permanent on this hand; Municipality most permanent on that. The poor prisoners hear tocsin and rumour; strive to bethink them of the signals apparently of hope. Meek continual Twilight streaming up, which will be Dawn and a Tomorrow, silvers the Northern hem of Night; it wends and wends there, that meek brightness, like a silent prophecy, along the great ring-dial of the Heaven. So still, eternal! and on Earth all is confused shadow and conflict; dissidence, tumultuous gloom and glare; and 'Destiny as yet sits wavering, and shakes her doubtful urn.'

About three in the morning the dissident Armed-forces have *met*. Henriot's Armed-force stood ranked in the Place de Grève; and now Barras's, which he has recruited, arrives there; and they front each other, cannon bristling against cannon. Citoyens! cries the voice of Discretion loudly enough, Before coming to bloodshed, to endless civil-war, hear the Convention Decree read: 'Robespierre and all rebels Out of Law!'—Out of Law? There is terror in the sound. Unarmed Citoyens disperse rapidly home. Municipal Cannoneers, in sudden whirl, anxiously unanimous, range themselves on the Convention side, with shouting. At which shout, Henriot descends from his upper room, far gone in drink as some say; finds his Place de Grève empty; the cannons' mouth turned *towards* him; and on the whole,—that it is now the catastrophe!

Stumbling in again, the wretched drunk-sobered Henriot announces: "All is lost!" "*Misérable*, it is thou that hast lost it!" cry they; and fling him, or else he flings himself, out of window: far enough down; into masonwork and horror of cesspool; not into death but worse. Augustin Robespierre follows him; with the like fate. Saint-Just, they say, called on Lebas to kill him; who would not. Couthon crept under a table; attempting to kill himself; not doing it.—On entering that Sanhedrim of Insurrection, we find all as good as extinct; undone, ready for seizure. Robespierre was sitting on a chair, with pistol-shot blown through not his head but his under-jaw; the suicidal hand had failed.⁴ With prompt zeal,

⁴ Méda, p. 384. (Méda asserts that it was he who, with infinite courage though in a lefthanded manner, shot Robespierre. Méda got promoted for his services of this night; and died General and Baron. Few credited Méda in what was otherwise incredible.)

not without trouble, we gather these wrecked Conspirators ; fish up even Henriot and Augustin, bleeding and foul ; pack them all, rudely enough, into carts ; and shall, before sunrise, have them safe under lock and key. Amid shoutings and embracing.

Robespierre lay in an anteroom of the Convention Hall, while his Prison-escort was getting ready ; the mangled jaw bound up rudely with bloody linen : a spectacle to men. He lies stretched on a table, a deal-box his pillow ; the sheath of the pistol is still clenched convulsively in his hand. Men bully him, insult him : his eyes still indicate intelligence ; he speaks no word. 'He had on the sky-blue coat he had got made for the Feast of the *Être Suprême*'—O Reader, can thy hard heart hold out against that ? His trousers were nankeen ; the stockings had fallen down over the ankles. He spake no word more in this world.

And so, at six in the morning, a victorious Convention adjourns. Report flies over Paris as on golden wings ; penetrates the Prisons ; irradiates the faces of those that were ready to perish : turnkeys and *moutons*, fallen from their high estate, look mute and blue. It is the 28th day of July, called 10th of Thermidor, year 1794.

Fouquier had but to identify ; his Prisoners being already Out of Law. At four in the afternoon, never before were the streets of Paris seen so crowded. From the Palais de Justice to the Place de la Révolution, for *thither* again go the Tumbrils ; this time, it is one dense stirring mass ; all windows crammed ; the very roofs and ridge-tiles budding forth human Curiosity, in strange gladness. The Death-tumbrils, with their motley Batch of Outlaws, some Twenty-three or so, from Maximilien to Mayor Fleuriot and Simon the Cordwainer, roll on. All eyes are on Robespierre's Tumbril, where he, his jaw bound in dirty linen, with his half-dead Brother and half-dead Henriot, lie shattered ; their 'seventeen hours' of agony about to end. The Gendarmes point their swords at him, to show the people which is he. A woman springs on the Tumbril ; clutching the side of it with one hand, waving the other Sibyl-like ; and exclaims : "The death of thee gladdens my very heart, *m'enivre de joie*," Robespierre opened his eyes ; "*Scélérat*, go down to Hell, with the curses of all wives and mothers !" —At the foot of the scaffold, they stretched him on the ground till his turn came. Lifted

Therm. 9] July 27th.

aloft, his eyes again opened ; caught the bloody axe. Samson wrenched the coat off him ; wrenched the dirty linen from his jaw : the jaw fell powerless, there burst from him a cry ;—hideous to hear and see. Samson, thou canst not be too quick !

Samson's work done, there bursts forth shout on shout of applause. Shout, which prolongs itself not only over Paris, but over France, but over Europe, and down to this generation. Deservedly, and also undeservedly. O unhappiest Advocate of Arras, wert thou worse than other Advocates ? Stricter man, according to his Formula, to his Credo and his Cant, of probities, benevolences, pleasures-of-virtue, and suchlike, lived not in that age. A man fitted, in some luckier settled age, to have become one of those incorruptible barren Pattern-Figures, and have had marble-tablets and funeral-sermons. His poor landlord, the Cabinet-maker in the Rue Saint-Honoré, loved him ; his Brother died for him. May God be merciful to him and to us !

This is the end of the Reign of Terror ; new glorious *Revolution* named *of Thermidor* ; of Thermidor 9th, year 2 ; which being interpreted into old slave-style means 27th of July 1794. Terror is ended ; and death in the Place de la Révolution, were the '*Tail* of Robespierre' once executed ; which service Fouquier, in large Batches, is swiftly managing.

BOOK SEVENTH.

VENDÉMIAIRE.

CHAPTER I.

DECADENT.

How little did anyone suppose that here was the end not of Robespierre only, but of the Revolution System itself! Least of all did the mutinying Committee-men suppose it; who had mutinied with no view whatever except to continue the National Regeneration with their own heads on their shoulders. And yet so it verily was. The insignificant stone they had struck out, so insignificant anywhere else, proved to be the Keystone; the whole arch-work and edifice of Sansculottism began to loosen, to crack, to yawn; and tumbled piecemeal, with considerable rapidity, plunge after plunge; till the Abyss had swallowed it all, and in this upper world Sansculottism was no more.

For despicable as Robespierre himself might be, the death of Robespierre was a signal at which great multitudes of men, struck dumb with terror heretofore, rose out of their hiding-places; and, as it were, saw one another, how multitudinous they were; and began speaking and complaining. They are countable by the thousand and the million; who have suffered cruel wrong. Ever louder rises the plaint of such a multitude; into a universal sound, into a universal continuous peal, of what they call Public Opinion. Camille had demanded a 'Committee of Mercy,' and could not get it; but now the whole Nation resolves itself into a Committee of Mercy: the Nation has tried Sansculottism, and is weary of it. Force of Public Opinion! What King or Convention can withstand it? You in vain struggle: the thing that is rejected as 'calumnious' today must

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pass as veracious with triumph another day: gods and men have declared that Sansculottism cannot be. Sansculottism, on that Ninth night of Thermidor suicidally 'fractured its under-jaw;' and lies writhing, never to rise more.

Through the next fifteen months, it is what we may call the death-agony of Sansculottism. Sansculottism, Anarchy of the Jean-Jacques Evangel, having now got deep enough, is to perish in a new singular system of Culottism and Arrangement. For Arrangement is indispensable to man; Arrangement, were it grounded only on that old primary Evangel of Force, with Sceptre in the shape of Hammer! Be there method, be there order, cry all men; were it that of the Drill-sergeant! More tolerable is the drilled Bayonet-rank, than that undrilled Guillotine, incalculable as the wind.—How Sansculottism, writhing in death-throes, strove some twice, or even three times, to get on its feet again; but fell always, and was flung resupine the next instant; and finally breathed out the life of it, and stirred no more: this we are now, from a due distance, with due brevity, to glance at; and then—O Reader!—Courage, I see land!

Two of the first acts of the Convention, very natural for it after this Thermidor, are to be specified here: the first is, renewal of the Governing Committees. Both *Sûreté Générale* and *Salut Public*, thinned by the Guillotine, need filling up: we naturally fill them up with Talliens, Frérons, victorious Thermidorian men. Still more to the purpose, we appoint that they shall, as Law directs, not in name only but in deed, be renewed and changed from period to period; a fourth part of them going out monthly. The Convention will no more lie under bondage of Committees, under terror of death; but be a free Convention; free to follow its own judgment, and the Force of Public Opinion. Not less natural is it to enact that Prisoners and Persons under Accusation shall have right to demand some 'Writ of Accusation,' and see clearly what they are accused of. Very natural acts: the harbingers of hundreds not less so.

For now Fouquier's trade, shackled by Writ of Accusation, and legal proof, is as good as gone; effectual only against Robespierre's Tail. The Prisons give up their Suspect; emit them faster and faster. The Committees see themselves besieged with Prisoners' friends; complain that they are hindered in their work: it is as with men rushing out of a crowded place; and

obstructing one another. Turned are the tables: Prisoners pouring out in floods; Jailors, *Moutons* and the Tail of Robespierre going now whither they were wont to send!—The Hundred and thirty-two Nantese Republicans, whom we saw marching in irons, have arrived; shrunk to Ninety-four, the fifth man of them choked by the road. They arrive: and suddenly find themselves not pleaders for life, but denouncers to death. Their Trial is for acquittal, and more. As the voice of a trumpet, their testimony sounds far and wide, mere atrocities of a Reign of Terror. For a space of nineteen days; with all solemnity and publicity. Representative Carrier, Company of Marat; Noyadings, Loire Marriages, things done in darkness, come forth into light: clear is the voice of these poor resuscitated Nantese; and Journals, and Speech, and universal Committee of Mercy reverberate it loud enough, into all ears and hearts. Deputation arrives from Arras; denouncing the atrocities of Representative Lebon. A tamed Convention loves its own life: yet what help? Representative Lebon, Representative Carrier must wend towards the Revolutionary Tribunal; struggle and delay as we will, the cry of a Nation pursues them louder and louder. Them also Tinville must abolish;—if indeed Tinville himself be not abolished.

We must note, moreover, the decrepit condition into which a once omnipotent Mother Society has fallen. Legendre flung her keys on the Convention table, that Thermidor night; her President was guillotined with Robespierre. The once mighty Mother came, some time after, with a subdued countenance, begging back her keys: the keys were restored her; but the strength could not be restored her; the strength had departed forever. Alas, one's day is done. Vain that the Tribune in mid-air sounds as of old: to the general ear it has become a horror, and even a weariness. By and by, Affiliation is prohibited: the mighty Mother sees herself suddenly childless; mourns as so hoarse a Rachel may.

The Revolutionary Committees, without Suspects to prey upon, perish fast; as it were, of famine. In Paris the old Forty-eight of them are reduced to Twelve; their *Forty sous* are abolished: yet a little while, and Revolutionary Committees are no more. *Maximum* will be abolished; let Sansculottism find food where it can.¹ Neither is there now any Municipality

¹ 24th December 1794 (*Moniteur*, No. 97).

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any centre at the Townhall. Mayor Fleuriot and Company perished ; whom we shall not be in haste to replace. The Townhall remains in a broken submissive state ; knows not well what it is growing to ; knows only that it is grown weak, and must obey. What if we should split Paris into, say, a Dozen separate Municipalities ; incapable of concert ! The Sections were thus rendered safe to act with :—or indeed might not the Sections themselves be abolished ? You had then merely your Twelve manageable pacific Townships, without centre or subdivision :² and sacred right of Insurrection fell into abeyance !

So much is getting abolished ; fleeing swiftly into the Inane. For the Press speaks, and the human tongue ; Journals, heavy and light, in Philippic and Burlesque : a renegade Fréron, a renegade Prudhomme, loud they as ever, only the contrary way. And *Ci-devants* show themselves, almost parade themselves ; resuscitated as from death-sleep ; publish what death-pains they have had. The very Frogs of the Marsh croak with emphasis. Your protesting Seventy-three shall, with a struggle, be emitted out of Prison, back to their seats ; your Louvets, Isnards, Lanjuinais, and wrecks of Girondism, recalled from their haylofts, and caves in Switzerland, will resume their place in the Convention :³ natural foes of Terror !

Thermidorian Talliens, and mere foes of Terror, rule in this Convention, and out of it. The compressed Mountain shrinks silent more and more. Moderatism rises louder and louder : not as a tempest, with threatenings ; say rather, as the rushing of a mighty organ-blast, and melodious deafening Force of Public Opinion, from the Twenty-five million windpipes of a Nation all in Committee of Mercy : which how shall any detached body of individuals withstand ?

CHAPTER II.

LA CABARUS.

How, above all, shall a poor National Convention withstand it ? In this poor National Convention, broken, bewildered by long terror, perturbations and guillotinement, there is no Pilot, there is not now even a Danton, who could undertake to steer you anywhither, in such press of weather. The utmost a be-

² October 1795 (Dulaure, viii. 454-6).

³ *Deux Amis*, xiii. 3-39.

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wildered Convention can do, is to veer, and trim, and try to keep itself steady; and rush, undrowned, before the wind. Needless to struggle; to fling helm a-lee, and make 'bout ship! A bewildered Convention sails not in the teeth of the wind; but is rapidly blown round again. So strong is the wind, we say; and so changed; blowing fresher and fresher, as from the sweet Southwest; your devastating Northeasters, and wild Tornado-gusts of Terror, blown utterly out! All Sansculottic things are passing away; all things are becoming Culottic.

Do but look at the cut of clothes; that light visible Result, significant of a thousand things which are not so visible. In winter 1793, men went in red nightcap; Municipals themselves in *sabots*; the very Citoyennes had to petition against such headgear. But now in this winter 1794, where is the red nightcap? With the things beyond the Flood. Your moneyed Citoyen ponders in what most elegant style he shall dress himself; whether he shall not even dress himself as the Free Peoples of Antiquity. The more adventurous Citoyenne has already done it. Behold her, that beautiful adventurous Citoyenne: in costume of the Ancient Greeks, such Greek as Painter David could teach; her sweeping tresses snooded by glittering antique fillet; bright-dyed tunic of the Greek women; her little feet naked, as in Antique Statues, with mere sandals, and winding-strings of riband,—defying the frost!

There is such an effervescence of Luxury. For your Emigrant *Ci-devants* carried not their mansions and furnitures out of the country with them; but left them standing here: and in the swift changes of property, what with money coined on the Place de la Révolution, what with Army-furnishings, sales of Emigrant Domains and Church Lands and King's Lands, and then with the Aladdin's-lamp of Agio in a time of Paper-money, such mansions have found new occupants. Old wine, drawn from *Ci-devant* bottles, descends new throats. Paris has swept herself, relighted herself; Salons, Soupers not Fraternal, beam once more with suitable effulgence, very singular in colour. The fair Cabarus is come out of Prison; wedded to her red-gloomy Dis, whom they say she treats too loftily: fair Cabarus gives the most brilliant soirées. Round her is gathered a new Republican Army, of Citoyennes in sandals; *Ci-devants* or other: what remnants soever of the old grace survive are rallied there. At her right-hand, in this cause, labours fair Josephine the

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Widow Beauharnais, though in straitened circumstances : intent, both of them, to blandish-down the grimness of Republican austerity, and recivilise mankind.

Recivilise, even as of old they were civilised : by witchery of the Orphic fiddle-bow, and Euterpean rhythm ; by the Graces, by the Smiles ! Thermidorian Deputies are there in those soirées : Editor Fréron, *Orateur du Peuple* ; Barras, who has known other dances than the Carmagnole. Grim Generals of the Republic are there ; in enormous horse-collar neckcloth, good against sabre-cuts ; the hair gathered all into one knot, 'flowing down behind, fixed with a comb.' Among which latter do we not recognise, once more, that little bronze-complexioned Artillery-Officer of Toulon, home from the Italian Wars ! Grim enough ; of lean, almost cruel aspect : for he has been in trouble, in ill health ; also in ill favour, as a man promoted, deservingly or not, by the Terrorists and Robespierre Junior. But does not Barras know him ? Will not Barras speak a word for him ? Yes,—if at any time it will serve Barras so to do. Somewhat forlorn of fortune, for the present, stands that Artillery-Officer ; looks, with those deep earnest eyes of his, into a future as waste as the most. Taciturn ; yet with the strangest utterances in him, if you awaken him, which smite home, like light or lightning ;—on the whole, rather dangerous ? A 'dis-social' man ? Dissocial enough ; a natural terror and horror to all Phantasms, being himself of the genus Reality ! He stands here, without work or outlook, in this forsaken manner ;—glances nevertheless, it would seem, at the kind glance of Josephine Beauharnais ; and, for the rest, with severe countenance, with open eyes, and closed lips, waits what will betide.

That the Balls, therefore, have a new figure this winter, we can see. Not Carmagnoles, rude 'whirlblasts of rags,' as Mercier called them, 'precursors of storm and destruction :' no, soft Ionic motions ; fit for the light sandal and antique Grecian tunic ! Efflorescence of Luxury has come out : for men have wealth ; nay new-got wealth ; and under the Terror you durst not dance, except in rags. Among the innumerable kinds of Balls, let the hasty reader mark only this single one : the kind they call Victim Balls, *Bals à Victime*. The dancers, in choice costume, have all crape round the left arm : to be admitted, it needs that you be a *Victime* ; that you have lost a relative under

the Terror. Peace to the Dead ; let us *dance* to their memory ! For in all ways one must dance.

It is very remarkable, according to Mercier, under what varieties of figure this great business of dancing goes on. 'The women,' says he, 'are Nymphs, Sultanas ; sometimes Minervas, Junos, even Dianas. In lightly-unerring gyrations they swim there ; with such earnestness of purpose ; with perfect silence, so absorbed are they. What is singular,' continues he, 'the onlookers are as it were mingled with the dancers ; form, as it were, a circumambient element round the different contredances, yet without deranging them. It is rare, in fact, that a Sultana in such circumstances experiences the smallest collision. Her pretty foot darts down, an inch from mine ; she is off again ; she is as a flash of light : but soon the measure recalls her to the point she set out from. Like a glittering comet she travels her ellipse ; revolving on herself, as by a double effect of gravitation and attraction.'¹ Looking forward a little way, into Time, the same Mercier discerns *Merveilleuses* in 'flesh-coloured drawers' with gold circlets ; mere dancing Houris of an artificial Mahomet's-Paradise : much too Mahometan. Montgaillard, with his splenetic eye, notes a no less strange thing ; that every fashionable Citoyenne you meet is in an interesting situation. Good Heavens, *every* ? Mere pillows and stuffing ! adds the acrid man ;—such in a time of depopulation by war and guillotine, being the fashion.² No farther seek its merits to disclose.

Behold also, instead of the old grim *Tappe-durs* of Robespierre, what new street-groups are these ? Young men habited not in black-shag Carmagnole spencer, but in superfine *habit carré*, or spencer with rectangular tail appended to it ; 'square-tailed coat,' with elegant anti-guillotinish specialty of collar ; 'the hair plaited at the temples,' and knotted back, long-flowing, in military wise : young men of what they call the *Muscadin* or Dandy species ! Fréron, in his fondness, names them *Jeunesse Dorée*, Golden or Gilt Youth. They have come out, these Gilt Youths, in a kind of resuscitated state ; they wear crape round the left arm, such of them as were *Victims*. More, they carry clubs loaded with lead ; in an angry manner : any *Tappe-dur*, or remnant of Jacobinism they may fall in with, shall fare the worse. They have suffered much : their friends guillotined ;

¹ Mercier, *Nouveau Paris*, iii. 138, 153.

² Montgaillard, iv. 436-42.

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their pleasures, frolics, superfine collars ruthlessly repressed : 'ware now the base Red Nightcaps who did it ! Fair Cabarus and the Army of Greek sandals smile approval. In the Théâtre Feydeau, young Valour in square-tailed coat eyes Beauty in Greek sandals, and kindles by her glances : Down with Jacobinism ! No Jacobin hymn or demonstration, only Thermidorian ones, shall be permitted here : we beat down Jacobinism with clubs loaded with lead.

But let any one who has examined the Dandy nature, how petulant it is, especially in the gregarious state, think what an element, in sacred right of insurrection, this Gilt Youth was ! Broils and battery ; war without truce or measure ! Hateful is Sansculottism, as Death and Night. For indeed is not the Dandy *culottic*, habilitory, by law of existence ; 'a cloth-animal ; one that lives, moves and has his being in cloth' ?

So goes it, waltzing, bickering ; fair Cabarus, by Orphic witchery, struggling to recivilise mankind. Not unsuccessfully, we hear. What utmost Republican grimness can resist Greek sandals, in Ionic motion, the very toes covered with gold rings ?³ By degrees 'the indisputablest new-politeness rises ; grows, with vigour. And yet, whether, even to this day, that inexpressible tone of society known under the old Kings, when Sin had 'lost all its deformity' (with or without advantage to us), and airy Nothing had obtained such a local habitation and establishment as she never had,—be recovered ? Or even, whether it be not lost beyond recovery ?⁴—Either way, the world must contrive to struggle on.

CHAPTER III.

QUIBERON.

BUT, indeed, do not these long-flowing hair-queues of a *Jeunesse Dorée* in semi-military costume betoken, unconsciously, another still more important tendency ? The Republic, abhorrent of her Guillotine, loves her Army.

And with cause. For, surely, if good fighting be a kind of honour, as it is in its season ; and be with the vulgar of men, even the chief kind of honour ; then here is good fighting, in

³ Montgaillard, Mercier (ubi suprâ).

⁴ De Staël, *Considérations*, iii. c. 10. &c.

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good season, if there ever was. These Sons of the Republic, they rose, in mad wrath, to deliver her from Slavery and Cimmeria. And have they not done it? Through Maritime Alps, through gorges of Pyrenees, through Low Countries, Northward along the Rhine-valley, far is Cimmeria hurled back from the sacred Motherland. Fierce as fire, they have carried her Tricolor over the faces of all her enemies ;—over scarp'd heights, over cannon-batteries, it has flown victorious, winged with rage. She has 'Eleven hundred-thousand fighters on foot,' this Republic : 'at one particular moment she had,' or supposed she had, 'Seventeen-hundred thousand.'¹ Like a ring of lightning, they, volleying and *ça-ira*-ing, begirdle her from shore to shore. Cimmerian Coalition of Despots recoils, smitten with astonishment and strange pangs.

Such a fire is in these Gaelic Republican men ; high-blazing ; which no Coalition can withstand ! Not scutcheons, with four degrees of nobility ; but *ci-devant* Sergeants, who have had to clutch Generalship out of the cannon's throat, a Pichegru, a Jourdan, a Hoche lead them on. They have bread, they have iron ; 'with bread and iron you can get to China.'—See Pichegru's soldiers, this hard winter, in their looped and windowed destitution, in their 'straw-rope shoes and cloaks of bast-mat,' how they overrun Holland, like a demon-host, the ice having bridged all waters ; and rush shouting from victory to victory ! Ships in the Texel are taken by hussars on horseback : fled is York ; fled is the Stadtholder, glad to escape to England, and leave Holland to fraternise.² Such a Gaelic fire, we say, blazes in this People, like the conflagration of grass and dry-jungle ; which no mortal can withstand,—for the moment.

And even so it will blaze and run, scorching all things ; and, from Cadiz to Archangel, mad Sansculottism, drilled now into Soldiership, led on by some 'armed Soldier of Democracy' (say, that monosyllabic Artillery-Officer), will set its foot cruelly on the necks of its enemies ; and its shouting and their shrieking shall fill the world !—Rash Coalised Kings, such a fire have ye kindled ; yourselves fireless, *your* fighters animated only by drill-sergeants, mess-room moralities and the drummer's cat ! However, it is begun, and will not end : not for a matter of twenty years. So long, this Gaelic fire, through its successive

¹ Toulangeon, iii. c. 7 ; v. c. 10 (p. 194).

² 19th January 1795 (Montgaillard, iv. 287-311).

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changes of colour and character, will blaze over the face of Europe, and afflict and scorch all men:—till it provoke all men; till it kindle another kind of fire, the Teutonic kind, namely; and be swallowed up, so to speak, in a day! For there is a fire comparable to the burning of dry-jungle and grass; most sudden, high-blazing: and another fire which we liken to the burning of coal, or even of anthracite coal; difficult to kindle, but then which no known thing will put out. The ready Gaelic fire, we can remark farther,—and remark not in Pichegrus only, but in innumerable Voltaires, Racines, Laplaces, no less; for a man, whether he fight, or sing, or think, will remain the same unity of a man,—is admirable for roasting eggs, in every conceivable sense. The Teutonic anthracite again, as we see in Luthers, Leibnitzes, Shakspeares, is preferable for smelting metals. How happy is our Europe that has both kinds!—

But be this as it may, the Republic is clearly triumphing. In the spring of the year, Mentz Town again sees itself besieged; will again change master: did not Merlin the Thionviller, 'with wild beard and look,' say it was not for the last time they saw him there? The Elector of Mentz circulates among his brother Potentates this pertinent query, Were it not advisable to treat of Peace? Yes! answers many an Elector from the bottom of his heart. But, on the other hand, Austria hesitates; finally refuses, being subsidied by Pitt. As to Pitt, whoever hesitate, he, suspending his Habeas-corpus, suspending his Cash-payments, stands inflexible,—spite of foreign reverses; spite of domestic obstacles, of Scotch National Conventions and English Friends of the People, whom he is obliged to arraign, to hang, or even to see acquitted with jubilee: a lean inflexible man. The Majesty of Spain, as we predicted, makes Peace; also the Majesty of Prussia: and there is a Treaty of Bâle.³ Treaty with black Anarchists and Regicides! Alas, what help? You cannot hang this Anarchy; it is like to hang you: you must needs treat with it.

Likewise, General Hoche has even succeeded in pacificating La Vendée. Rogue Rossignol and his 'Infernal Columns' have vanished: by firmness and justice, by sagacity and industry, General Hoche has done it. Taking 'Movable Columns,' not infernal; girdling-in the Country; pardoning the submissive, cutting down the resistive, limb after limb of the Revolt is

³ 5th April 1795 (Montgaillard, iv. 319).

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brought under. La Rochejacquelin, last of our Nobles, fell in battle; Stofflet himself makes terms; Georges-Cadoudal is back to Brittany, among his Chouans: the frightful gangrene of La Vendée seems veritably extirpated. It has cost, as they reckon in round numbers, the lives of a Hundred-thousand fellow-mortals; with noyadings, conflagrations by infernal column, which defy arithmetic. This is the La Vendée War.⁴

Nay in few months, it does burst-up once more, but once only;—blown upon by Pitt, by our Ci-devant Puisaye of Calvados, and others. In the month of July 1795, English Ships will ride in Quiberon roads. There will be debarkation of chivalrous Ci-devants, of volunteer Prisoners-of-war—eager to desert; of fire-arms, Proclamations, clothes-chests, Royalists and specie. Whereupon also, on the Republican side, there will be rapid stand-to-arms; with ambuscade marchings by Quiberon beach, at midnight; storming of Fort Penhièvre; war-thunder mingling with the roar of the nightly main; and such a morning light as has seldom dawned: debarkation hurled back into its boats, or into the devouring billows, with wreck and wail;—in one word, a Ci-devant Puisaye as totally ineffectual here as he was in Calvados, when he rode from Vernon Castle without boots.⁵

Again, therefore, it has cost the lives of many a brave man. Among whom the whole world laments the brave Son of Sombreuil. Ill-fated family! The father and younger son went to the guillotine; the heroic daughter languishes, reduced to want, hides her woes from History: the elder son perishes here; shot by military tribunal as an Emigrant; Hoche himself cannot save him. If all wars, civil and other, are misunderstandings, what a thing must right-understanding be!

CHAPTER IV.

LION NOT DEAD.

THE Convention, borne on the tide of Fortune towards foreign Victory, and driven by the strong wind of Public Opinion towards Clemency and Luxury, is rushing fast; all skill of pilotage is needed, and more than all, in such a velocity.

⁴ *Histoire de la Guerre de la Vendée*, par M. le Comte de Vautan; *Mémoires de Madame de la Rochejacquelin*, &c.

⁵ *Deux Amis*, xiv. 94-106; Puisaye, *Mémoires*, iii.-vii.

Germ. 12] April 1st.

Curious to see, how we veer and whirl, yet must ever whirl round again, and scud before the wind. If, on the one hand, we re-admit the Protesting Seventy-three, we, on the other hand, agree to consummate the Apotheosis of Marat; lift his body from the Cordeliers Church, and transport it to the Pantheon of Great Men,—flinging out Mirabeau to make room for him. To no purpose: so strong blows Public Opinion! A Gilt Youthhood, in plaited hair-tresses, tears down his Busts from the Théâtre Feydeau; tramples them under foot; scatters them, with vociferation, into the Cesspool of Montmartre.¹ Swept is his Chapel from the Place du Carrousel; the Cesspool of Montmartre will receive his very dust. Shorter godhood had no divine man. Some four months in this Pantheon, Temple of All the Immortals; then to the Cesspool, grand *Cloaca* of Paris and the World! 'His Busts at one time amounted to four thousand.' Between Temple of All the Immortals and Cloaca of the World, how are poor human creatures whirled!

Furthermore the question arises, When will the Constitution of *Ninety-three*, of 1793, come into action? Considerate heads surmise, in all privacy, that the Constitution of Ninety-three will never come into action. Let them busy themselves to get ready a better.

Or, again, where now are the Jacobins? Childless, most decrepit, as we saw, sat the mighty Mother; gnashing not teeth, but empty gums, against a traitorous Thermidorian Convention and the current of things. Twice were Billaud, Collot and Company accused in Convention, by a Lecointre, by a Legendre; and the second time, it was not voted calumnious. Billaud from the Jacobin tribune says, "The lion is not dead; he is only sleeping." They ask him in Convention, What he means by the awakening of the lion? And bickerings, of an extensive sort, arose in the Palais-Egalité between *Tappe-durs* and the Gilt Youthhood; cries of "Down with the Jacobins, the *Jacoquins*," *coquin* meaning scoundrel! The Tribune in mid-air gave battle-sound; answered only by silence and uncertain gasps. Talk was, in Government Committees, of 'suspending' the Jacobin Sessions. Hark, there!—it is in Allhallow-time, or on the Hallow-eve itself, month *ci-devant* November, year once named of Grace 1794, sad eve for Jacobinism,—volley of stones dashing through our windows, with jingle and execration! The

¹ *Moniteur*, du 25 Septembre 1794, du 4 Février 1795.

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female Jacobins, famed *Tricoteuses* with knitting-needles, take flight ; are met at the doors by a Gilt Youthhood and 'mob of four thousand persons ;' are hooted, flouted, hustled ; fustigated in a scandalous manner, *cotillons retroussés* ;—and vanish in mere hysterics. Sally out, ye male Jacobins ! The male Jacobins sally out ; but only to battle, disaster and confusion. So that armed Authority has to intervene : and again on the morrow to intervene ; and suspend the Jacobin Sessions forever and a day.²—Gone are the Jacobins ; into invisibility ; in a storm of laughter and howls. Their Place is made a Normal School, the first of the kind seen ; it then vanishes into a 'Market of Thermidor Ninth ;' into a Market of Saint-Honoré, where is now peaceable chaffering for poultry and greens. The solemn temples, the great globe itself ; the baseless fabric ! Are not we such stuff, we and this world of ours, as Dreams are made of ?

Maximum being abrogated, Trade was to take its own free course. Alas, Trade, shackled, topsyturvied in the way we saw, and now suddenly let-go again, can for the present take no course at all ; but only reel and stagger. There is, so to speak, no Trade whatever for the time being. Assignats, long sinking, emitted in such quantities, sink now with an alacrity beyond parallel. "*Combien ?*" said one, to a Hackney-coachman, "What fare ?" "Six thousand livres," answered he : some three hundred pounds sterling, in Paper-money.³ Pressure of Maximum withdrawn, the things it compressed likewise withdraw. 'Two ounces of bread per day' is the modicum allotted : wide-waving, doleful are the Bakers' Queues ; Farmers' houses are become pawnbrokers' shops.

One can imagine, in these circumstances, with what humour Sansculottism growled in its throat "*La Cabarus* ;" beheld *Ci-devants* return dancing, the Thermidor effulgence of recivilisation, and Balls in flesh-coloured drawers. Greek tunics and sandals ; hosts of *Muscadins* parading, with their clubs loaded with lead ;—and we here, cast out, abhorred, 'picking offals from the street ;'⁴ agitating in Baker's Queue for our two ounces of bread ! Will the Jacobin lion, which they say is meeting secretly 'at the

² *Moniteur*, Séances du 10-12 Novembre 1794 ; *Deux Amis*, xiii. 43-49.

³ Mercier, ii. 94. ('1st February 1796 : at the Bourse of Paris, the gold louis,' of 20 francs in silver, 'costs 5,300 francs in assignats.' Montgaillard iv. 419.)

⁴ Fantin Desodoards, *Histoire de la Révolution*, vii. c. 4.

Germ. 12] April 1st.

Archevêché, in *bonnet rouge* with loaded pistols,' not awaken ? Seemingly, not. Our Collot, our Billaud, Barrère, Vadier, in these last days of March 1795, are found worthy of *Déportation*, of Banishment beyond seas ; and shall, for the present, be trundled off to the Castle of Ham. The lion is dead ; — or writhing in death-throes !

Behold, accordingly, on the day they call Twelfth of Germinal (which is also called First of April, not a lucky day), how lively are these streets of Paris once more ! Floods of hungry women, of squalid hungry men ; ejaculating, " Bread, bread, and the Constitution of Ninety-three !" Paris has risen, once again, like the Ocean-tide ; is flowing towards the Tuileries, for Bread and a Constitution. Tuileries Sentries do their best ; but it serves not : the Ocean-tide sweeps them away ; inundates the Convention Hall itself ; howling, " Bread and the Constitution !"

Unhappy Senators, unhappy People, there is yet, after all toils and broils, no Bread, no Constitution. "*Du pain, pas tant de longs discours*, Bread, not bursts of Parliamentary eloquence !" so wailed the Menads of Maillard, five years ago and more ; so wail ye to this hour. The Convention, with unalterable countenance, with what thought one knows not, keeps its seat in this waste howling chaos ; rings its storm-bell from the Pavilion of Unity. Section Lepelletier, old *Filles Saint-Thomas*, who are of the money-changing species ; these and Gilt Youthhood fly to the rescue : sweep chaos forth again, with levelled bayonets. Paris is declared 'in a state of siege.' Pichegru, Conqueror of Holland, who happens to be here, is named Commandant, till the disturbance end. He, in one day so to speak, ends it. He accomplishes the transfer of Billaud, Collot and Company ; dissipating all opposition 'by two cannon-shots,' blank cannon-shots, and the terror of his name ; and thereupon, announcing, with a Laconicism which should be imitated, "Representatives, your decrees are executed,"⁵ lays down his Commandantship.

This Revolt of Germinal, therefore, has passed, like a vain cry. The Prisoners rest safe in Ham, waiting for ships ; some nine-hundred 'chief Terrorists of Paris' are disarmed. Sanscullottism, swept forth with bayonets, has vanished, with its misery, to the bottom of Saint-Antoine and Saint-Marceau. — Time was

⁵ *Moniteur*, Séance du 13 Germinal (2d April), 1795.

when Usher Maillard with Menads could alter the course of Legislation ; but that time is not. Legislation seems to have got bayonets ; Section Lepelletier takes its firelock, not for us ! We retire to our dark dens ; our cry of hunger is called a Plot of Pitt ; the Saloons glitter, the flesh-coloured Drawers gyrate as before. It was for "*The Cabarus*," then, and her *Muscadins* and Money-changers that we fought ? It was for Balls in flesh-coloured drawers that we took Feudalism by the beard, and did and dared, shedding our blood like water ? Expressive Silence, muse thou their praise !—

CHAPTER V.

LION SPRAWLING ITS LAST.

REPRESENTATIVE Carrier went to the Guillotine, in December last ; protesting that he acted by orders. The Revolutionary Tribunal, after all it has devoured, has now only, as Anarchic things do, to devour itself. In the early days of May, men see a remarkable thing : Fouquier-Tinville pleading at the Bar once his own. He and his chief Jurymen, Leroi *August-Tenth*, Juryman Vilate, a Batch of Sixteen ; pleading hard, protesting that they acted by orders : but pleading in vain. Thus men break the axe with which they have done hateful things ; the axe itself having grown hateful. For the rest, Fouquier died hard enough : "Where are thy Batches ?" howled the people.—"Hungry *canaille*," asked Fouquier, "is thy Bread cheaper, wanting them ?"

Remarkable Fouquier ; once but as other Attorneys and Law-beagles, which hunt ravenous on this Earth, a well-known phasis of human nature ; and now thou art and remainest the most remarkable Attorney that ever lived and hunted in the Upper Air ! For, in this terrestrial Course of Time, there was to be an *Avatar* of Attorneyism ; the Heavens had said, Let there be an Incarnation, not divine, of the venatory Attorney-spirit which keeps its eye on the bond only ;—and lo, this was it ; and they have attorneyed it in its turn. Vanish, then, thou rat-eyed Incarnation of Attorneyism ; who at bottom wert but as other Attorneys, and too hungry sons of Adam ! Juryman Vilate had striven hard for life, and published, from his Prison, an ingenious Book, not unknown to us ; but it would not stand : he also had to vanish ; and this his Book of the *Secret Causes*

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of *Thermidor*, full of lies, with particles of truth in it undiscoverable otherwise, is all that remains of him.

Revolutionary Tribunal has done; but vengeance has not done. Representative Lebon, after long struggling, is handed over to the ordinary Law Courts, and by them guillotined. Nay at Lyons and elsewhere, resuscitated Moderatism, in its vengeance, will not wait the slow process of Law; but bursts into the Prisons, sets fire to the Prisons; burns some three-score imprisoned Jacobins to dire death, or chokes them 'with the smoke of straw.' There go vengeful truculent 'Companies of Jesus,' 'Companies of the Sun,' slaying Jacobinism wherever they meet with it; flinging it into the Rhone-stream; which once more bears seaward a horrid cargo.¹ Whereupon, at Toulon, Jacobinism rises in revolt; and is like to hang the National Representatives.—With such action and reaction, is not a poor National Convention hard bested? It is like the settlement of winds and waters, of seas long tornado-beaten; and goes on with jumble and with jangle. Now flung aloft, now sunk in trough of the sea, your Vessel of the Republic has need of all pilotage and more.

What Parliament that ever sat under the Moon had such a series of destinies as this National Convention of France? It came together to make the Constitution; and instead of that, it has had to make nothing but destruction and confusion: to burn-up Catholicisms, Aristocratisms; to worship Reason and dig Saltpetre; to fight Titanically with itself and with the whole world. A Convention decimated by the Guillotine; above the tenth man has bowed his neck to the axe. Which has seen Carmagnoles danced before it, and patriotic strophes sung amid Church-spoils; the wounded of the Tenth of August defile in handbarrows; and, in the Pandemonial Midnight, Egalité's dames in tricolor drink lemonade, and spectrum of Sieyes mount, saying, *Death sans phrase*. A Convention which has effervesced, and which has congealed; which has been red with rage, and also pale with rage; sitting with pistols in its pocket, drawing sword (in a moment of effervescence): now storming to the four winds, through a Danton-voice, Awake, O France, and smite the tyrants; now frozen mute under its Robespierre, and answering his dirge-voice by a dubious gasp. Assassinated, decimated; stabbed at, shot at, in baths, on streets

¹ *Moniteur*, du 27 Juin, du 31 Août, 1795; *Deux Amis*, xiii. 121-9.

and staircases ; which has been the nucleus of Chaos. Has it not heard the chimes at midnight ? It has deliberated, beset by a Hundred-thousand armed men with artillery-furnaces and provision-carts. It has been betocsined, bestormed ; overflowed by black deluges of Sansculottism ; and has heard the shrill cry, *Bread and Soap*. For, as we say, it was the nucleus of Chaos : it sat as the centre of Sansculottism ; and had spread its pavilion on the waste Deep, where is neither path nor landmark, neither bottom nor shore. In intrinsic valour, ingenuity, fidelity, and general force and manhood, it has perhaps not far surpassed the average of Parliaments ; but in frankness of purpose, in singularity of position, it seeks its fellow. One other Sansculottic submersion, or at most two, and this wearied vessel of a Convention reaches land.

Revolt of Germinal Twelfth ended as a vain cry ; moribund Sansculottism was swept back into invisibility. There it has lain moaning, these six weeks : moaning, and also scheming. Jacobins disarmed, flung forth from their Tribune in mid-air, must needs try to help themselves, in secret conclave under ground. Lo therefore, on the First day of the month *Prairial*, 20th of May 1795, sound of the *générale* once more ; beating sharp ran-tan, To arms, To arms !

Sansculottism has risen, yet again, from its death-lair ; waste, wild-flowing, as the unfruitful Sea. Saint-Antoine is afoot : " Bread and the Constitution of Ninety-three," so sounds it ; so stands it written with chalk on the hats of men. They have their pikes, their firelocks ; Paper of Grievances ; standards ; printed Proclamation, drawn-up in quite official manner,—considering this, and also considering that, they, a much-enduring Sovereign People, are in Insurrection ; will have Bread and the Constitution of Ninety-three. And so the Barriers are seized, and the *générale* beats, and tocsins discourse discord. Black deluges overflow the Tuileries ; spite of sentries, the Sanctuary itself is invaded : enter, to our Order of the Day, a torrent of dishevelled women, wailing, " Bread ! Bread !" President may well cover himself ; and have his own tocsin rung in 'the Pavilion of Unity ;' the ship of the State again labours and leaks ; overwashed, near to swamping, with unfruitful brine.

What a day, once more ! Women are driven out : men storm irresistibly in ; choke all corridors, thunder at all gates. De-

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puties, putting forth head, obtest, conjure ; Saint-Antoine rages, "Bread and Constitution." Report has risen that the 'Convention is assassinating the women : ' crushing and rushing, clangor and furor ! The oak doors have become as oak tambourines, sounding under the axe of Saint-Antoine ; plaster-work crackles, wood-work booms and jingles ; door starts up ;—bursts-in Saint-Antoine with frenzy and vociferation, with Rag-standards, printed Proclamation, drum-music : astonishment to eye and ear. Gendarmes, loyal Sectioners charge through the other door ; they are re-charged ; musketry exploding ; Saint-Antoine cannot be expelled. Obtesting Deputies obtest vainly : Respect the President ; approach not the President ! Deputy Féraud, stretching out his hands, baring his bosom scarred in the Spanish wars, obtests vainly ; threatens and resists vainly. Rebellious Deputy of the Sovereign, if thou have fought, have not we too ? We have no Bread, no Constitution ! They wrench poor Féraud ; they tumble him, trample him, wrath waxing to see itself work : they drag him into the corridor, dead or near it ; sever his head, and fix it on a pike. Ah, did an unexampled Convention want this variety of destiny, too, then ? Féraud's bloody head goes on a pike. Such a game has begun ; Paris and the Earth may wait how it will end.

And so it billows free through all Corridors ; within and without, far as the eye reaches, nothing but Bedlam, and the great Deep broken loose ! President Boissy d'Anglas sits like a rock : the rest of the Convention is floated 'to the upper benches ;' Sectioners and Gendarmes still ranking there to form a kind of wall for them. And Insurrection rages ; rolls its drums ; will read its Paper of Grievances, will have this decreed, will have that. Covered sits President Boissy ; unyielding ; like a rock in the beating of seas. They menace him, level muskets at him, he yields not ; they hold up Féraud's bloody head to him, with grave stern air he bows to it, and yields not.

And the Paper of Grievances cannot get itself read for uproar : and the drums roll, and the throats bawl ; and Insurrection, like sphere-music, is inaudible for very noise : Decree us this, Decree us that. One man we discern bawling 'for the space of an hour at all intervals,' "*Je demande l'arrestation des coquins et des lâches.*" Really one of the most comprehensive Petitions ever put up ; which indeed, to this hour, includes all that you can reasonably ask Constitution of the Year One.

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Rotten-Borough, Ballot-Box, or other miraculous Political Ark of the Covenant to do for you to the end of the world ! I also *demand arrestment of the Knaves and Dastards*, and nothing more whatever.—National Representation, deluged with black Sansculottism, glides out ; for help elsewhere, for safety elsewhere ; here is no help.

About four in the afternoon, there remain hardly more than some Sixty Members : mere friends, or even secret leaders ; a remnant of the Mountain-crest, held in silence by Thermidorian thralldom. Now is the time for them ; now or never let them descend, and speak ! They descend, these Sixty, invited by Sansculottism : Romme of the New Calendar, Ruhl of the Sacred Phial, Goujon, Duquesnoy, Soubrany, and the rest. Glad Sansculottism forms a ring for them ; Romme takes the President's chair ; they begin resolving and decreeing. Fast enough now comes Decree after Decree, in alternate brief strains, or strophe and antistrophe,—what will cheapen bread, what will awaken the dormant lion. And at every new decree, Sansculottism shouts “Decreed, decreed !” and rolls its drums.

Fast enough ; the work of months in hours,—when see, a Figure enters, whom in the lamp-light we recognise to be Legendre ; and utters words : fit to be hissed out ! And then see, Section Lepelletier or other Muscadin Section enters, and Gilt Youth, with levelled bayonets, countenances screwed to the sticking-place ! Tramp, tramp, with bayonets gleaming in the lamp-light : what can one do, worn down with long riot, grown heartless, dark, hungry, but roll back, but rush back, and escape who can ? The very windows need to be thrown up, that Sansculottism may escape fast enough. Money-changer Sections and Gilt Youth sweep them forth, with steel besom, far into the depths of Saint-Antoine. Triumph once more ! The Decrees of that Sixty are not so much as rescinded ; they are declared null and non-extant. Romme, Ruhl, Goujon and the ringleaders, some thirteen in all, are decreed Accused. Permanent-session ends at three in the morning.² Sansculottism, once more flung resupine, lies sprawling ; sprawling its *last*.

Such was the First of Prairial, 20th of May 1795. Second and Third of Prairial, during which Sansculottism still sprawled, and unexpectedly rang its tocsin, and assembled in arms, availed Sansculottism nothing. What though with our Rommes and

² *Deux Amis*, xiii. 129-46.

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Ruhls, accused but not yet arrested, we make a new 'True National Convention' of our own, over in the East; and put the others Out of Law? What though we rank in arms and march? Armed Force and Muscadin Sections, some thirty-thousand men, environ that old False Convention: we can but bully one another; bandying nicknames, "*Muscadins*," against "Blood-drinkers, *Buveurs de Sang*." Féraud's Assassin, taken with the red hand, and sentenced, and now near to Guillotine and Place de Grève, is retaken; is carried back into Saint-Antoine:—to no purpose. Convention Sectionaries and Gilt Youth come, according to Decree, to seek him; nay to disarm Saint-Antoine! And they do disarm it: by rolling of cannon, by springing upon enemy's cannon; by military audacity, and terror of the Law. Saint-Antoine surrenders its arms; Sauterrie even advising it, anxious for life and brewhouse. Féraud's Assassin flings himself from a high roof: and all is lost.³

Discerning which things, old Ruhl shot a pistol through his old white head; dashed his life in pieces, as he had done the Sacred Phial of Rheims. Romme, Goujon and the others stand ranked before a swiftly-appointed, swift Military Tribunal. Hearing the sentence, Goujon drew a knife, struck it into his breast, passed it to his neighbour Romme; and fell dead. Romme did the like; and another all-but did it; Roman-death rushing on there, as in electric-chain, before your Bailiffs could intervene! The Guillotine had the rest.

They were the *Ultimi Romanorum*. Billaud, Collot and Company are now ordered to be tried for life; but are found to be already off, shipped for Sinamarri, and the hot mud of Surinam. There let Billaud surround himself with flocks of tame parrots; Collot take the yellow fever, and drinking a whole bottle of brandy, burn up his entrails.⁴ Sansculottism sprawls no more. The dormant lion has become a dead one; and now, as we see, any hoof may smite him.

CHAPTER VI.

GRILLED HERRINGS.

So dies Sansculottism, the *body* of Sansculottism; or is changed. Its ragged Pythian Carmagnole-dance has trans-

³ 'Toulangeon, v. 297; *Moniteur*, Nos. 244, 5, 6.

⁴ *Dictionnaire des Hommes Marquans*, §§ Billaud, Collot.

formed itself into a Pyrrhic, into a dance of Cabarus Balls. Sansculottism is dead ; extinguished by new *isms* of that kind, which were its own natural progeny ; and is buried, we may say, with such deafening jubilation and disharmony of funeral-knell on their part, that only after some half-century or so does one begin to learn clearly why it ever was alive.

And yet a meaning lay in it : Sansculottism verily was alive, a New-Birth of TIME ; nay it still lives, and is not dead but changed. The *soul* of it still lives ; still works far and wide, through one bodily shape into another less amorphous, as is the way of cunning Time with his New-Births :—till, in some perfected shape, it embrace the whole circuit of the world ! For the wise man may now everywhere discern that he must found on his manhood, not on the garnitures of his manhood. He who, in these Epochs of our Europe, founds on garnitures, formulas, culottisms of what sort soever, is founding on old cloth and sheepskin, and cannot endure. But as for the body of Sansculottism, that is dead and buried,—and, one hopes, need not reappear, in primary amorphous shape, for another thousand years.

It was the frightfulest thing ever born of Time ? One of the frightfulest. This Convention, now grown Anti-jacobin, did, with an eye to justify and fortify itself, publish Lists of what the Reign of Terror had perpetrated : Lists of Persons Guillotined. The Lists, cries splenetic Abbé Montgaillard, were not complete. They contain the names of, How many persons thinks the Reader ?—Two-thousand all but a few. There were above Four-thousand, cries Montgaillard : so many were guillotined, fusilladed, noyaded, done to dire death ; of whom Nine-hundred were women.¹ It is a horrible sum of human lives, M. l'Abbé :—some ten times as many shot rightly on a field of battle, and one might have had his Glorious-Victory with *Te-Deum*. It is not far from the two-hundredth part of what perished in the entire Seven-Years War. By which Seven-Years War, did not the great Fritz wrench Silesia from the great Theresa ; and a Pompadour, stung by epigrams, satisfy herself that she could not be an Agnès Sorel ? The head of man is a strange vacant sounding-shell, M. l'Abbé, and studies Cocker to small purpose.

But what if History somewhere on this Planet were to hear

¹ Montgaillard, iv. 241.

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of a Nation, the third soul of whom had not, for thirty weeks each year, as many third-rate potatoes as would sustain him? History, in that case, feels bound to consider that starvation is starvation; that starvation from age to age presupposes much; History ventures to assert that the French Sansculotte of Ninety-three, who, roused from long death-sleep, could rush at once to the frontiers, and die fighting for an immortal Hope and Faith of Deliverance for him and his, was but the *second*-miserablest of men! The Irish Sans-potato, had he not senses, then, nay a soul? In his frozen darkness, it was bitter for him to die famishing; bitter to see his children famish. It was bitter for him to be a beggar, a liar and a knave. Nay, if that dreary Greenland-wind of benighted Want, perennial from sire to son, had frozen him into a kind of torpor and numb callosity, so that he saw not, felt not,—was this, for a creature with a soul in it, some assuagement; or the cruellest wretchedness of all?

Such things were; such things are; and they go on in silence peaceably:—and Sansculottisms follow them. History, looking back over this France through long times, back to Turgot's time for instance, when dumb Drudgery staggered up to its King's Palace, and in wide expanse of sallow faces, squalor and winged raggedness, presented hieroglyphically its Petition of Grievances; and for answer got hanged on a 'new gallows forty feet high,'—confesses mournfully that there is no period to be met with, in which the general Twenty-five Millions of France suffered *less* than in this period which they name Reign of Terror! But it was not the Dumb Millions that suffered here; it was the Speaking Thousands, and Hundreds, and Units; who shrieked and published, and made the world ring with their wail, as they could and should: that is the grand peculiarity. The frightfullest Births of Time are never the loud-speaking ones, for these soon die; they are the silent ones, which can live from century to century! Anarchy, hateful as Death, is abhorrent to the whole nature of man; and so must itself soon die.

Wherefore let all men know what of depth and of height is still revealed in man; and with fear and wonder, with just sympathy and just antipathy, with clear eye and open heart, contemplate it and appropriate it; and draw innumerable in-

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ferences from it. This inference, for example, among the first : That 'if the gods of this lower world will sit on their glittering 'thrones, indolent as Epicurus' gods, with the living Chaos of 'Ignorance and Hunger weltering uncared-for at their feet, 'and smooth Parasites preaching, Peace, peace, when there is 'no peace,' then the dark Chaos, it would seem, will rise ;—has risen, and, O Heavens, has it not tanned their skins into breeches for itself? That there be no second Sansculottism in our Earth for a thousand years, let us understand well what the first was ; and let Rich and Poor of us go and do *otherwise*. —But to our tale.

The Muscadin Sections greatly rejoice ; Cabarus Balls gyrate : the well-nigh insoluble problem, *Republic without Anarchy*, have not we solved it ?—Law of Fraternity or Death is gone : chimerical *Obtain-who-need* has become practical *Hold-who-have*. To anarchic Republic of the Poverties there has succeeded orderly Republic of the Luxuries ; which will continue as long as it can.

On the Pont au Change, on the Place de Grève, in long sheds, Mercier, in these summer evenings, saw working men at their repast. One's allotment of daily bread has sunk to an ounce and a half. 'Plates containing each three grilled her-rings, sprinkled with shorn onions, wetted with a little vinegar ; 'to this add some morsel of boiled prunes, and lentils swim-ming in a clear sauce : at these frugal tables, the cook's grid-iron hissing near by, and the pot simmering on a fire between 'two stones, I have seen them ranged by the hundred ; consum-ing, without bread, their scant messes, far too moderate for the 'keenness of their appetite and the extent of their stomach.'³ Seine water, rushing plenteous by, will supply the deficiency.

O Man of Toil, thy struggling and thy daring, these six long years of insurrection and tribulation, thou hast profited nothing by it, then ? Thou consumest thy herring and water, in the blessed gold-red evening. O why was the Earth so beautiful, be-crimsoned with dawn and twilight, if man's dealings with man were to make it a vale of scarcity, of tears, not even soft tears ? Destroying of Bastilles, discomfiting of Brunswicks, fronting of Principalities and Powers, of Earth and Tophet, all that thou hast dared and endured,—it was for a Republic of the Cabarus Saloons ? Patience ; thou must have patience : the end is not yet.

³ *Nouveau Paris*, iv. 118.

CHAPTER VII.

THE WHIFF OF GRAPESHOT.

IN fact, what can be more natural, one may say inevitable, as a Post-Sansculottic transitional state, than even this? Confused wreck of a Republic of the Poverties, which ended in Reign of Terror, is arranging itself into such composure as it can. Evangel of Jean-Jacques, and most other Evangels, becoming incredible, what is there for it but return to the old Evangel of Mammon? *Contrat-Social* is true or untrue, Brotherhood is Brotherhood or Death; but money always will buy money's worth: in the wreck of human dubitations, this remains indubitable, that Pleasure is pleasant. Aristocracy of Feudal Parchment has passed away with a mighty rushing; and now, by a natural course, we arrive at Aristocracy of the Moneybag. It is the course through which all European Societies are, at this hour, travelling. Apparently a still baser sort of Aristocracy? An infinitely baser; the basest yet known.

In which, however, there is this advantage, that, like Anarchy itself, it cannot continue. Hast thou considered how Thought is stronger than Artillery-parks, and (were it fifty years after death and martyrdom, or were it two thousand years) writes and unwrites Acts of Parliament, removes mountains; models the World like soft clay? Also how the beginning of all Thought, worth the name, is Love; and the wise head never yet was, without first the generous heart? The Heavens cease not their bounty; they send us generous hearts into every generation. And now what generous heart can pretend to itself, or be hoodwinked into believing, that Loyalty to the Moneybag is a noble Loyalty? Mammon, cries the generous heart out of all ages and countries, is the basest of known Gods, even of known Devils. In him what glory is there, that ye should worship him? No glory discernible; not even terror: at best, detestability, ill-matched with despicability!—Generous hearts, discerning, on this hand, wide-spread Wretchedness, dark without and within, moistening its ounce-and-half of bread with tears; and, on that hand, mere Balls in flesh-coloured drawers, and inane or foul glitter of such sort,—cannot but ejaculate, cannot but announce: Too much, O divine Mammon; somewhat too much!

—The voice of these, once announcing itself, carries *fiat* and *pereat* in it, for all things here below.

Meanwhile we will hate Anarchy as Death, which it is; and the things worse than Anarchy shall be hated *more*. Surely Peace alone is fruitful. Anarchy is destruction; a burning up, say, of Shams and Insupportabilities; but which leaves Vacancy behind. Know this also, that out of a world of Unwise nothing but an Unwisdom can be made. Arrange it, constitution-build it, sift it through ballot-boxes as thou wilt, it is and remains an Unwisdom,—the new prey of new quacks and unclean things, the latter end of it slightly better than the beginning. Who can bring a wise thing out of men unwise? Not one. And so Vacancy and general Abolition having come for this France, what can Anarchy do more? Let there be Order, were it under the Soldier's Sword; let there be Peace, that the bounty of the Heavens be not spilt; that what of Wisdom they do send us bring fruit in its season!—It remains to be seen how the quellers of Sansculottism were themselves quelled, and sacred right of Insurrection was blown away by gunpowder; wherewith this singular eventful History called *French Revolution* ends.

The Convention, driven such a course by wild wind, wild tide, and steerage and non-steerage, these three years, has become weary of its own existence, sees all men weary of it; and wishes heartily to finish. To the last it has to strive with contradictions: it is now getting fast ready with a Constitution, yet knows no peace. Sieyes, we say, is making the Constitution once more; has as good as made it. Warned by experience, the great Architect alters much, admits much. Distinction of Active and Passive Citizen, that is, Money-qualification for Electors: nay Two Chambers, 'Council of Ancients,' as well as 'Council of Five-hundred;' to that conclusion have we come! In a like spirit, eschewing that fatal self-denying ordinance of your Old Constituents, we enact not only that actual Convention Members are reëligible, but that Two-thirds of them must be reëlected. The Active Citizen Electors shall for this time have free choice of only One-third of their National Assembly. Such enactment, of Two-thirds to be reëlected, we append to our Constitution; we submit our Constitution to the Townships of France, and say, Accept *both*, or reject both. Unsavoury as this appendix may be, the Townships, by overwhelming majority,

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accept and ratify. With Directory of Five; with Two good Chambers, double-majority of them nominated by ourselves, one hopes this Constitution may prove final. *March* it will; for the legs of it, the reëlected Two-thirds, are already here, able to march. Sieyes looks at his paper-fabric with just pride.

But now see how the contumacious Sections, Lepelletier foremost, kick against the pricks. Is it not manifest infraction of one's Elective Franchise, Rights of Man, and Sovereignty of the People, this appendix of reëlecting *your* Two-thirds? Greedy tyrants, who would perpetuate yourselves!—For the truth is, victory over Saint-Antoine, and long right of Insurrection, has spoiled these men. Nay spoiled all men. Consider, too, how each man was free to hope what he liked; and now there is to be no hope, there is to be fruition, fruition of *this*.

In men spoiled by long right of Insurrection, what confused ferments will rise, tongues once begun wagging! Journalists declaim, your Lacretelles, Laharpes; Orators spout. There is Royalism traceable in it, and Jacobinism. On the West Frontier, in deep secrecy, Pichegru, durst he trust his Army, is treating with Condé: in these Sections, there spout wolves in sheep's clothing, masked Emigrants and Royalists.¹ All men, as we say, had hoped, each that the Election would do something for his own side: and now there is no Election, or only the third of one. Black is united with white against this clause of the Two-thirds; all the Unruly of France, who see their trade thereby near ending.

Section Lepelletier, after Addresses enough, finds that such clause is a manifest infraction; that it, Lepelletier for one, will simply not conform thereto; and invites all other free Sections to join it, 'in central Committee,' in resistance to oppression.² The Sections join it, nearly all; strong with their Forty-thousand fighting men. The Convention therefore may look to itself! Lepelletier, on this 12th day of Vendémiaire, 4th of October 1795, is sitting in open contravention, in its Convent of Filles Saint-Thomas, Rue Vivienne, with guns primed. The Convention has some Five-thousand regular troops at hand; Generals in abundance; and a Fifteen-hundred of miscellaneous persecuted Ultra-Jacobins, whom in this crisis it has hastily got toge-

¹ Napoleon, *Las Cases* (*Choix des Rapports*, xvii. 398-411).

² *Deux Amis*, xiii. 375-406.

ther and armed, under the title of *Patriots of Eighty-nine*. Strong in Law, it sends its General Menou to disarm Lepelletier.

General Menou marches accordingly, with due summons and demonstration; with no result. General Menou, about eight in the evening, finds that he is standing ranked in the Rue Vivienne, emitting vain summonses; with primed guns pointed out of every window at him; and that he cannot disarm Lepelletier. He has to return, with whole skin, but without success; and be thrown into arrest, as 'a traitor.' Whereupon the whole Forty-thousand join this Lepelletier which cannot be vanquished: to what hand shall a quaking Convention now turn? Our poor Convention, after such voyaging, just entering harbour, so to speak, has *struck on the bar*;—and labours there frightfully, with breakers roaring round it, Forty-thousand of them, like to wash it, and its Sieyes Cargo and the whole future of France, into the deep! Yet one last time, it struggles, ready to perish.

Some call for Barras to be made Commandant; he conquered in Thermidor. Some, what is more to the purpose, bethink them of the Citizen Buonaparte, unemployed Artillery-Officer, who took Toulon. A man of head, a man of action: Barras is named Commandant's-Cloak; this young Artillery-Officer is named Commandant. He was in the Gallery at the moment, and heard it; he withdrew, some half-hour, to consider with himself: after a half-hour of grim compressed considering, to be or not to be, he answers *Yea*.

And now, a man of head being at the centre of it, the whole matter gets vital. Swift, to Camp of Sablons; to secure the Artillery, there are not twenty men guarding it! A swift Adjutant, Murat is the name of him, gallops; gets thither some minutes within time, for Lepelletier was also on march that way: the Cannon are ours. And now beset this post, and beset that; rapid and firm: at Wicket of the Louvre, in Cul-de-sac Dauphin, in Rue Saint-Honoré, from Pont-Neuf all along the north Quays, southward to Pont *ci-devant* Royal,—rank round the Sanctuary of the Tuileries, a ring of steel discipline; let every gunner have his match burning, and all men stand to their arms!

Thus there is Permanent-session through the night; and thus at sunrise of the morrow, there is seen sacred Insurrection once again: vessel of State labouring on the bar; and tumultuous sea all round her, beating *générale*, arming and sounding,—

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not ringing tocsin, for we have left no tocsin but our own in the Pavilion of Unity. It is an imminence of shipwreck, for the whole world to gaze at. Frightfully she labours, that poor ship, within cable-length of port; huge peril for her. However, she has a man at the helm. Insurgent messages, received and not received; messenger admitted blindfolded; counsel and counter-counsel: the poor ship labours!—Vendémiaire 13th, year 4: curious enough, of all days, it is the 5th day of October, anniversary of that Menad-march, six years ago; by sacred right of Insurrection we are got thus far.

Lepelletier has seized the Church of Saint-Roch; has seized the Pont-Neuf, our piquet there retreating without fire. Stray shots fall from Lepelletier; rattle down on the very Tuileries Staircase. On the other hand, women advance dishevelled, shrieking, Peace; Lepelletier behind them waving his hat in sign that we shall fraternise. Steady! The Artillery-Officer is steady as bronze; can, if need were, be quick as lightning. He sends eight-hundred muskets with ball-cartridges to the Convention itself; honourable Members shall act with these in case of extremity: whereat they look grave enough. Four of the afternoon is struck.³ Lepelletier, making nothing by messengers, by fraternity or hat-waving, bursts out, along the Southern Quai Voltaire, along streets and passages, treble-quick, in huge veritable onslaught! Whereupon, thou bronze Artillery-Officer—? “Fire!” say the bronze lips. And roar and thunder, roar and again roar, continual, volcano-like, goes his great gun, in the Cul-de-sac Dauphin against the Church of Saint-Roch; go his great guns on the Pont-Royal; go all his great guns;—blow to air some two-hundred men, mainly about the Church of Saint-Roch! Lepelletier cannot stand such horse-play; no Sectioner can stand it; the Forty-thousand yield on all sides, scour towards covert. ‘Some hundred or so of them gathered ‘about the Théâtre de la République; but,’ says he, ‘a few ‘shells dislodged them. It was all finished at six.’

The Ship is *over* the bar, then; free she bounds shoreward,—amid shouting and vivats! Citoyen Buonaparte is ‘named General of the Interior, by acclamation;’ quelled Sections have to disarm in such humour as they may; sacred right of Insurrection is gone forever! The Sieyes Constitution can disembark itself, and begin marching. The miraculous Convention

³ *Moniteur*, Séance du 5 Octobre 1795.

Ship has got to land ;—and is there, shall we figuratively say, changed, as Epic Ships are wont, into a kind of *Sea Nymph*, never to sail more ; to roam the waste Azure, a Miracle in History !

‘It is false,’ says Napoleon, ‘that we fired first with blank charge ; it had been a waste of life to do that.’ Most false : the firing was with sharp and sharpest shot : to all men it was plain that here was no sport ; the rabbets and plinths of Saint-Roch Church show splintered by it to this hour.—Singular : in old Broglie’s time, six years ago, this Whiff of Grapeshot was promised ; but it could not be given then ; could not have profited then. Now, however, the time is come for it, and the man ; and behold, you have it ; and the thing we specifically call *French Revolution* is blown into space by it, and become a thing that was !—

CHAPTER VIII.

FINIS.

HOMER’S Epos, it is remarked, is like a Bas-Relief sculpture : it does not conclude, but merely ceases. Such, indeed, is the Epos of Universal History itself. Directorates, Consulates, Emperors, Restorations, Citizen-Kingships succeed this Business in due series, in due genesis one out of the other. Nevertheless the First-parent of all these may be said to have gone to air in the way we see. A Babœuf Insurrection, next year, will die in the birth ; stifled by the Soldiery. A Senate, if tinged with Royalism, can be purged by the Soldiery ; and an Eighteenth of Fructidor transacted by the mere show of bayonets.¹ Nay Soldiers’ bayonets can be used *à posteriori* on a Senate, and make it leap out of window,—still bloodless ; and produce an Eighteenth of Brumaire.² Such changes must happen : but they are managed by intrigues, caballings, and then by orderly word of command ; almost like mere changes of Ministry. Not in general by sacred right of Insurrection, but by milder methods growing ever milder, shall the events of French History be henceforth brought to pass.

It is admitted that this Directorate, which owned, at its starting, these three things, an ‘old table, a sheet of paper, and

¹ *Moniteur*, du 4 Septembre 1797.

² 9th November 1799 (*Choix des Rapports*, xvii. 1-96).

Vend. 13] Oct. 5th.

an inkbottle,' and no visible money or arrangement whatever,³ did wonders : that France, since the Reign of Terror hushed itself, has been a new France, awakened like a giant out of torpor ; and has gone on, in the Internal Life of it, with continual progress. As for the External form and forms of Life, what can we say, except that out of the Eater there comes Strength ; out of the Unwise there comes *not* Wisdom !—Shams are burnt up ; nay, what as yet is the peculiarity of France, the very Cant of them is burnt up. The new Realities are not yet come : ah no, only Phantasms, Paper models, tentative Prefigurements of such ! In France there are now Four Million Landed Properties ; that black portent of an Agrarian Law is, as it were, *realised*. What is still stranger, we understand all Frenchmen have 'the right of duel ;' the Hackney-coachman with the Peer, if insult be given : such is the law of Public Opinion. Equality at least in death ! The Form of Government is by Citizen King, frequently shot at, not yet shot.

On the whole, therefore, has it not been fulfilled what was prophesied, *ex postfacto* indeed, by the Arch-quack Cagliostro, or another ? He, as he looked in rapt vision and amazement into these things, thus spake :⁴ ' Ha ! What is *this* ? Angels, ' Uriel, Anachiel, and ye other Five ; Pentagon of Rejuvenescence ; Power that destroyedst Original Sin ; Earth, Heaven, ' and thou Outer Limbo, which men name Hell ! Does the ' EMPIRE OF IMPOSTURE waver ? Burst there, in starry sheen, ' updarting, Light-rays from out of *its* dark foundations ; as it ' rocks and heaves, not in travail-throes but in death-throes ? ' Yea, Light-rays, piercing, clear, that salute the Heavens,—lo, ' they *kindle* it ; their starry clearness becomes as red Hellfire !

' IMPOSTURE is in flames, Imposture is burnt up : one red ' sea of Fire, wild-billowing, enwraps the World ; with its fire- ' tongue licks at the very Stars. Thrones are hurled into it, ' and Dubois Mitres, and Prebendal Stalls that drop fatness, ' and—ha ! what see I ?—all the *Gigs* of Creation : all. all ! ' Wo is me ! Never since Pharaoh's Chariots, in the Red Sea ' of water, was there wreck of Wheel-vehicles like this in the ' Sea of Fire. Desolate, as ashes, as gases, shall they wander ' in the wind.

³ Bailleul, *Examen critique des Considérations de Mad. de Staël*, ii. 275.

⁴ *Diamond Necklace* (Carlyle's *Miscellanies*).

‘ Higher, higher yet flames the Fire-Sea ; crackling with
‘ new dislocated timber ; hissing with leather and prunella.
‘ The metal Images are molten ; the marble Images become
‘ mortar-lime ; the stone Mountains sulkily explode. RESPECTA-
‘ BILITY, with all her collected Gigs inflamed for funeral pyre,
‘ wailing, leaves the Earth : not to return save under new
‘ Avatar. Imposture how it burns, through generations : how
‘ it is burnt up ; for a time. The World is black ashes ;—
‘ which, ah, when will they grow green ? The Images all run
‘ into amorphous Corinthian brass ; all Dwellings of men de-
‘ stroyed ; the very mountains peeled and riven, the valleys
‘ black and dead : it is an empty World ! Wo to them that
‘ shall be born then !——A King, a Queen (ah me !) were
‘ hurled in ; did rustle once ; flew aloft, crackling, like paper-
‘ scroll. Iscariot Egalité was hurled in ; thou grim De Launay,
‘ with thy grim Bastille ; whole kindreds and peoples ; five mil-
‘ lions of mutually destroying Men. For it is the End of the
‘ dominion of IMPOSTURE (which is Darkness and opaque Fire-
‘ damp) ; and the burning up, with unquenchable fire, of all the
‘ Gigs that are in the Earth.’ This Prophecy, we say, has it
not been fulfilled, is it not fulfilling ?

And so here, O Reader, has the time come for us two to part. Toilsome was our journeying together ; not without offence ; but it is done. To me thou wert as a beloved shade, the disembodied or not yet embodied spirit of a Brother. To thee I was but as a Voice. Yet was our relation a kind of sacred one ; doubt not that ! For whatsoever once sacred things become hollow jargons, yet while the Voice of Man speaks with Man, hast thou not there the living fountain out of which all sacrednesses sprang, and will yet spring ? Man, by the nature of him, is definable as ‘an incarnated Word.’ Ill stands it with me if I have spoken falsely : thine also it was to hear truly,
Farewell.

CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

[Drawn-up by "Philo," for Edition 1857.]

VOLUME I.: THE BASTILLE.

(*May 10th, 1774—October 5th, 1789.*)

1774.

LOUIS XV. dies, at Versailles, *May 10th, 1774*; of small-pox, after a short illness: Great-grandson of Louis XIV., age then 64; in the 59th year of his nominal 'reign.' Retrospect to 1774: sad decay of 'Realised Ideals,' secular and sacred. Scenes about Louis XV.'s deathbed. Scene of the Noblesse entering, 'with a noise like thunder,' to do homage to the New King and Queen. New King, Louis XVI., was his Predecessor's Grandson; age then near 20,—born *August 23d, 1754*. New Queen was Marie-Antoinette, Daughter (8th daughter, 12th child) of the great Empress Maria-Theresa and her Emperor Francis (originally 'Duke of Lorraine,' but with no territory there); her age at this time was under 19 (born *November 2d, 1755*). Louis and she were wedded four years ago (*May 16th, 1770*); but had as yet no children:—none till 1778, when their first was born; a Daughter known long afterwards as Duchess d'Angoulême. Two Sons followed, who were successively called "Dauphin;" but died both, the second in very miserable circumstances, while still in boyhood. Their fourth and last child, a Daughter (1786), lived only 11 months. These two were now King and Queen, piously reckoning themselves "too young to reign."

December 16th, 1773, Tea, a celebrated cargo of it, had been flung out in the harbour of Boston, Massachusetts: *June 17th, 1775*, Battle of Bunker's Hill, first of the American War, is fought in the same neighbourhood,—far over seas.

1774—1783.

Change of Administration. Maurepas, a man now 73 years old and of great levity, is appointed Prime-Minister; Vergennes favourably known for his correct habits, for his embassies in Turkey, in Sweden, gets the Department of Foreign Affairs. Old Parlement is reinstated; "Parlement Maupeou," which had been invented for getting edicts, particularly tax-edicts, 'registered,' and made available in law, is dismissed. Turgot, made Controller-General of Finances ("Chancellor of the Exchequer" and something more), *August 24th, 1774*, gives rise to high hopes, being already known as a man of much intelligence speculative and practical, of noble patriotic intentions, and of a probity beyond question.

There are many changes; but one steady fact, of supreme significance, continued Deficit of Revenue,—that is the only History of the Period. Noblesse and Clergy are exempt from direct imposts; no tax that can be devised, on such principle, will yield due ways and means. Meanings of that fact; little surmised by the then populations of France. Turgot aiming at juster principles, cannot: 'Corn-trade' (domestic) 'made free,' and many improvements and high intentions;—much discontent at Court in consequence; famine-riots withal, and 'gallows forty feet high.' Turgot will tax Noblesse and Clergy like the other ranks; tempest of astonishment and indignation in consequence: Turgot dismissed, *May 1776*. Flat snuff-boxes come out, this summer, under the name of *Turgotines*, as being "platitudes" (in the notion of a fashionable snuffing public), like the Plans of this Controller. Necker, a Genevese become rich by Banking in Paris, and well seen by the Philosophie party, is appointed Controller in his stead (1776);—and there is continued Deficit of Revenue.

For the rest, Benevolence, Tolerance, Doctrine of universal Love and Charity to good and bad. Scepticism, Philosophism, Sensualism: portentous 'Electuary,' of sweet taste, into which 'Good and Evil,' the distinctions of them lost, have been mashed up. Jean-Jacques, *Contrat-Social*: universal Millennium, of Liberty, Brotherhood, and whatever is desirable, expected to be rapidly approaching on those terms. Balloons, Horse-races, Anglomania. Continued Deficit of Revenue. Necker's plans for 'filling up the Deficit' are not approved of, and are only partially gone into: Frugality is of slow operation; curtailment of expenses occasions numerous dismissals, numerous discontents at Court: from Noblesse and Clergy, if their privilege of exemption be touched, what is to be hoped?

American-English War (since *April 1775*); Franklin, and Agents of the Revolted Colonies, at Paris (*1776* and afterwards), where their Cause is in high favour. French Treaty with Revolted Colonies, *February 6th, 1778*; extensive Official smugglings of supplies to them (in which Beaumarchais is much concerned) for some time before. Departure of French "volunteer" Auxiliaries, under Lafayette, *1778*. "Volunteers" these, not sanctioned, only countenanced and furthered, the public clamour being strong that way. War from England, in consequence; Rochambeau to America, with public Auxiliaries, in *1780*:—War not notable, except by the Siege of Gibraltar, and by the general result arrived at shortly after.

Continued Deficit of Revenue: Necker's ulterior plans still less approved of; by Noblesse and Clergy, least of all. *January 1781*, he publishes a *Compte Rendu* ('Account Rendered,' of himself and them), 'Two hundred thousand copies of it sold;'—and is dismissed in the *May* following. Returns to Switzerland; and there writes New Books, on the same interesting subject or pair of subjects. Maurepas dies, *November 21st, 1781*: the essential "Prime-Minister" is henceforth the Controller-General, if any such could be found; there being an ever-increasing Deficit of Revenue,—a Millennium thought to be just coming on, and evidently no money in its pocket.

Siege of Gibraltar (*September 13th, to middle of November, 1782*): Siege futile on the part of France and Spain; hopeless since that day (*September 13th*) of the red-hot balls. General result arrived at is important: American Independence recognised (*Peace of Versailles, January 20th, 1783*). Lafayette returns in illustrious condition: named *Scipio Americanus* by some able-editors of the time.

1783—1787.

Ever-increasing Deficit of Revenue. Worse, not better, since Necker's dismissal. After one or two transient Controllers, who can do nothing, Calonne, a memorable one, is nominated, *November 1783*. Who continues, with lavish expenditure raised by loans, contenting all the world by his liberality, 'quenching fire by oil thrown on it,' for three years and more. "All the world was holding out its hand, I held out my hat." Ominous scandalous Affair called of the *Diamond Necklace* (Cardinal de Rohan, Dame de Lamotte, Arch-Quack Cagliostro the principal actors), tragically compromising the Queen's name who had no vestige of concern with it, becomes public as Criminal-Trial, *1785*; penal sentence on the above active parties and others, *May 31st, 1786*: with immense rumour and conjecture from all mankind. Calonne, his borrowing resources being out, convokes the Notables (First Convocation of the Notables) *February 22d, 1787*, to sanction his new Plans of Taxing; who will not hear of them or of him: so that he is dismissed, and 'exiled,' *April 8th, 1787*. First Convocation of Notables,—who treat not of this thing only, but of all manner of public things, and mention States-General among others,—sat from *February 22d to May 25th, 1787*.

1787.

Cardinal Loménie de Brienne, who had long been ambitious of the post, succeeds Calonne. A man now of sixty; dissolute, worthless;—devises Tax-Edicts, Stamptax (*Edit du Timbre, July 6th, 1787*) and others, with 'successive loans,' and the like; which the Parlement, greatly to the joy of the Public, will not register. Ominous condition of the Public, all virtually in opposition; Parlements, at Paris and elsewhere, have a cheap method of becoming glorious. Contests of Loménie and Parlement. Beds-of-Justice (first of them, *August 6th, 1787*); *Lettres-de-Cachet*, and the like methods; general 'Exile' of Parlement (*August 15th, 1787*), who return upon conditions, *September 20th*. Increasing ferment of the Public. Loménie helps himself by temporary shifts till he can, privately, get ready for wrestling down the rebel, livid Parlement.

1788. *January—September.*

Spring of 1788, grand scheme of dismissing the Parlement altogether, and nominating instead a "Plenary Court (*Cour Plénière*)," which shall be obedient in 'registering' and in other points. Scheme detected before quite ripe; Parlement in permanent session thereupon; haranguing all night (*May 3d*); applausive idle crowds inundating the Outer Courts; D'Espréménil and Goelard de Monsabert seized by military in the gray of the morning (*May 4th*), and whirled off to distant places of imprisonment: Parlement itself dismissed to exile. Attempt to govern (that is, to raise supplies) by Royal Edict simply,—"Plenary Court" having expired in the birth. Rebellion of all the Provincial Parlements; idle Public more and more noisily approving and applauding. Destructive Hailstorm, *July 13th*, which was remembered next year. Royal Edict (*August 8th*), That States-General, often vaguely promised before, shall actually assemble in May next. Proclamation (*August 16th*), That 'Treasury Payments be henceforth three-fifths in cash, two-fifths in paper,'—in other words, that the Treasury is fallen insolvent. Loménie thereupon immediately dismissed: with immense explosion of popular rejoicing, more riotous than usual. Necker, favourite of all the world, is immediately (*August 24th*) recalled from Switzerland to succeed him, and be "Saviour of France."

1788. *November—December.*

Second Convocation of the Notables (*November 6th—December 12th*), by Necker, for the purpose of settling *how*, in various essential particulars, the States-General shall be held. For instance, Are the Three Estates to meet as one Deliberative Body? Or as Three, or Two? Above all, what is to be the relative force, in deciding, of the Third Estate or Commonalty? Notables, as other less formal Assemblages had done and do, depart without settling any of the points in question; most points remain unsettled,—especially that of the Third Estate and its relative force. Elections begin everywhere, *January 1789*. Troubles of France seem now to be about becoming Revolution in France. Commencement of the "French Revolution,"—henceforth a phenomenon absorbing all others for mankind,—is commonly dated here.

1789. *May—June.*

Assembling of States-General at Versailles; Procession to the Church of St. Louis there, *May 4th*. Third Estate has the Nation behind it; wishes to be a main element in the business. Hopes, and (led by Mirabeau and other able heads) decides, that it must be the main element of all,—and will continue 'inert,' and do nothing, till that come about: namely, till the other Two Estates, Noblesse and Clergy, be joined with it; in which conjunct state it can outvote them, and may become what it wishes. 'Inertia,' or the scheme of doing only harangues and adroit formalities, is adopted by it; adroitly persevered in, for seven weeks: much to the hope of France; to the alarm of Necker and the Court.

Court decides to intervene. Hall of Assembly is found shut (*Saturday June 20th*); Third-Estate Deputies take Oath, celebrated "Oath of the Tennis-Court," in that emergency. Emotion of France mankind. *Monday June 22d*, Court does intervene, but with reverse effect: *Séance Royale*, Royal Speech, giving open intimation of much significance, "If you Three Estates cannot agree, I the King will myself achieve the happiness of my People." Noblesse and Clergy leave the Hall along with King; Third Estate remains pondering this intimation. Enter Supreme-Usher de Brézé, to command departure; Mirabeau's fulminant words to him: exit De Brézé, fruitless and worse, 'amid seas of angry people.' All France on the edge of blazing out: Court recoils; Third Estate, other Two now joining it on order, triumphs, successful in every particular. The States-General are henceforth "National Assembly," called in Books distinctively "Constituent Assembly;" that is, Assembly met "to make the Constitution,"—perfect Constitution, under which the French People might realise their Millennium.

1789. *June—July.*

Great hope, great excitement, great suspicion. Court terrors and plans: old Maréchal Broglio,—this is the Broglio who was young in the Seven-Years War; son of a Marshal Broglio, and grandson of another, who much filled the Newspapers in their time. *Gardes Françaises* at Paris need to be confined to their quarters; and cannot (*June 26th*). *Sunday July 12th*, News that Necker is dismissed, and gone home-wards overnight: panic terror of Paris, kindling into hot frenzy;—ends in besieging

the Bastille; and in taking it, chiefly by infinite noise, the *Gardes Françaises* at length mutely assisting in the rear. Bastille falls, 'like the City of Jericho, by sound,' *Tuesday July 14th, 1789*. Kind of 'fire-baptism' to the Revolution; which continues insuppressible thenceforth, and beyond hope of suppression. All France, 'as National Guards, to suppress Brigands and enemies to the making of the Constitution,' takes arms.

1789. August—October.

Scipio Americanus, Mayor Bailly and 'Patrollotism versus Patriotism' (*August, September*). Hope, terror, suspicion, excitement, rising ever more, towards the transcendental pitch;—continued scarcity of grain. Progress towards *Fifth of October*, called here 'Insurrection of Women.' Regiment de Flandre has come to Versailles (*September 23d*); Officers have had a dinner (*October 3d*), with much demonstration and gesticulative foolery, of an anti-constitutional and monarchic character. Paris, semi-delirious, hears of it (*Sunday October 4th*), with endless emotion;—next day, some '10,000 women' (men being under awe of 'Patrollotism') march upon Versailles; followed by endless miscellaneous multitudes, and finally by Lafayette and National Guards. Phenomena and procedure there. Result is, they bring the Royal Family and National Assembly home with them to Paris; Paris thereafter Centre of the Revolution, and *October Five* a memorable day.

1789. October—December.

'First Emigration,' of certain higher Noblesse and Princes of the Blood; which more or less continues through the ensuing years, and at length on an altogether profuse scale. Much legal inquiring and procedure as to Philippe d'Orléans and his (imaginary) concern in this *Fifth of October*; who retires to England for a while, and is ill seen by the polite classes there.

VOLUME II.: THE CONSTITUTION.

(January 1790—August 12th, 1792.)

1790.

Constitution-building, and its difficulties and accompaniments. Clubs, Journalism; advent of anarchic souls from every quarter of the world. *February 4th*, King's visit to Constituent Assembly; emotion thereupon and National Oath, which flies over France. Progress of swearing it, detailed. General "Federation," or mutual Oath of all Frenchmen, otherwise called 'Feast of Pikes' (*July 14th*, Anniversary of Bastille-day), which also is a memorable Day. Its effects on the Military, in Lieutenant Napoleon Buonaparte's experience.

General disorganisation of the Army, and attempts to mend it. Affair of Nanci (catastrophe is *August 31st*); called "Massacre of Nanci;" irritation thereupon. Mutineer Swiss sent to the Gallies; solemn Funeral-service for the Slain at Nanci (*September 20th*), and riotous menaces and mobs in consequence. Steady progress of disorganisation, of anarchy spiritual and practical. Mirabeau, desperate of Constitution-building under such accompaniments, has interviews with the Queen, and contemplates great things.

1791. April—July.

Death of Mirabeau (*April 2d*): last chance of guiding or controlling this Revolution gone thereby. Royal Family, still hopeful to control it, means to get away from Paris as the first step. Suspected of such intention; visit to St. Cloud violently prevented by the Populace (*April 19th*). Actual Flight to Varennes (*June 20th*); and misventures there: return captive to Paris, in a frightfully worsened position, the fifth evening after (*June 25th*). "Republic" mentioned in Placards, during King's Flight; generally reprobated. Queen and Barnave. A Throne held up; as if 'set on its vertex,' to be held there by hand. Should not this runaway King be deposed? Immense assemblage, petitioning at Altar of Fatherland to that effect (*Sunday July 17th*), is dispersed by musketry, from Lafayette and Mayor Bailly, with extensive weeks following, and leaving remembrances of a very bitter kind.

1791. *August.*

Foreign Governments, who had long looked with disapproval on the French Revolution, now set about preparing for actual interference. Convention of Pilnitz (*August 25th-27th*): Emperor Leopold II., Friedrich Wilhelm II. King of Prussia, with certain less important Potentates, and Emigrant Princes of the Blood, assembling at this Pilnitz (Electoral Country-house near Dresden), express their sorrow and concern at the impossible posture of his now French Majesty, which they think calls upon regular Governments to interfere and mend it: they themselves, prepared at present to "resist French aggression" on their own territories, will coöperate with said Governments in "interfering by effectual methods." This Document, of date *August 27th, 1791*, rouses violent indignations in France; which blaze up higher and higher, and are not quenched for twenty-five years after. Constitution finished; accepted by the King (*September 14th*). Constituent Assembly proclaims 'in a sonorous voice' (*September 30th*), that its Sessions are all ended;—and goes its ways amid 'illuminations.'

1791. *October—December.*

Legislative Assembly, elected according to the Constitution, the first and also the last Assembly of that character, meets *October 1st, 1791*: sat till *September 21st, 1792*; a Twelvemonth all but nine days. More republican than its predecessor; inferior in talent; destitute, like it, of parliamentary experience. Its debates, futilities, staggering parliamentary procedure (Book V. cc. 1-3). Court 'pretending to be dead,'—not 'aiding the Constitution to march.' *Sunday October 16th*, L'Escuyer, at Avignon, murdered in a Church; Massacres in the Ice-Tower follow. Suspicions of their King, and of each other; anxieties about foreign attack, and whether they are in a right condition to meet it; painful questionings of Ministers, continual changes of Ministry,—occupy France and its Legislative with sad debates, growing ever more desperate and stormy in the coming months. Narbonne (Madame de Staël's friend) made War-Minister, *December 7th*; continues for nearly half a year; then Servan, who lasts three months; then Dumouriez, who, in that capacity, lasts only five days (had, with Roland as Home-Minister, been otherwise in place for a year or more); mere 'Ghosts of Ministries.'

1792. *February—April.*

Terror of rural France (*February-March*); Camp of Jâlès; copious Emigration. *February 7th*, Emperor Leopold and the King of Prussia, mending their Pilnitz offer, make public Treaty, That they specially will endeavour to keep down disturbance, and if attacked will assist one another. Sardinia, Naples, Spain, and even Russia and the Pope, understood to be in the rear of these two. *April 20th*, French Assembly, after violent debates, decrees War against Emperor Leopold. This is the first Declaration of War; which the others followed, *pro* and *contra*, all round, like pieces of a great Firework blazing out now here now there. The Prussian Declaration, which followed first, some months after, is the immediately important one.

1792. *June.*

In presence of these alarming phenomena, Government cannot act; will not, say the People. Clubs, Journalists, Sections (organised population of Paris) growing ever more violent and desperate. Issue forth (*June 20th*) in vast Procession, the combined Sections and leaders, with banners, with demonstrations; marching through the streets of Paris, "To quicken the Executive," and give it a fillip as to the time of day. Called "Procession of the Black Breeches" in this Book. Immense Procession, peaceable but dangerous; finds the Tuileries gates closed, and no access to his Majesty; squeezes, crushes, and is squeezed, crushed against the Tuileries gates and doors till they give way; and the admission to his Majesty, and the dialogue with him, and behaviour in his House, are of an utterly chaotic kind, dangerous and scandalous, though not otherwise than peaceable. Giving rise to much angry commentary in France and over Europe. *June Twenty* henceforth a memorable Day. General Lafayette suddenly appears in the Assembly; without leave, as is splenetically observed: makes fruitless attempt to reinstate authority in Paris (*June 28th*); withdraws as an extinct popularity.

1792. *July.*

July 6th, Reconciliatory Scene in the Assembly, derisively called *Baiser L'Assemblée*.

ette. 'Third Federation,' July 14th, being 'at hand, could not the assembling 'Federates' be united into some Nucleus of Force near Paris? Court answers, No; not without reason of its own. Barbaroux writes to Marseilles for "500 men that know how to die;" who accordingly get under way, though like to be too late for the Federation. Sunday July 22d, Solemn Proclamation that the "Country is in Danger."

July 24th, Prussian Declaration of War; and Duke of Brunswick's celebrated Manifesto, threatening France 'with military execution' if Royalty were meddled with: the latter bears date, *Coblentz, July 27th, 1792*, in the name of both Emperor and King of Prussia. Duke of Brunswick commands in chief: Nephew (sister's son) of Frederick the Great; and Father of our unlucky 'Queen Caroline': had served, very young, in the Seven-Years War, under his Father's Brother, Prince Ferdinand; often in command of detachments bigger or smaller; and had gained distinction by his swift marches, audacity and battle-spirit: never hitherto commanded any wide system of operations; nor ever again till 1806, when he suddenly encountered ruin and death at the very starting (Battle of Jena, *October 14th* of that year). This Proclamation, which awoke endless indignation in France and much criticism in the world elsewhere, is understood to have been prepared by other hands (French-Emigrant chiefly, who were along with him in force), and to have been signed by the Duke much against his will. '*Insigne vengeance*,' 'military execution,' and other terms of overbearing menace: Prussian Army, and Austrians from Netherlands, are advancing in that humour. Marseillaise, 'who know how to die,' arrive in Paris (*July 29th*); dinner-scene in the *Champs Elysées*.

1792. August.

Indignation waxing desperate at Paris: France, boiling with ability and will, tied up from defending itself by "an inactive Government" (fatally unable to act). Secret conclaves, consultations of Municipality and Clubs; Danton understood to be the presiding genius there. Legislative Assembly is itself plotting and participant; no other course for it. August 10th, Universal Insurrection of the Armed Population of Paris; Tuileries forced, Swiss Guards cut to pieces. King, when once violence was imminent, and before any act of violence, had with Queen and Dauphin sought shelter in the Legislative-Assembly Hall. They continue there till August 13th (*Friday-Monday*), listening to the debates, in a reporter's box. Are conducted thence to the Temple "as Hostages,"—do not get out again except to die. Legislative Assembly has its Decree ready, That in terms of the Constitution in such alarming crisis a *National Convention* (Parliament with absolute powers) shall be elected; Decree issued that same day, August 10th, 1792. After which the Legislative only waits in existence till it be fulfilled.

VOLUME III.: THE GUILLOTINE.

(August 10th, 1792—October 4th, 1795.)

1792. August—September.

Legislative continues its sittings till Election be completed. Enemy advancing, with armed Emigrants, enter France, Luxembourg region; take Longwy, almost without resistance (*August 23d*); prepare to take Verdun. Austrians besieging Thionville; cannot take it. Dumouriez seizes the Passes of Argonne, August 29th. Great agitation in Paris. Sunday September 2d and onwards till Thursday 6th, September Massacres: described Book I. cc. 4-6. Prussians have taken Verdun, September 2d (*Sunday*, while the Massacres are beginning); except on the score of provisions and of weather, little or no hindrance. Dumouriez waiting in the Passes of Argonne. Prussians detained three weeks forcing these. Famine, and torrents of rain. Battle or Cannonade of Valmy (*September 20th*): French do not fly, as expected. Convention meets, September 22d, 1792; Legislative had sat till the day before, and now gives place to it: Republic decreed, same day. Austrians, renouncing Thionville, besiege Lille (*September 28th—October 8th*); cannot: 'fashionable shaving-dish,' the splinter of a Lille bombshell. Prussians, drenched deep in mud, in dysentery and famine, are obliged to retreat: Goethe's account of it. Total failure of that Brunswick Enterprise.

1792. December—1793. January.

Revolutionary activities in Paris and over France; King shall be brought to "trial." Trial of the King (*Tuesday December 11th—Sunday 16th*). Three Votes (*January 15th-17th, 1793*): Sentence, Death without respite. Executed, *Monday January 21st, 1793*, morning about 10 o'clock. English Ambassador quits Paris; French Ambassador ordered to quit England (*January 24th*). War between the two countries imminent.

1793. February.

Dumouriez, in rear of the retreating Austrians, has seized the whole Austrian Netherlands, in a month or less (*November 4th—2d December last*); and now holds that territory. *February 1st*, France declares War against England and Holland; England declares in return, *February 11th*: Dumouriez immediately invades Holland; English, under Duke of York, go to the rescue: rather successful at first. Committee of *Salut Public* (instituted *January 21st*, day of the King's Execution) the supreme Administrative Body at Paris.

1793. March—July.

Mutual quarrel of Parties once the King was struck down: Girondins or Limited "legal" Republicans *versus* Mountain or Unlimited: their strifes detailed, Book III. cc. 3, 7-9. War to Spain, *March 7th*. Three Epochs in the wrestle of Girondins and Mountain: first, *March 10th*, when the Girondins fancy they are to be "Septembred" by the anarchic population: anarchic population does demand "Arrestment of Twenty-two" by name, in return. Revolutionary Tribunal instituted, Danton's contrivance, that same day (*March 10th*). Battle of Neerwinden in Holland (*March 18th*); Dumouriez, quite beaten, obliged to withdraw homewards faster and faster. Second Girondin Epoch, *April 1st*, when they broke with Danton. General Dumouriez, a kind of Girondin in his way, goes over to the Enemy (*April 3d*). Famine, or scarcity in all kinds: *Law of Maximum* (fixing a price on commodities), *May 20th*. Third Girondin Epoch, "*illa suprema dies*," Convention begirt by Armed Sections under Henriot (*Sunday June 2d*); Girondins, the Twenty-two and some more, put "under arrest in their own houses;"—never got out again, but the reverse, as it proved.

1793. July.

Revolt of the Departments in consequence, who are of Girondin temper; their attempt at civil war. Comes to nothing; ends in 'a mutual shriek' (at Vernon in Normandy, *July 15th*): Charlotte Corday has assassinated Marat at Paris two days before (*Saturday July 13th*). Great Republican vengeance in consequence: Girondin Deputies, Barbaroux, Pétion, Louvet, Gaudet &c. wander ruined, disguised over France; the Twenty-two, Brissot, Vergniaud &c. now imprisoned, await trial; Lyons and other Girondin Cities to be signally punished. Valenciennes, besieged by Duke of York since May, surrenders *July 26th*.

1793. August—October.

Mountain, victorious, resting on the 'Forty-four thousand Jacobin Clubs and Municipalities'; its severe summary procedure rapidly developing itself into a "Reign of Terror." Law of the *Forty Sous* (Sectioners to be paid for attending meetings), Danton's Contrivance, *August 5th*. Austrians force the Lines of Weissembourg, penetrate into France on the East side: Dunkirk besieged by Duke of York (*August 22d*): Lyons bombarded by Dubois-Crancé of the Mountain, Powder-Magazine explodes; Barrère's Proclamation of Levy in Mass, "France risen against Tyrants" (*August 23d*). 'Revolutionary Army' (anarchic Police-force of the Mountain), *September 5th-11th*. Law of the Suspect, *September 17th*. Lyons, after frightful sufferings, surrenders to Dubois-Crancé (*October 9th*): "To be razed from the Earth." Same day Gorsas at Paris, a Girondin Deputy, captured in a state of outlawry, is 'immediately guillotined' (*October 9th*): first Deputy who died in that manner. Execution of the Queen Marie-Antoinette, *Wednesday October 16th*. Execution of the Twenty-two, after trial of some length, '*Marseillaise* sung in chorus' at the scaffold (*October 31st*).—General Jourdan has driven Cobourg and the Austrians over the Sambre again, *October 16th* (day of the Queen's death); Duke of York repulsed from Dunkirk, 'like to be swallowed by the tide' a month before.

1793. *November—December.*

Reign of Terror, and Terror the Order of the Day. Execution of d'Orléans Egalité, *November 6th*; of Madame Roland, *November 8th*; of Mayor Bailly, *November 10th*. Goddess of Reason (first of them, at Paris) sails into the Convention, same day (*November 10th*): Plunder of Churches; 'Carmagnole complete.' Convention "*Representatives on Mission*:" St. Just and Lebon, at Strasburg, "Strip off your shoes; 10,000 pairs wanted; likewise 1000 beds,—under way in 24 hours" (*November 27th*). Spanish War, neglected hitherto, not successful; may become important? Toulon, dangerously Girondin in dangerous vicinity, Hood and the English and even "Louis XVIII." there; is besieged, Napoleon serving in the Artillery; is captured, *December 19th*: "To be razed from the Earth." Carrier at Nantes: *Noyadings* by night, second of them *December 14th*; become "Marriages of the Loire," and other horrors. Lebon at Arras. Maignet at Orange. 'Death poured out in great floods (*voie à grands flots*).' Lines of Weissembourg 'retaken by St. Just charging with Peasants' (*ends the Year*).

1794.

'Revolution eating its own children.' the Hébertists guillotined, Anacharsis Clootz among them, *March 24th*; Danton himself and the Dantonists (*April 3d*), which is the acme of the process. Armies successful: Pichegru in the Netherlands; defeat of Austrians at Moneron, *April 29th*; of Austrian Emperor at Turcoing, *May 18th*: successes of Dugommier against Spain (*May 23d*), which continue in brilliant series, till the business ends, and he ends 'killed by a cannon-shot,' six months hence. *June 1st*, Howe's Sea-victory; and Fable of the *Vengeur*. General Jourdan: Battle of Fleurus, sore stroke against the Austrian Netherlands (*June 26th*).

Conspiracy of Mountain against Robespierre: Tallien and others desirous not to be 'eaten.' Last scenes of Robespierre: *July 28th* (10 *Thermidor*, Year 2), guillotined with his Consorts;—which, unexpectedly, ends the Reign of Terror. Victorious French Armies: enter Cologne, *October 6th*; masters of Spanish bulwarks (Dugommier shot), *October 17th*: Duke of York and Dutch Stadtholder in a ruinous condition. Reaction against Robespierre: 'whole Nation a Committee of Mercy.' Jacobins Club assaulted by mob; shut up, *November 10th-12th*. Law of Maximum abolished, *December 24th*. Duke of York gone home; Pichegru and 70,000 overrun Holland; frost so hard, 'hussars can take ships.'

1795.

Stadtholder quits Holland, *January 19th*; glad to get across to England: Spanish Cities 'opening to the petard' (Rosas first, *January 5th*, and rapidly thereafter, till almost Madrid come in view). Continued downfall of Sansculottism. Effervescence of luxury; La Cabarus; Greek Costumes; *Jeunesse Dorée*; balls in flesh-coloured drawers. Sansculottism rises twice in Insurrection; both times in vain. Insurrection of Germinal ('12 Germinal,' Year 3, *April 1st*, 1795); ends by 'two blank cannon-shot' from Pichegru.

1795. *April—October.*

Prussia makes Peace of Bâle (Basel), *April 5th*; Spain, Peace of Bâle a three months later. Armies everywhere successful: Catalogue of Victories and Conquests hung up in the Convention Hall. Famine of the lower classes. Fouquier Tinville guillotined (*May 8th*). Insurrection of Prairial, the Second attempt of Sansculottism to recover power ('1 Prairial,' *May 20th*); Deputy Féraud massacred:—issues in the Disarming and Finishing of Sansculottism. Emigrant Invasion, in English ships, lands at Quiberon, and is blown to pieces (*July 15th-20th*): La Vendée, which had before been three years in Revolt, is hereby kindled into a 'Second' less important 'Revolt of La Vendée,' which lasts some eight months. Reactionary "Companies of Jesus," "Companies of the Sun," assassinating Jacobins in the Rhone Countries (*July-August*). New Constitution: Directory and Consuls,—Two-thirds of the Convention to be reelected. Objections to that clause. Section Lepelletier, and miscellaneous Discontented, revolt against it: Insurrection of Vendémiaire, Last of the Insurrections ('13 Vendémiaire, Year 4,' *October 5th*, 1795); quelled by Napoleon. On which "The Revolution," as defined here, ends,—Anarchic Government, if still anarchic, proceeding by softer methods than that of continued insurrection.

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THE END.

LATTER-DAY PAMPHLETS

EDITED BY

THOMAS CARLYLE.

But as yet struggles the twelfth hour of the Night. Birds of darkness are on the wing ; spectres uproar ; the dead walk ; the living dream. Thou, Eternal Providence, wilt make the Day dawn!—JEAN PAUL.

Then said his Lordship, "Well, God mend all!"—"Nay, by God, Donald, we must help him to mend it!" said the other.—RUSHWORTH (*Sir David Ramsay and Lord Rea, in 1630.*)

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LATTER-DAY PAMPHLETS.

NO. I. THE PRESENT TIME.

[1st February 1850.]

THE Present Time, youngest-born of Eternity, child and heir of all the Past Times with their good and evil, and parent of all the Future, is ever a 'New Era' to the thinking man; and comes with new questions and significance, however commonplace it look: to know *it*, and what it bids us do, is ever the sum of knowledge for all of us. This new Day, sent us out of Heaven, this also has its heavenly omens;—amid the bustling trivialities and loud empty noises, its silent monitions, which, if we cannot read and obey, it will not be well with us! No;—nor is there any sin more fearfully avenged on men and Nations than that same, which indeed includes and presupposes all manner of sins: the sin which our old pious fathers called 'judicial blindness;'—which we, with our light habits, may still call misinterpretation of the Time that now is; disloyalty to its real meanings and monitions, stupid disregard of these, stupid adherence active or passive to the counterfeits and mere current semblances of these. This is true of all times and days.

But in the days that are now passing-over us, even fools are arrested to ask the meaning of them; few of the generations of men have seen more impressive days. Days of endless calamity, disruption, dislocation, confusion worse confounded: if they are not days of endless hope too, then they are days of utter despair. For it is not a small hope that will suffice, the ~~run~~ being clearly, either in action or in prospect, universal.

There must be a new world, if there is to be any world at all! That human things in our Europe can ever return to the old sorry routine, and proceed with any steadiness or continuance there; this small hope is not now a tenable one. These days of universal death must be days of universal newbirth, if the ruin is not to be total and final! It is a Time to make the dullest man consider; and ask himself, Whence *he* came? Whither he is bound?—A veritable 'New Era,' to the foolish as well as to the wise.

Not long ago, the world saw, with thoughtless joy which might have been very thoughtful joy, a real miracle not heretofore considered possible or conceivable in the world,—a Reforming Pope. A simple pious creature, a good country-priest, invested unexpectedly with the tiara, takes up the New Testament, declares that this henceforth shall be his rule of governing. No more finesse, chicanery, hypocrisy, or false or foul dealing of any kind: God's truth shall be spoken, God's justice shall be done, on the throne called of St. Peter: an honest Pope, Papa, or Father of Christendom, shall preside there. And such a throne of St. Peter; and such a Christendom, for an honest Papa to preside in! The European populations everywhere hailed the omen; with shouting and rejoicing, leading-articles and tar-barrels; thinking people listened with astonishment,—not with sorrow if they were faithful or wise; with awe rather as at the heralding of death, and with a joy as of victory beyond death! Something pious, grand and as if awful in that joy, revealing once more the Presence of a Divine Justice in this world. For, to such men it was very clear how this poor devoted Pope would prosper, with his New Testament in his hand. An alarming business, that of governing in the throne of St. Peter by the rule of veracity! By the rule of veracity, the so-called throne of St. Peter was openly declared, above three-hundred years ago, to be a falsity, a huge mistake, a pestilent dead carcass, which this Sun was weary of. More than three hundred years ago, the throne of St. Peter received peremptory judicial notice to quit; authentic order, registered in Heaven's chancery and since legible in the hearts of all brave men, to take itself away,—to begone, and let us have no more to do with *it* and its delusions and impious deliriums;—and it has been sitting every day since, it may depend upon

it, at its own peril withal, and will have to pay exact damages yet for every day it has so sat. Law of veracity? What this Popedom had to do by the law of veracity, was to give-up its own foul galvanic life, an offence to gods and men; honestly to die, and get itself buried!

Far from this was the thing the poor Pope undertook in regard to it;—and yet, on the whole, it was essentially this too. “Reforming Pope?” said one of our acquaintance, often in those weeks, “Was there ever such a miracle? About to “break-up that huge imposthume too, by ‘curing’ it? Turgot “and Necker were nothing to this. God is great; and when “a scandal is to end, brings some devoted man to take charge “of it in hope, not in despair!”—But cannot he reform? asked many simple persons;—to whom our friend in grim banter would reply: “Reform a Popedom,—hardly. A wretched old “kettle, ruined from top to bottom, and consisting mainly now “of foul *grime* and *rust*: stop the holes of it, as your anteces- “sors have been doing, with temporary putty, it may hang- “together yet a while; begin to hammer at it, solder at it, to “what you call mend and rectify it,—it will fall to sherds, as “sure as rust is rust; go all into nameless dissolution,—and “the fat in the fire will be a thing worth looking at, poor “Pope!”——So accordingly it has proved. The poor Pope, amid felicitations and tar-barrels of various kinds, went on joyfully for a season: but he had awakened, he as no other man could do, the sleeping elements; mothers of the whirlwinds, conflagrations, earthquakes. Questions not very soluble at present, were even sages and heroes set to solve them, began everywhere with new emphasis to be asked. Questions which all official men wished, and almost hoped, to postpone till Doomsday. Doomsday itself *had* come; that was the terrible truth!—

For, sure enough, if once the law of veracity be acknowledged as the rule for human things, there will not anywhere be want of work for the reformer; in very few places do human things adhere quite closely to that law! Here was the Papa of Christendom proclaiming that such was actually the case;—whereupon all over Christendom such results as we have seen. The Sicilians, I think, were the first notable body that set-about applying this new strange rule sanctioned by the general Father; they said to themselves, We do not by the law

of veracity belong to Naples and these Neapolitan Officials; we will, by favour of Heaven and the Pope, be free of these. Fighting ensued; insurrection, fiercely maintained in the Sicilian Cities; with much bloodshed, much tumult and loud noise, vociferation extending through all newspapers and countries. The effect of this, carried abroad by newspapers and rumour, was great in all places; greatest perhaps in Paris, which for sixty years past has been the City of Insurrections. The French People had plumed themselves on being, whatever else they were not, at least the chosen 'soldiers of liberty,' who took the lead of all creatures in that pursuit, at least; and had become, as their orators, editors and litterateurs diligently taught them, a People whose bayonets were sacred, a kind of Messiah People, saving a blind world in its own despite, and earning for themselves a terrestrial and even celestial glory very considerable indeed. And here were the wretched down-trodden populations of Sicily risen to rival them, and threatening to take the trade out of their hand.

No doubt of it, this hearing continually of the very Pope's glory as a Reformer, of the very Sicilians fighting divinely for liberty behind barricades,—must have bitterly aggravated the feeling of every Frenchman, as he looked around him, at home, on a Louis-Philippism which had become the scorn of all the world. "*Ichabod*;" is the glory departing from us? "Under the sun is nothing baser, by all accounts and evidences, than the system of repression and corruption, of shameless dishonesty and unbelief in anything but human baseness, that we now live under. The Italians, the very Pope, have become apostles of liberty, and France is—" "what is France!"—We know what France suddenly became in the end of February next; and by a clear enough genealogy, we can trace a considerable share in that event to the good simple Pope with the New Testament in his hand. An outbreak, or at least a radical change and even inversion of affairs hardly to be achieved without an outbreak, everybody felt was inevitable in France: but it had been universally expected that France would as usual take the initiative in that matter; and had there been no reforming Pope, no insurrectionary Sicily, France had certainly not broken-out then and so, but only afterwards and otherwise. The French explosion, not anticipated by the cunningest men there on the spot scrutinising

it, burst-up unlimited, complete, defying computation or control.

Close following which, as if by sympathetic subterranean electricities, all Europe exploded, boundless, uncontrollable; and we had the year 1848, one of the most singular, disastrous, amazing, and, on the whole, humiliating years the European world ever saw. Not since the irruption of the Northern Barbarians has there been the like. Everywhere immeasurable Democracy rose monstrous, loud, blatant, inarticulate as the voice of Chaos. Everywhere the Official holy-of-holies was scandalously laid bare to dogs and the profane:—Enter, all the world, see what kind of Official holy it is. Kings everywhere, and reigning persons, stared in sudden horror, the voice of the whole world bellowing in their ear, “Begone, ye imbecile hypocrites, histrios not heroes! Off with you, off!”—and, what was peculiar and notable in this year for the first time, the Kings all made haste to go, as if exclaiming, “We *are* “poor histrios, we sure enough;—did you want heroes? Don’t “kill us; we couldn’t help it!” Not one of them turned round, and stood upon his Kingship, as upon a right he could afford to die for, or to risk his skin upon; by no manner of means. That, I say, is the alarming peculiarity at present. Democracy, on this new occasion, finds all Kings *conscious* that they are but Playactors. The miserable mortals, enacting their High Life Below Stairs, with faith only that this Universe may perhaps be all a phantasm and hypocrisis,—the truculent Constable of the Destinies suddenly enters: “Scandalous “Phantasms, what do *you* here? Are ‘solemnly constituted “Impostors’ the proper Kings of men? Did you think the “Life of Man was a grimacing dance of apes? To be led “always by the squeak of your paltry fiddle? Ye miserable, “this Universe is not an upholstery Puppet-play, but a terrible God’s Fact; and you, I think,—had not you better “begone!” They fled precipitately, some of them with what we may call an exquisite ignominy,—in terror of the treadmill or worse. And everywhere the people, or the populace, take their own government upon themselves; and open ‘kinglessness,’ what we call *anarchy*,—how happy in it be anarchy *plus* a street-constable!—is everywhere the order of the day. Such was the history, from Baltic to Mediterranean, in Italy, France, Prussia, Austria, from end to end of Europe. in those March

days of 1848. Since the destruction of the old Roman Empire by inroad of the Northern Barbarians, I have known nothing similar.

And so, then, there remained no King in Europe ; no King except the Public Haranguer, haranguing on barrel-head, in leading-article ; or getting himself aggregated into a National Parliament to harangue. And for about four months all France, and to a great degree all Europe, rough-ridden by every species of delirium, except happily the murderous for most part, was a weltering mob, presided over by M. de Lamartine at the Hôtel-de-Ville ; a most eloquent fair-spoken literary gentleman, whom thoughtless persons took for a prophet, priest and heaven-sent evangelist, and whom a wise Yankee friend of mine discerned to be properly 'the first stump-orator in the world, standing too on the highest stump,—for the time.' A sorrowful spectacle to men of reflection, during the time he lasted, that poor M. de Lamartine ; with nothing in him but melodious wind and *soft sower*, which he and others took for something divine and not diabolic ! Sad enough : the eloquent latest impersonation of Chaos-come-again ; able to talk for itself, and declare persuasively that *it* is Cosmos ! However, you have but to wait a little, in such cases ; all balloons do and must give-up their gas in the pressure of things, and are collapsed in a sufficiently wretched manner before long.

And so in City after City, street-barricades are piled, and truculent, more or less murderous insurrection begins ; populace after populace rises, King after King capitulates or absconds ; and from end to end of Europe Democracy has blazed-up explosive, much higher, more irresistible and less resisted than ever before ; testifying too sadly on what a bottomless volcano, or universal powder-mine of most inflammable mutinous chaotic elements, separated from us by a thin earth-rind, Society with all its arrangements and acquirements everywhere, in the present epoch, rests ! The kind of persons who excite or give signal to such revolutions,—students, young men of letters, advocates, editors, hot inexperienced enthusiasts, or fierce and justly bankrupt desperadoes, acting everywhere on the discontent of the millions and blowing it into flame,—might give rise to reflections as to the character of our epoch. Never till now did young men, and almost children, take such a command in human affairs. A changed time since the word

Senior (Seigneur, or *Elder*) was first devised to signify 'lord,' or superior ;—as in all languages of men we find it to have been ! Not an honourable document this either, as to the spiritual condition of our epoch. In times when men love wisdom, the old man will ever be venerable, and be venerated, and reckoned noble : in times that love something else than wisdom, and indeed have little or no wisdom, and see little or none to love, the old man will cease to be venerated ;—and looking more closely, also, you will find that in fact he has ceased to be venerable, and has begun to be contemptible ; a foolish *boy* still, a boy without the graces, generousities and opulent strength of young boys. In these days, what of *lordship* or leadership is still to be done, the youth must do it, not the mature or aged man ; the mature man, hardened into sceptical egoism, knows no monition but that of his own frigid cautions, avarices, mean timidities ; and can lead nowhither towards an object that even seems noble. But to return.

This mad state of matters will of course before long allay itself, as it has everywhere begun to do ; the ordinary necessities of men's daily existence cannot comport with it, and these, whatever else is cast aside, will have their way. Some remounting,—very temporary remounting,—of the old machine, under new colours and altered forms, will probably ensue soon in most countries : the old histrionic Kings will be admitted back under conditions, under 'Constitutions,' with national Parliaments, or the like fashionable adjuncts ; and everywhere the old daily life will try to begin again. But there is now no hope that such arrangements can be permanent ; that they can be other than poor temporary makeshifts, which, if they try to fancy and make themselves permanent, will be displaced by new explosions recurring more speedily than last time. In such baleful oscillation, afloat as amid raging bottomless eddies and conflicting sea-currents, not steadfast as on fixed foundations, must European Society continue swaying, now disastrously tumbling, then painfully readjusting itself, at ever shorter intervals,—till once the *new* rock-basis does come to light, and the weltering deluges of mutiny, and of need to mutiny, abate again !

For universal *Democracy*, whatever we may think of it, has declared itself as an inevitable fact of the days in which we

live ; and he who has any chance to instruct, or lead, in his days, must begin by admitting that : new street-barricades, and new anarchies, still more scandalous if still less sanguinary, must return and again return, till governing persons everywhere know and admit that. Democracy, it may be said everywhere, is here:—for sixty years now, ever since the grand or *First* French Revolution, that fact has been terribly announced to all the world ; in message after message, some of them very terrible indeed ; and now at last all the world ought really to believe it. That the world does believe it ; that even Kings now as good as believe it, and know, or with just terror surmise, that they are but temporary phantasm Playactors, and that Democracy is the grand, alarming, imminent and indisputable Reality : this, among the scandalous phases we witnessed in the last two years, is a phasis full of hope : a sign that we are advancing closer and closer to the very Problem itself, which it will behove us to solve or die ;—that all fighting and campaigning and coalitioning in regard to the *existence* of the Problem, is hopeless and superfluous henceforth. The gods have appointed it *so* ; no Pitt, nor body of Pitts or mortal creatures can appoint it otherwise. Democracy, sure enough, is here : one knows not how long it will keep hidden underground even in Russia ;—and here in England, though we object to it resolutely in the form of street-barricades and insurrectionary pikes, and decidedly will not open doors to it on those terms, the tramp of its million feet is on all streets and thoroughfares, the sound of its bewildered thousandfold voice is in all writings and speakings, in all thinkings and modes and activities of men : the soul that does not now, with hope or terror, discern *it*, is not the one we address on this occasion.

What *is* Democracy ; this huge inevitable Product of the Destinies, which is everywhere the portion of our Europe in these latter days ? There lies the question for us. Whence comes it, this universal big black Democracy ; whither tends it ; what is the meaning of it ? A meaning it must have, or it would not be here. If we can find the right meaning of it, we may, wisely submitting or wisely resisting and controlling, still hope to live in the midst of it ; if we cannot find the right meaning, if we find only the wrong or no meaning in it, to live will not be possible !—The whole social wisdom on the

Present Time is summoned, in the name of the Giver of Wisdom, to make clear to itself, and lay deeply to heart with an eye to strenuous valiant practice and effort, what the meaning of this universal revolt of the European Populations, which calls itself Democracy, and decides to continue permanent, may be.

Certainly it is a drama full of action, event fast following event; in which curiosity finds endless scope, and there are interests at stake, enough to rivet the attention of all men, simple and wise. Whereat the idle multitude lift-up their voices, gratulating, celebrating sky-high; in rhyme and prose announcement, more than plentiful, that *now* the New Era, and long-expected Year One of Perfect Human Felicity has come. Glorious and immortal people, sublime French citizens, heroic barricades; triumph of civil and religious liberty—O Heaven! one of the inevitable private miseries, to an earnest man in such circumstances, is this multitudinous efflux of oratory and psalmody, from the universal foolish human throat; drowning for the moment all reflection whatsoever, except the sorrowful one that you are fallen in an evil, heavy-laden, long-eared age, and must resignedly bear your part in the same. The front wall of your wretched old crazy dwelling, long denounced by you to no purpose, having at last fairly folded itself over, and fallen prostrate into the street, the floors, as may happen, will still hang-on by the mere beam-ends, and coherency of old carpentry, though in a sloping direction, and depend there till certain poor rusty nails and wormeaten dovetailings give way:—but is it cheering, in such circumstances, that the whole household burst-forth into celebrating the new joys of light and ventilation, liberty and picturesqueness of position, and thank God that now they have got a house to their mind? My dear household, cease singing and psalmodying; lay aside your fiddles, take out your work-implements, if you have any; for I can say with confidence the laws of gravitation are still active, and rusty nails, wormeaten dovetailings, and secret coherency of old carpentry, are not the best basis for a household!—In the lanes of Irish cities, I have heard say, the wretched people are sometimes found living, and perilously boiling their potatoes, on such swing-floors and inclined planes hanging-on by the joist-ends; but I did not hear that they sang very much in celebration of such lodg-

ing. No, they slid gently about, sat near the back wall, and perilously boiled their potatoes, in silence for most part!—

High shouts of exultation, in every dialect, by every vehicle of speech and writing, rise from far and near over this last avatar of Democracy in 1848: and yet, to wise minds, the first aspect it presents seems rather to be one of boundless misery and sorrow. What can be more miserable than this universal hunting-out of the high dignitaries, solemn functionaries, and potent, grave and reverend signiors of the world; this stormful rising-up of the inarticulate dumb masses everywhere, against those who pretended to be speaking for them and guiding them? These guides, then, were mere blind men only pretending to see? These rulers were not ruling at all; they had merely got on the attributes and clothes of rulers, and were surreptitiously drawing the wages, while the work remained undone? The Kings were Sham-Kings, playacting as at Drury Lane;—and what were the people withal that took them for real?

It is probably the hugest disclosure of *falsity* in human things that was ever at one time made. These reverend Dignitaries that sat amid their far-shining symbols and long-sounding long-admitted professions, were mere Impostors, then? Not a true thing they were doing, but a false thing. The story they told men was a cunningly-devised fable; the gospels they preached to them were *not* an account of man's real position in this world, but an incoherent fabrication, of dead ghosts and unborn shadows, of traditions, cants, indolences, cowardices,—a falsity of falsities, which at last *ceases* to stick together. Wilfully and against their will, these high units of mankind were cheats, then; and the low millions who believed in them were dupes,—a kind of *inverse* cheats, too, or they would not have believed in them so long. A universal *Bankruptcy of Imposture*; that may be the brief definition of it. Imposture everywhere declared once more to be contrary to Nature; nobody will change its word into an act any farther:—fallen insolvent; unable to keep its head up by these false pretences, or make its pot boil any more for the present! A more scandalous phenomenon, wide as Europe, never afflicted the race or the sun. Bankruptcy everywhere; foul ignominy, and the abomination or desolation, in all high places: odious to look upon, as the carnage of a battle-field on the morrow morning;

—a massacre not of the innocents ; we cannot call it a massacre of the innocents ; but a universal tumbling of Impostors and of Impostures into the street !—

Such a spectacle, can we call it joyful ? There is a joy in it, to the wise man too ; yes, but a joy full of awe, and as it were sadder than any sorrow,—like the vision of immortality, unattainable except through death and the grave ! And yet who would not, in his heart of hearts, feel piously thankful that Imposture has fallen bankrupt ? By all means let it fall bankrupt ; in the name of God let it do so, with whatever misery to itself and to all of us. Imposture, be it known then,—known it must and shall be,—is hateful, unendurable to God and man. Let it understand this everywhere ; and swiftly make ready for departure, wherever it yet lingers ; and let it learn never to return, if possible ! The eternal voices, very audibly again, are speaking to proclaim this message, from side to side of the world. Not a very cheering message, but a very indispensable one.

Alas, it is sad enough that Anarchy is here ; that we are not permitted to regret its being here,—for who that had, for this divine Universe, an eye which was human at all, could wish that Shams of any kind, especially that Sham-Kings should continue ? No : at all costs, it is to be prayed by all men that Shams may *cease*. Good Heavens, to what depths have we got, when this to many a man seems strange ! Yet strange to many a man it does seem ; and to many a solid Englishman, wholesomely digesting his pudding among what are called the cultivated classes, it seems strange exceedingly ; a mad ignorant notion, quite heterodox, and big with mere ruin. He has been used to decent forms long since fallen empty of meaning, to plausible modes, solemnities grown ceremonial,—what you in your iconoclast humour call shams,—all his life long ; never heard that there was any harm in them, that there was any getting-on without them. Did not cotton spin itself, beef grow, and groceries and spiceries come in from the East and the West, quite comfortably by the side of shams ? Kings reigned, what they were pleased to call reigning ; lawyers pleaded, bishops preached, and honourable members perorated ; and to crown the whole, as if it were all real and no sham there, did not scrip continue saleable, and the banker pay in bullion, or paper with a metallic basis ? “The

"greatest sham, I have always thought, is he that would
"destroy shams."

Even so. To such depth have *I*, the poor knowing person of this epoch, got;—almost below the level of lowest humanity, and down towards the state of apehood and oxhood! For never till in quite recent generations was such a scandalous blasphemy quietly set forth among the sons of Adam; never before did the creature called man believe generally in his heart that lies were the rule in this Earth; that in deliberate long-established lying could there be help or salvation for him, could there be at length other than hindrance and destruction for him. O Heavyside, my solid friend, this is the sorrow of sorrows: what on earth can become of us till this accursed enchantment, the general summary and consecration of delusions, be cast forth from the heart and life of one and all! Cast forth it will be; it must, or we are tending at all moments,—whitherward I do not like to name. Alas, and the casting of it out, to what heights and what depths will it lead us, in the sad universe mostly of lies and shams and hollow phantasms (grown very ghastly now), in which, as in a safe home, we have lived this century or two! To heights and depths of social and individual *divorce* from delusions,—of 'reform' in right sacred earnest, of indispensable amendment, and stern sorrowful abrogation and order to depart,—such as cannot well be spoken at present; as dare scarcely be thought at present; which nevertheless are very inevitable, and perhaps rather imminent several of them! Truly we have a heavy task of work before us; and there is a pressing call that we should seriously begin upon it, before it tumble into an inextricable mass, in which there will be no working, but only suffering and hopelessly perishing!—

Or perhaps Democracy, which we announce as now come, will itself manage it? Democracy, once modelled into suffrages, furnished with ballot-boxes and suchlike, will itself accomplish the salutary universal change from Delusive to Real, and make a new blessed world of us by and by?—To the great mass of men, I am aware, the matter presents itself quite on this hopeful side. Democracy they consider to *be* a kind of 'Government.' The old model, formed long since, and brought to perfection in England now two hundred years ago, has proclaimed itself to all Nations as the new healing for every woe;

"Set-up a Parliament," the Nations everywhere say, when the old King is detected to be a Sham-King, and hunted out or not; "set-up a Parliament; let us have suffrages, universal suffrages; and all either at once or by due degrees will be right, and a real Millennium come!" Such is their way of construing the matter.

Such, alas, is by no means my way of construing the matter; if it were, I should have had the happiness of remaining silent, and been without call to speak here. It is because the contrary of all this is deeply manifest to me, and appears to be forgotten by multitudes of my contemporaries, that I have had to undertake addressing a word to them. The contrary of all this;—and the farther I look into the roots of all this, the more hateful, ruinous and dismal does the state of mind all this could have originated in appear to me. To examine this recipe of a Parliament, how fit it is for governing Nations, nay how fit it may now be, in these new times, for governing England itself where we are used to it so long: this, too, is an alarming inquiry, to which all thinking men, and good citizens of their country, who have an ear for the small still voices and eternal intimations, across the temporary clamours and loud blaring proclamations, are now solemnly invited. Invited by the rigorous fact itself; which will one day, and that perhaps soon, demand practical decision or redecision of it from us,—with enormous penalty if we decide it wrong! I think we shall all have to consider this question, one day; better perhaps now than later, when the leisure may be less. If a Parliament, with suffrages and universal or any conceivable kind of suffrages, *is* the method, then certainly let us set about discovering the kind of suffrages, and rest no moment till we have got them. But it is possible a Parliament may not be the method! Possible the inveterate notions of the English People may have settled it as the method, and the Everlasting Laws of Nature may have settled it as not the method! Not the whole method; nor the method at all, if taken as the whole? If a Parliament with never such suffrages is *not* the method settled by this latter authority, then it will urgently behove us to become aware of that fact, and to quit such method;—we may depend upon it, however unanimous *we* be, every step taken in that direction will, by the Eternal Law of things, be a step *from* improvement, not towards it.

Not towards it, I say, if so ! Unanimity of voting,—that will do nothing for us if *so*. Your ship cannot double Cape Horn by its excellent plans of voting. The ship may vote this and that, above decks and below, in the most harmonious exquisitely constitutional manner: the ship, to get round Cape Horn, will find a set of conditions already voted for, and fixed with adamantine rigour by the ancient Elemental Powers, who are entirely careless how you vote. If you can, by voting or without voting, ascertain these conditions, and valiantly conform to them, you will get round the Cape: if you cannot,—the ruffian Winds will blow you ever back again; the inexorable Icebergs, dumb privy-councillors from Chaos, will nudge you with most chaotic ‘admonition;’ you will be flung half-frozen on the Patagonian cliffs, or admonished into shivers by your iceberg councillors, and sent sheer down to Davy Jones, and will never get round Cape Horn at all ! Unanimity on board ship;—yes indeed, the ship’s crew may be very unanimous, which doubtless, for the time being, will be very comfortable to the ship’s crew, and to their Phantasm Captain if they have one: but if the tack they unanimously steer upon is guiding them into the belly of the Abyss, it will not profit them much !—Ships accordingly do not use the ballot-box at all; and they reject the Phantasm species of Captains: one wishes much some other Entities,—since all entities lie under the same rigorous set of laws,—could be brought to show as much wisdom, and sense at least of self-preservation, the *first* command of Nature. Phantasm Captains with unanimous votings: this is considered to be all the law and all the prophets, at present.

If a man could shake-out of his mind the universal noise of political doctors in this generation and in the last generation or two, and consider the matter face to face, with his own sincere intelligence looking at it, I venture to say he would find this a very extraordinary method of navigating, whether in the Straits of Magellan or the undiscovered Sea of Time. To prosper in this world, to gain felicity, victory and improvement, either for a man or a nation, there is but one thing requisite, That the man or nation can discern what the true regulations of the Universe are in regard to him and his pursuit, and can faithfully and steadfastly follow these. These will lead him to victory; whoever it may be that sets him in the way of these,—were it Russian Autocrat, Chartist Parliament, Grand Lama,

Force of Public Opinion, Archbishop of Canterbury, M'Croudy the Seraphic Doctor with his Last-evangel of Political Economy, —sets him in the sure way to please the Author of this Universe, and is his friend of friends. And again, whoever does the contrary is, for a like reason, his enemy of enemies. This may be taken as fixed.

And now by what method ascertain the monition of the gods in regard to our affairs? How decipher, with best fidelity, the eternal regulation of the Universe; and read, from amid such confused embroilments of human clamour and folly, what the real Divine Message to us is? A divine message, or eternal regulation of the Universe, there verily is, in regard to every conceivable procedure and affair of man: faithfully following this, said procedure or affair will prosper, and have the whole Universe to second it, and carry it, across the fluctuating contradictions, towards a victorious goal; not following this, mistaking this, disregarding this, destruction and wreck are certain for every affair. How find it? All the world answers me, "Count heads; ask Universal Suffrage, by the ballot-boxes, and that will tell." Universal Suffrage, ballot-boxes, count of heads? Well,—I perceive we have got into strange spiritual latitudes indeed. Within the last half century or so, either the Universe or else the heads of men must have altered very much. Half a century ago, and down from Father Adam's time till then, the Universe, wherever I could hear tell of it, was wont to be of somewhat abstruse nature; by no means carrying its secret written on its face, legible to every passer-by; on the contrary, obstinately hiding its secret from all foolish, slavish, wicked, insincere persons, and partially disclosing it to the wise and noble-minded alone, whose number was not the majority in my time!

Or perhaps the chief end of man being now, in these improved epochs, to make money and spend it, his interests in the Universe have become amazingly simplified of late; capable of being voted-on with effect by almost anybody? 'To buy in the cheapest market, and sell in the dearest:' truly if that is the summary of his social duties, and the final divine-message he has to follow, we may trust him extensively to vote upon that. But if it is *not*, and never was, or can be? If the Universe will not carry on its divine bosom any commonwealth of mortals that have no higher aim,—being still 'a Temple and

Hall of Doom,' not a mere Weaving-shop and Cattle-pen? If the unfathomable Universe has decided to *reject* Human Beavers pretending to be Men; and will abolish, pretty rapidly perhaps, in hideous mud-deluges, their 'markets' and them, unless they think of it?—In that case it were better to think of it: and the Democracies and Universal Suffrages, I can observe, will require to modify themselves a good deal!

Historically speaking, I believe there was no Nation that could subsist upon Democracy. Of ancient Republics, and *Demoi* and *Populi*, we have heard much; but it is now pretty well admitted to be nothing to our purpose;—a universal-suffrage republic, or a general-suffrage one, or any but a most-limited-suffrage one, never came to light, or dreamed of doing so, in ancient times. When the mass of the population were slaves, and the voters intrinsically a kind of *kings*, or men born to rule others; when the voters were *real* 'aristocrats' and manageable dependents of such,—then doubtless voting, and confused jumbling of talk and intrigue, might, without immediate destruction, or the need of a Cavaignac to intervene with cannon and sweep the streets clear of it, go on; and beautiful developments of manhood might be possible beside it, for a season. Beside it; or even, if you will, by means of it, and in virtue of it, though that is by no means so certain as is often supposed. Alas, no: the reflective constitutional mind has misgivings as to the origin of old Greek and Roman nobleness; and indeed knows not how this or any other human nobleness could well be 'originated,' or brought to pass, by voting or without voting, in this world, except by the grace of God very mainly;—and remembers, with a sigh, that of the Seven Sages themselves no fewer than three were bits of Despotic Kings, *Týgavvoi*, 'Tyrants' so-called (such being greatly wanted there); and that the other four were very far from Red Republicans, if of any political faith whatever! We may quit the Ancient Classical concern, and leave it to College-clubs and speculative debating-societies, in these late days.

Of the various French Republics that have been tried, or that are still on trial,—of these also it is not needful to say any word. But there is one modern instance of Democracy nearly perfect, the Republic of the United States, which has actually subsisted for threescore years or more, with immense success as is affirmed; to which many still appeal, as to a sign

of hope for all nations, and a 'Model Republic.' Is not America an instance in point? Why should not all Nations subsist and flourish on Democracy, as America does?

Of America it would ill beseem any Englishman, and me perhaps as little as another, to speak unkindly, to speak *unpatriotically*, if any of us even felt so. Sure enough, America is a great, and in many respects a blessed and hopeful phenomenon. Sure enough, these hardy millions of Anglo-saxon men prove themselves worthy of their genealogy; and, with the axe and plough and hammer, if not yet with any much finer kind of implements, are triumphantly clearing-out wide spaces, seedfields for the sustenance and refuge of mankind, arenas for the future history of the world; doing, in their day and generation, a creditable and cheering feat under the sun. But as to a Model Republic, or a model anything, the wise among themselves know too well that there is nothing to be said. Nay the title hitherto to be a Commonwealth or Nation at all, among the *ἔθνη* of the world, is, strictly considered, still a thing they are but striving for, and indeed have not yet done much towards attaining. Their Constitution, such as it may be, was made here, not there; went over with them from the Old-Puritan English workshop ready-made. Deduct what they carried with them from England ready-made,—their common English Language, and that same Constitution, or rather elixir of constitutions, their inveterate and now, as it were, inborn reverence for the Constable's Staff; two quite immense attainments, which England had to spend much blood, and valiant sweat of brow and brain, for centuries long, in achieving;—and what new elements of polity or nationhood, what noble new phasis of human arrangement, or social device worthy of Prometheus or of Epimetheus, yet comes to light in America? Cotton-crops and Indian-corn and dollars come to light; and half a world of untilled land, where populations that respect the constable can live, for the present *without* Government: this comes to light; and the profound sorrow of all nobler hearts, here uttering itself as silent patient unspeakable ennui, there coming out as vague elegiac wailings, that there is still next to nothing more. 'Anarchy *plus* a street-constable:' that also is anarchic to me, and other than quite lovely!

I foresee, too, that, long before the waste lands are full, the very street-constable, on these poor terms, will have become

impossible: without the waste lands, as here in our Europe, I do not see how he could continue possible many weeks. Cease to brag to me of America, and its model institutions and constitutions. To men in their sleep there is nothing granted in this world: nothing, or as good as nothing, to men that sit idly *caucusing* and ballot-boxing on the graves of their heroic ancestors, saying, "It is well, it is well!" Corn and bacon are granted: not a very sublime boon, on such conditions; a boon moreover which, on such conditions, cannot last! No: America too will have to strain its energies, in quite other fashion than this; to crack its sinews, and all-but break its heart, as the rest of us have had to do, in thousandfold wrestle with the Pythons and mud-demons, before it can become a habitation for the gods. America's battle is yet to fight; and we, sorrowful though nothing doubting, will wish her strength for it. New Spiritual Pythons, plenty of them; enormous Megatherions, as ugly as were ever born of mud, loom huge and hideous out of the twilight Future on America; and she will have her own agony, and her own victory, but on other terms than she is yet quite aware of. Hitherto she but ploughs and hammers, in a very successful manner; hitherto, in spite of her 'roast-geese with apple-sauce,' she is not much. 'Roast-geese with apple-sauce for the poorest working-man:' well, surely that is something,—thanks to your respect for the street-constable, and to your continents of fertile waste land;—but that, even if it could continue, is by no means enough; that is not even an instalment towards what will be required of you. My friend, brag not yet of our American cousins! Their quantity of cotton, dollars, industry and resources, I believe to be almost unspeakable; but I can by no means worship the like of these. What great human soul, what great thought, what great noble thing that one could worship, or loyally admire, has yet been produced there? None: the American cousins have yet done none of these things. "What they have done?" growls Smelfungus, tired of the subject: "They have doubled their population every twenty years. They have begotten, with a rapidity beyond recorded example, Eighteen Millions of the greatest *bores* ever seen in this world before,—that hitherto is their feat in History!"—And so we leave them, for the present; and cannot predict the success of Democracy, on this side of the Atlantic, from their example.

Alas, on this side of the Atlantic and on that, Democracy, we apprehend, is forever impossible ! So much, with certainty of loud astonished contradiction from all manner of men at present, but with sure appeal to the Law of Nature and the ever-abiding Fact, may be suggested and asserted once more. The Universe itself is a Monarchy and Heirarchy ; large liberty of 'voting' there, all manner of choice, utmost free-will, but with conditions inexorable and immeasurable annexed to every exercise of the same. A most free commonwealth of 'voters,' but with Eternal Justice to preside over it, Eternal Justice enforced by Almighty Power ! This is the model of 'constitutions,' this : nor in any Nation where there has not yet (in some supportable and withal some constantly-increasing degree) been confided to the *Noblest*, with his select series of *Nobler*, the divine everlasting duty of directing and controlling the Ignoble, has the ' Kingdom of God,' which we all pray for, ' come,' nor can ' His will' even *tend* to be ' done on Earth as it is in Heaven' till then. My Christian friends, and indeed my Sham-Christian and Anti-Christian, and all manner of men, are invited to reflect on this. They will find it to be the truth of the case. The Noble in the high place, the Ignoble in the low ; that is, in all times and in all countries, the Almighty Maker's Law.

To raise the Sham-Noblest, and solemnly consecrate *him* by whatever method, new-devised, or slavishly adhered to from old wont, this, little as we may regard it, is, in all times and countries, a practical blasphemy, and Nature will in no wise forget it. Alas, there lies the origin, the fatal necessity, of modern Democracy everywhere. It is the Noblest, not the Sham-Noblest ; it is God-Almighty's Noble, not the Court-Tailor's Noble, nor the Able-Editor's Noble, that must in some approximate degree, be raised to the supreme place ; he and not a counterfeit,—under penalties ! Penalties deep as death, and at length terrible as hell-on-earth, my constitutional friend ! —Will the ballot-box raise the Noblest to the chief place ; does any sane man deliberately believe such a thing ? That nevertheless is the indispensable result, attain it how we may : if that is attained, all is attained ; if not that, nothing. He that cannot believe the ballot-box to be attaining it, will be comparatively indifferent to the ballot-box. Excellent for keeping the ship's crew at peace under their Phantasm Captain ; but un-

serviceable, under such, for getting round Cape Horn. Alas, that there should be human beings requiring to have these things argued of, at this late time of day!

I say, it is the everlasting privilege of the foolish to be governed by the wise; to be guided in the right path by those who know it better than they. This is the first 'right of man;' compared with which all other rights are as nothing,—mere superfluities, corollaries which will follow of their own accord out of this; if they be not contradictions to this, and less than nothing! To the wise it is not a privilege; far other indeed. Doubtless, as bringing preservation to their country, it implies preservation of themselves withal; but intrinsically it is the harshest duty a wise man, if he be indeed wise, has laid to his hand. A duty which he would fain enough shirk; which accordingly, in these sad times of doubt and cowardly sloth, he has long everywhere been endeavouring to reduce to its minimum, and has in fact in most cases nearly escaped altogether. It is an ungoverned world; a world which we flatter ourselves will henceforth need no governing. On the dust of our heroic ancestors we too sit ballot-boxing, saying to one another, It is well, it is well! By inheritance of their noble struggles, we have been permitted to sit slothful so long. By noble toil, not by shallow laughter and vain talk, they made this English Existence from a savage forest into an arable inhabitable field for us; and we, idly dreaming it would grow spontaneous crops forever,—find it now in a too questionable state; peremptorily requiring real labour and agriculture again. Real 'agriculture' is not pleasant; much pleasanter to reap and winnow (with ballot-box or otherwise) than to plough!

Who would govern that can get along without governing? He that is fittest for it, is of all men the unwillingest unless constrained. By multifarious devices we have been endeavouring to dispense with governing; and by very superficial speculations, of *laissez-faire*, supply-and-demand, &c. &c. to persuade ourselves that it is best so. The Real Captain, unless it be some Captain of mechanical Industry hired by Mammon, where is he in these days? Most likely, in silence, in sad isolation somewhere, in remote obscurity; trying if, in an evil ungoverned time, he cannot at least govern himself. The Real Captain undiscoverable; the Phantasm Captain everywhere very conspicuous:—it is thought Phantasm Captains, aided by

ballot-boxes, are the true method, after all. They are much the pleasantest for the time being ! And so no *Dux* or Duke of any sort, in any province of our affairs, now *leads* : the Duke's Bailiff *leads*, what little leading is required for getting-in the rents ; and the Duke merely rides in the state-coach. It is everywhere so : and now at last we see a world all rushing towards strange consummations, because it is and has long been so !

I do not suppose any reader of mine, or many persons in England at all, have much faith in Fraternity, Equality and the Revolutionary Millenniums preached by the French Prophets in this age : but there are many movements here too which tend inevitably in the like direction ; and good men, who would stand aghast at Red Republic and its adjuncts, seem to me travelling at full speed towards that or a similar goal ! Certainly the notion everywhere prevails among us too, and preaches itself abroad in every dialect, uncontradicted anywhere so far as I can hear, That the grand panacea for social woes is what we call 'enfranchisement,' 'emancipation,' or, translated into practical language, the cutting asunder of human relations, wherever they are found grievous, as is like to be pretty universally the case at the rate we have been going for some generations past. Let us all be 'free' of one another ; we shall then be happy. Free, without bond or connection except that of cash-payment ; fair day's wages for the fair day's work ; bargained for by voluntary contract, and law of supply-and-demand : this is thought to be the true solution of all difficulties and injustices that have occurred between man and man.

To rectify the relation that exists between two men, is there no method, then, but that of ending it ? The old relation has become unsuitable, obsolete, perhaps unjust ; it imperatively requires to be amended ; and the remedy is, Abolish it, let there henceforth be no relation at all. From the 'Sacrament of Marriage' downwards, human beings used to be manifoldly related, one to another, and each to all ; and there was no relation among human beings, just or unjust, that had not its grievances and difficulties, its necessities on both sides to bear and forbear. But henceforth, be it known, we have changed all that, by favour of Heaven : 'the voluntary principle' has

come-up, which will itself do the business for us ; and now let a new Sacrament, that of *Divorce*, which we call emancipation, and spout-of on our platforms, be universally the order of the day !—Have men considered whither all this is tending, and what it certainly enough betokens ? Cut every human relation which has anywhere grown uneasy sheer asunder ; reduce whatsoever was compulsory to voluntary, whatsoever was permanent among us to the condition of nomadic :—in other words, loosen by assiduous wedges in every joint, the whole fabric of social existence, stone from stone ; till at last, all now being loose enough, it can, as we already see in most countries, be overset by sudden outburst of revolutionary rage ; and, lying as mere mountains of anarchic rubbish, solicit you to sing Fraternity &c. over it, and to rejoice in the new remarkable era of human progress we have arrived at.

Certainly Emancipation proceeds with rapid strides among us, this good while ; and has got to such a length as might give rise to reflections in men of a serious turn. West-Indian Blacks are emancipated, and it appears refuse to work : Irish Whites have long been entirely emancipated ; and nobody asks them to work, or on condition of finding them potatoes (which, of course, is indispensable), permits them to work.—Among speculative persons, a question has sometimes risen : In the progress of Emancipation, are we to look for a time when all the Horses also are to be emancipated, and brought to the supply-and-demand principle ? Horses too have ‘motives,’ are acted-on by hunger, fear, hope, love of oats, terror of platted leather ; nay they have vanity, ambition, emulation, thankfulness, vindictiveness ; some rude outline of all our human spiritualities,—a rude resemblance to us in mind and intelligence, even as they have in bodily frame. The Horse, poor dumb four-footed fellow, he too has his private feelings, his affections, gratitudes ; and deserves good usage ; no human master, without crime, shall treat him unjustly either, or recklessly lay-on the whip where it is not needed :—I am sure if I could make him ‘happy,’ I should be willing to grant a small vote (in addition to the late twenty millions) for that object !

Him too you occasionally tyrannise over ; and with bad result to yourselves, among others ; using the leather in a tyrannous unnecessary manner ; withholding, or scantily furnishing, the oats and ventilated stabling that are due. Rugged horse-

subduers, one fears they are a little tyrannous at times. "Am I not a horse, and *half*-brother?"—To remedy which, so far as remediable, fancy—the horses all 'emancipated;' restored to their primeval right of property in the grass of this Globe: turned-out to graze in an independent supply-and-demand manner! So long as grass lasts, I dare say they are very happy, or think themselves so. And Farmer Hodge sallying forth, on a dry spring morning, with a sieve of oats in his hand, and agony of eager expectation in his heart, is he happy? Help me to plough this day, Black Dobbin: oats in full measure if thou wilt. "Hlunh, No—thank!" snorts Black Dobbin; he prefers glorious liberty and the grass. Bay Darby, wilt not thou perhaps? "Hlunh!"—Gray Joan, then, my beautiful broad-bottomed mare,—O Heaven, she too answers Hlunh! Not a quadruped of them will plough a stroke for me. Corn-crops are *ended* in this world!—For the sake, if not of Hodge, then of Hodge's horses, one prays this benevolent practice might now cease, and a new and better one try to begin. Small kindness to Hodge's horses to emancipate them! The fate of all emancipated horses is, sooner or later, inevitable. To have in this habitable Earth no grass to eat,—in Black Jamaica gradually none, as in White Connemara already none;—to roam aimless, wasting the seed-fields of the world; and be hunted home to Chaos, by the due watch-dogs and due hell-dogs, with such horrors of forsaken wretchedness as were never seen before! These things are not sport; they are terribly true, in this country at this hour.

Between our Black West Indies and our White Ireland, between these two extremes of lazy refusal to work, and of famishing inability to find any work, what a world have we made of it, with our fierce Mammon-worships, and our benevolent philanderings, and idle godless nonsenses of one kind and another! Supply-and-demand, Leave-it-alone, Voluntary Principle, Time will mend it:—till British industrial existence seems fast becoming one huge poison-swamp of reeking pestilence physical and moral; a hideous *living* Golgotha of souls and bodies buried alive; such a Curtius' guh, communicating with the Nether Deep, as the Sun never saw till now. These scenes, which the *Morning Chronicle* is bringing home to all minds of men,—thanks to it for a service such as Newspapers have seldom done,—ought to excite unspeakable reflections in

every mind. Thirty-thousand outcast Needlewomen working themselves swiftly to death ; three-million Paupers rotting in forced idleness, *helping* said Needlewomen to die : these are but items in the sad ledger of despair.

Thirty-thousand wretched women, sunk in that putrefying well of abominations ; they have oozed-in upon London, from the universal Stygian quagmire of British industrial life ; are accumulated in the *well* of the concern, to that extent. British charity is smitten to the heart, at the laying-bare of such a scene ; passionately undertakes, by enormous subscription of money, or by other enormous effort, to redress that individual horror ; as I and all men hope it may. But, alas, what next ? This general well and cesspool once baled clean out today, will begin before night to fill itself anew. The universal Stygian quagmire is still there ; opulent in women ready to be ruined, and in men ready. Towards the same sad cesspool will these waste currents of human ruin ooze and gravitate as heretofore ; except in draining the universal quagmire itself there is no remedy. " And for that, what is the method ? " cry many in an angry manner. To whom, for the present, I answer only, " Not ' emancipation,' it would seem, my friends ; " not the cutting-loose of human ties, something far the reverse of that ! "

Many things have been written about shirtmaking ; but here perhaps is the saddest thing of all, not written anywhere till now, that I know of. Shirts by the thirty-thousand are made at twopence-halfpenny each ;—and in the mean while no needlewoman, distressed or other, can be procured in London by any housewife to give, for fair wages, fair help in sewing. Ask any thrifty house-mother, high or low, and she will answer. In high houses and in low, there is the same answer : no *real* needlewoman, ' distressed ' or other, has been found attainable in any of the houses I frequent. Imaginary needlewomen, who demand considerable wages, and have a deepish appetite for beer and viands, I hear of everywhere ; but their sewing proves too often a distracted puckering and botching ; not sewing, only the fallacious hope of it, a fond imagination of the mind. Good sempstresses are to be hired in every village ; and in London, with its famishing thirty-thousand, not at all, or hardly.—Is not No-government beautiful in human business ? To such length has the Leave-alone principle car-

ried it, by way of organising labour, in this affair of shirtmaking. Let us hope the Leave-alone principle has now got its apotheosis; and taken wing towards higher regions than ours, to deal henceforth with a class of affairs more appropriate for it!

Reader, did you ever hear of 'Constituted Anarchy'? Anarchy; the choking, sweltering, deadly and killing rule of No-rule; the consecration of cupidity, and braying folly, and dim stupidity and baseness, in most of the affairs of men? Slop-shirts attainable three-halfpence cheaper, by the ruin of living bodies and immortal souls? Solemn Bishops and high Dignitaries, *our* divine 'Pillars of Fire by night,' debating meanwhile, with their largest wigs and gravest look, upon something they call 'prevenient grace'? Alas, our noble men of genius, Heaven's *real* messengers to us, they also rendered nearly futile by the wasteful time;—preappointed they everywhere, and assiduously trained by all their pedagogues and monitors, to 'rise in Parliament,' to compose orations, write books, or in short speak *words*, for the approval of reviewers; instead of doing real kingly *work* to be approved of by the gods! Our 'Government,' a highly 'responsible' one; responsible to no God that I can hear of, but to the twenty-seven million *gods* of the shilling gallery. A Government tumbling and drifting on the whirlpools and mud-deluges, floating atop in a conspicuous manner, no-whither,—like the carcass of a drowned ass. Authentic *Chaos* come up into this sunny Cosmos again; and all men singing *Gloria in excelsis* to it. In spirituals and temporals, in field and workshop, from Manchester to Dorsetshire, from Lambeth Palace to the Lanes of Whitechapel, wherever men meet and toil and traffic together,—Anarchy, Anarchy; and only the street-constable (though with ever-increasing difficulty) still maintaining himself in the middle of it; that so, for one thing, this blessed exchange of slop-shirts for the souls of women may transact itself in a peaceable manner!—I, for my part, do profess myself in eternal opposition to this, and discern well that universal Ruin has us in the wind, unless we can get out of this. My friend Crabbe, in a late number of his *Intermittent Radiator*, pertinently enough exclaims:

'When shall we have done with all this of British Liberty,
• Voluntary Principle, Dangers of Centralisation, and the like?

' It is really getting too bad. For British Liberty, it seems, the people cannot be taught to read. British Liberty, shuddering to interfere with the rights of capital, takes six or eight millions of money annually to feed the idle labourer whom it dare not employ. For British Liberty we live over poisonous cesspools, gully-drains, and detestable abominations; and omnipotent London cannot sweep the dirt out of itself. British Liberty produces—what? Floods of Hansard Debates every year, and apparently little else at present. If these are the results of British Liberty, I, for one, move we should lay it on the shelf a little, and look-out for something other and farther. We have achieved British Liberty hundreds of years ago; and are fast growing, on the strength of it, one of the most absurd populations the Sun, among his great Museum of Absurdities, looks down upon at present.'

Curious enough: the model of the world just now is England and her Constitution; all Nations striving towards it: poor France swimming these last sixty years in seas of horrid dissolution and confusion, resolute to attain this blessedness of free voting, or to die in chase of it. Prussia too, solid Germany itself, has all broken out into crackling of musketry, loud pamphleteering and Frankfort parliamenting and palavering; Germany too will scale the sacred mountains, how steep soever, and, by talisman of ballot-box, inhabit a political Elysium henceforth. All the Nations have that one hope. Very notable, and rather sad to the humane onlooker. For it is sadly conjectured, all the Nations labour somewhat under a mistake as to England, and the causes of her freedom and her prosperous cotton-spinning; and have much misread the nature of her Parliament, and the effect of ballot-boxes and universal-suffrages there.

What if it were because the English Parliament was from the first, and is only just now ceasing to be, a Council of actual Rulers, real Governing Persons (called Peers, Mitred Abbots, Lords, Knights of the Shire, or howsoever called), actually *ruling* each his section of the country,—and possessing (it must be said) in the lump, or when assembled as a Council, uncommon patience, devoutness, probity, discretion and good fortune,—that the said Parliament ever came to be good for much? In that case it will not be easy to 'imitate' the English Parlia-

ment ; and the ballot-box and suffrage will be the mere bow of Robin Hood, which it is given to very few to bend, or shoot with to any perfection. And if the Peers become mere big Capitalists, Railway Directors, gigantic Hucksters, Kings of Scrip, *without* lordly quality, or other virtue except cash ; and the Mitred Abbots change to mere Able-Editors, masters of Parliamentary Eloquence, Doctors of Political Economy, and suchlike ; and all *have* to be elected by a universal-suffrage ballot-box,—I do not see how the English Parliament itself will long continue sea-worthy ! Nay, I find England in her own big dumb heart, wherever you come upon her in a silent meditative hour, begins to have dreadful misgivings about it.

The model of the world, then, is at once unattainable by the world, and not much worth attaining ? England, as I read the omens, is now called a second time to ‘show the Nations how to live ;’ for by her Parliament, as chief governing entity, I fear she is not long for this world ! Poor England must herself again, in these new strange times, the old methods being quite worn out, ‘learn how to live.’ That now is the terrible problem for England, as for all the Nations ; and she alone of all, not *yet* sunk into open Anarchy, but left with time for repentance and amendment ; she, wealthiest of all in material resource, in spiritual energy, in ancient loyalty to law, and in the qualities that yield such loyalty,—she perhaps alone of all may be able, with huge travail, and the strain of all her faculties, to accomplish some solution. She will have to try it, she has now to try it ; she must accomplish it, or perish from her place in the world !

England, as I persuade myself, still contains in it many *kings* ; possesses, as Old Rome did, many men not needing ‘election’ to command, but eternally elected for it by the Maker Himself. England’s one hope is in these, just now. They are among the silent, I believe ; mostly far away from platforms and public palaverings ; not speaking forth the image of their nobleness in transitory words, but imprinting it, each on his own little section of the world, in silent facts, in modest valiant actions, that will endure forevermore. They must sit silent no longer. They are summoned to assert themselves ; to act forth, and articulately vindicate, in the teeth of howling multitudes, of a world too justly *maddened* into all manner of delirious clamours, what of wisdom they derive from God. England,

and the Eternal Voices, summon them ; poor England never so needed them as now. Up, be doing everywhere : the hour of crisis has verily come ! In all sections of English life, the god-made *king* is needed ; is pressingly demanded in most ; in some, cannot longer, without peril as of conflagration, be dispensed with. He, wheresoever he finds himself, can say, "Here too am I wanted ; here is the kingdom I have to subjugate, and introduce God's Laws into,—God's Laws, instead of Mammon's and M'Croudy's and the Old Anarch's ! Here is my work, here or nowhere."—Are there many such, who will answer to the call, in England ? It turns on that, whether England, rapidly crumbling in these very years and months, shall go down to the Abyss as her neighbours have all done, or survive to new grander destinies *without* solution of continuity ! Probably the chief question of the world at present.

The true 'commander' and king ; he who knows for himself the divine Appointments of this Universe, the Eternal Laws ordained by God the Maker, in conforming to which lies victory and felicity, in departing from which lies, and forever must lie, sorrow and defeat, for each and all of the Posterity of Adam in every time and every place ; he who has sworn fealty to these, and dare alone against the world assert these, and dare not with the whole world at his back deflect from these ;—he, I know too well, is a rare man. Difficult to discover ; not quite discoverable, I apprehend, by manœuvring of ballot-boxes, and riddling of the popular clamour according to the most approved methods. He is not sold at any shop I know of,—though sometimes, as at the sign of the Ballot-box, he is advertised for sale. Difficult indeed to discover : and not very much assisted, or encouraged in late times, to discover *himself* ;—which, I think, might be a kind of help ? Encouraged rather, and commanded in all ways, if he be wise, to *hide* himself, and give place to the windy Counterfeit of himself ; such as the universal-suffrages can recognise, such as loves the most sweet voices of the universal-suffrages !—O Peter, what becomes of such a People ; what can become ?

Did you never hear, with the mind's ear as well, that fateful Hebrew Prophecy, I think the fatefulest of all, which sounds daily through the streets, "Ou' clo' ! Ou' clo' !" —A certain People, once upon a time, clamorously voted by overwhelming ma-

jority, "Not *he*; Barabbas, not he! *Him*, and what he is,
 "and what he deserves, we know well enough: a reviler of
 "the Chief Priests and sacred Chancery wigs; a seditious
 "Heretic, physical-force Chartist, and enemy of his country
 "and mankind: To the gallows and the cross with him!
 "Barabbas is our man; Barabbas, we are for Barabbas!"
 They got Barabbas:—have you well considered what a fund
 of purblind obduracy, of opaque *flunkysm* grown truculent and
 transcendent; what an eye for the phylacteries, and want of
 eye for the eternal noblenesses; sordid loyalty to the prosper-
 ous Semblances, and high-treason against the Supreme Fact,
 such a vote betokens in these natures? For it was the con-
 summation of a long series of such; they and their fathers had
 long kept voting so. A singular People; who could both pro-
 duce such divine men, and then could so stone and crucify
 them; a People terrible from the beginning!—Well, they got
 Barabbas; and they got, of course, such guidance as Barabbas
 and the like of him could give them; and, of course, they
 stumbled ever downwards and devilwards, in their truculent
 stiffnecked way; and—and, at this hour, after eighteen cen-
 turies of sad fortune, they prophetically sing "Ou' clo'!" in all
 the cities of the world. Might the world, at this late hour, but
 take note of them, and understand their song a little!

Yes, there are some things the universal-suffrage can de-
 cide,—and about these it will be exceedingly useful to consult
 the universal-suffrage: but in regard to most things of import-
 ance, and in regard to the choice of men especially, there is
 (astonishing as it may seem) next to no capability on the part
 of universal-suffrage.—I request all candid persons, who have
 never so little originality of mind, and every man has a little,
 to consider this. If true, it involves such a change in our now-
 fashionable modes of procedure as fills me with astonishment
 and alarm. *If* popular suffrage is not the way of ascertaining
 what the Laws of the Universe are, and who it is that will best
 guide us in the way of these,—then woe is to us if we do not
 take another method. Delolme on the British Constitution
 will not save us; deaf will the *Parcæ* be to votes of the House,
 to leading-articles, constitutional philosophies. The other meth-
 od—alas, it involves a stopping short, or vital change of
 direction, in the glorious career which all Europe, with shouts
 heaven-high, is now galloping along: and that, happen when

it may, will, to many of us, be probably a rather surprising business !

One thing I do know, and can again assert with great confidence, supported by the whole Universe, and by some Two-hundred generations of men, who have left us some record of themselves there, That the few Wise will have, by one method or another, to take command of the innumerable Foolish ; that they must be got to take it ;—and that, in fact, since Wisdom, which means also Valour and heroic Nobleness, is alone strong in this world, and one wise man is stronger than all men unwise, they can be got. That they must take it ; and having taken, must keep it, and do their God's-Message in it, and defend the same, at their life's peril, against all men and devils. This I do clearly believe to be the backbone of all Future Society, as it has been of all Past ; and that without it, there is no Society possible in the world. And what a business *this* will be, before it end in some degree of victory again, and whether the time for shouts of triumph and tremendous cheers upon it is yet come, or not yet by a great way, I perceive too well ! A business to make us all very serious indeed. A business not to be accomplished but by noble manhood, and devout all-daring, all-enduring loyalty to Heaven, such as fatally *sleeps* at present,—such as is not *dead* at present either, unless the gods have doomed this world of theirs to die ! A business which long centuries of faithful travail and heroic agony, on the part of all the noble that are born to us, will not end ; and which to us, of this ' tremendous cheering ' century, it were blessedness very great to see successfully begun. Begun, tried by all manner of methods, if there is one wise Statesman or man left among us, it verily must be ;—begun, successfully or unsuccessfully, we do hope to see it !

In all European countries, especially in England, one class of Captains and commanders of men, recognisable as the beginning of a new real and not imaginary ' Aristocracy,' has already in some measure developed itself : the Captains of Industry ;—happily the class who above all, or at least first of all, are wanted in this time. In the doing of material work, we have already men among us that can command bodies of men. And surely, on the other hand, there is no lack of men need-

ing to be commanded : the sad class of brother-men whom we had to describe as 'Hodge's emancipated horses,' reduced to roving famine,—this too has in all countries developed itself ; and, in fatal geometrical progression, is ever more developing itself, with a rapidity which alarms every one. On this ground, if not on all manner of other grounds, it may be truly said, the 'Organisation of Labour' (*not* organisable by the mad methods tried hitherto) is the universal vital Problem of the world.

To bring these hordes of outcast captainless soldiers under due captaincy ? This is really the question of questions ; on the answer to which turns, among other things, the fate of all Governments, constitutional and other,—the possibility of their continuing to exist, or the impossibility. Captainless, uncommanded, these wretched outcast 'soldiers,' since they cannot starve, must needs become banditti, street-barricaders,—destroyers of every Government that *cannot* put them under captains, and send them upon enterprises, and in short render life human to them. Our English plan of Poor Laws, which we once piqued ourselves upon as sovereign, is evidently fast breaking down. Ireland, now admitted into the Idle Workhouse, is rapidly bursting it in pieces. That never was a 'human' destiny for any honest son of Adam ; nowhere but in England could it have lasted at all ; and now, with Ireland sharer in it, and the fulness of time come, it is as good as ended. Alas, yes. Here in Connemara, your crazy Ship of the State, otherwise dreadfully rotten in many of its timbers I believe, has sprung a leak : spite of all hands at the pump, the water is rising ; the Ship, I perceive, will founder, if you cannot stop this leak !

To bring these Captainless under due captaincy ? The anxious thoughts of all men that do think are turned upon that question ; and their efforts, though as yet blindly and to no purpose, under the multifarious impediments and obscurations, all point thitherward. Isolated men, and their vague efforts, cannot do it. Government everywhere is called upon,—in England as loudly as elsewhere,—to give the initiative. A new strange task of these new epochs ; which no Government, never so 'constitutional,' can escape from undertaking. For it is vitally necessary to the existence of Society itself ; it must be undertaken, and succeeded in too, or worse will follow,—and, as we already see in Irish Connaught and some other places, will follow soon. To whatever thing still calls itself by the name

of Government, were it never so constitutional and impeded by official impossibilities, all men will naturally look for help, and direction what to do, in this extremity. If help or direction is not given; if the thing called Government merely drift and tumble to and fro, no-whither, on the popular vortexes, like some carcass of a drowned ass, constitutionally put 'at the top of affairs,'—popular indignation will infallibly accumulate upon it; one day, the popular lightning, descending forked and horrible from the black air, will annihilate said supreme carcass, and smite *it* home to its native ooze again!—Your Lordship, this is too true, though irreverently spoken: indeed one knows not how to speak of it; and to me it is infinitely sad and miserable, spoken or not!—Unless perhaps the Voluntary Principle will still help us through? Perhaps this Irish leak, in such a rotten distressed condition of the Ship, with all the crew so anxious about it, will be kind enough to stop of itself?—

Dismiss that hope, your Lordship! Let all real and imaginary Governors of England, at the pass we have arrived at, dismiss forever that fallacious fatal solace to their do-nothingism: of itself, too clearly, the leak will never stop; by human skill and energy it must be stopped, or there is nothing but the sea-bottom for us all! A Chief Governor of England really ought to recognise his situation; to discern that, doing nothing, and merely drifting to and fro, in however constitutional a manner, he is a squanderer of precious moments, moments that perhaps are priceless; a truly alarming Chief Governor. Surely, to a Chief Governor of England, worthy of that high name,—surely to him, as to every living man, in every conceivable situation short of the Kingdom of the Dead,—there is *something* possible; some plan of action other than that of standing mildly, with crossed arms, till he and we—sink? Complex as his situation is, he, of all Governors now extant among these distracted Nations, has, as I compute, by far the greatest possibilities. The Captains, actual or potential, are there, and the million Captainless: and such resources for bringing them together as no other has. To these outcast soldiers of his, unregimented roving banditti for the present, or unworking workhouse prisoners who are almost uglier than banditti; to these floods of Irish Beggars, Able-bodied Paupers, and nomadic Lackalls, now stagnating or roaming everywhere, drowning the face of the world (too truly) into an untenantable swamp and Stygian

quagmire, has the Chief Governor of this country no word whatever to say? Nothing but "Rate in aid," "Time will mend it," "Necessary business of the Session;" and "After me the Deluge"? A Chief Governor that can front his Irish difficulty, and steadily contemplate the horoscope of Irish and British Pauperism, and whitherward it is leading him and us, in this humour, must be a—What shall we call such a Chief Governor? Alas, in spite of old use and wont,—little other than a tolerated Solecism, growing daily more intolerable! He decidedly ought to have some word to say on this matter,—to be incessantly occupied in getting something which he could practically say!—Perhaps to the following, or a much finer effect?

Speech of the British Prime-Minister to the floods of Irish and other Beggars, the able-bodied Lackalls, nomadic or stationary, and the general assembly, outdoor and indoor, of the Pauper Populations of these Realms.

"Vagrant Lackalls, foolish most of you, criminal many of you, miserable all; the sight of you fills me with astonishment and despair. What to do with you I know not; long have I been meditating, and it is hard to tell. Here are some three millions of you, as I count: so many of you fallen sheer over into the abysses of open Beggary; and, fearful to think, every new unit that falls is *loading* so much more the chain that drags the others over. On the edge of the precipice hang uncounted millions; increasing, I am told, at the rate of 1200 a-day. They hang there on the giddy edge, poor souls, cramping themselves down, holding-on with all their strength; but falling, falling one after another; and the chain is getting *heavy*, so that ever more fall; and who at last will stand? What to do with you? The question, What to do with you? especially since the potato died, is like to break my heart!

"One thing, after much meditating, I have at last discovered, and now know for some time back: That you cannot be left to roam abroad in this unguided manner, stumbling over the precipices, and loading ever heavier the fatal *chain* upon those who might be able to stand; that this of locking you up in temporary Idle Workhouses, when you stumble,

"and subsisting you on Indian meal, till you can sally forth again on fresh roamings, and fresh stumblings, and ultimate descent to the devil;—that this is *not* the plan; and that it never was, or could out of England have been supposed to be, much as I have prided myself upon it!

"Vagrant Lackalls, I at last perceive, all this that has been sung and spoken, for a long while, about enfranchisement, emancipation, freedom, suffrage, civil and religious liberty over the world, is little other than sad temporary jargon, brought upon us by a stern necessity,—but now ordered by a sterner to take itself away again a little. Sad temporary jargon, I say: made-up of sense and nonsense,—sense in small quantities, and nonsense in very large;—and, if taken for the whole or permanent truth of human things, it is no better than fatal infinite nonsense eternally *untrue*. All men, I think, will soon have to quit this, to consider this as a thing pretty well achieved; and to look-out towards another thing much more needing achievement at the time that now is.

"All men will have to quit it, I believe. But to you, my indigent friends, the time for quitting it has palpably arrived! To talk of glorious self-government, of suffrages and hustings, and the fight of freedom and suchlike, is a vain thing in your case. By all human definitions and conceptions of the said fight of freedom, you for your part have lost it, and can fight no more. Glorious self-government is a glory not for you,—not for Hodge's emancipated horses, nor you. No; I say, No. You, for your part, have tried it, and *failed*. Left to walk your own road, the will-o'-wisps beguiled you, your short sight could not descry the pitfalls; the deadly tumult and press has whirled you hither and thither, regardless of your struggles and your shrieks; and here at last you lie; fallen flat into the ditch, drowning there and dying, unless the others that are still standing please to pick you up. The others that still stand have their own difficulties, I can tell you!—But you, by imperfect energy and redundant appetite, by doing too little work and drinking too much beer, you (I bid you observe) have proved that you cannot do it! You lie there plainly in the ditch. And I am to pick you up again, on these mad terms; help you ever again, as with our best heart's-blood, to do what, once for all, the gods have

“made impossible? To load the fatal *chain* with your perpetual staggerings and sprawlings; and ever again load it, till we all lie sprawling? My indigent, incompetent friends, I will not! Know that, whoever may be ‘sons of freedom,’ you for your part are not and cannot be such. Not ‘free’ you, I think, whoever may be free. You palpably are fallen captive,—*caitiff*, as they once named it;—you do, silently, but eloquently, demand, in the name of mercy itself, that some genuine command be taken of you.

“Yes, my indigent incompetent friends; some genuine practical command. Such,—if I rightly interpret those mad Chartisms, Repeal Agitations, Red Republics, and other delirious inarticulate howlings and bellowings which all the populations of the world now utter, evidently cries of pain on their and your part,—is the demand which you, Captives, make of all men that are not Captive, but are still Free. Free men,—alas, had you ever any notion who the free men were, who the not-free, the incapable of freedom! The free men, if you could have understood it, they are the wise men; the patient, self-denying, valiant; the Nobles of the World; who can discern the Law of this Universe, what it is, and piously *obey* it; these, in late sad times, having cast you loose, you are fallen captive to greedy sons of profit-and-loss; to bad and ever to worse; and at length to Beer and the Devil. Algiers, Brazil or Dahomey hold nothing in them so authentically *slave* as you are, my indigent incompetent friends!

“Good Heavens, and I have to raise some eight or nine millions annually, six for England itself, and to wreck the morals of my working population beyond all money’s worth, to keep the life from going out of *you*: a small service to you, as I many times bitterly repeat! Alas, yes; before high Heaven I must declare it such. I think the old Spartans, who would have killed you instead, had shown more ‘humanity,’ more of manhood, than I thus do! More humanity, I say, more of *manhood*, and of sense for what the dignity of man demands imperatively of you and of me and of us all. We call it charity, beneficence, and other fine names, this brutish Workhouse Scheme of ours; and it is but sluggish heartlessness, and insincerity, and cowardly lowness of soul. Not ‘humanity’ or manhood, I think; perhaps *apehood* ra-

"ther,—paltry imitancy, from the teeth outward, of what our heart never felt nor *our* understanding ever saw; dim indolent adherence to extraneous hearsays and extinct traditions; traditions now really about extinct; not living now to almost any of us, and still haunting with their spectralities and gibbering *ghosts* (in a truly baleful manner) almost all of us! Making this our struggling 'Twelfth Hour of the Night' inexpressibly hideous!—

"But as for you, my indigent incompetent friends, I have to repeat with sorrow, but with perfect clearness, what is plainly undeniable, and is even clamorous to get itself admitted, that you are of the nature of *slaves*,—or if you prefer the word, of *nomadic, and now even vagrant and vagabond, servants that can find no master on those terms*; which seems to me a much uglier word. Emancipation? You have been 'emancipated' with a vengeance! Foolish souls, I say the whole world cannot emancipate you. Fealty to ignorant Unruliness, to gluttonous sluggish Improvidence, to the Beer-pot and the Devil, who is there that can emancipate a man in that predicament? Not a whole Reform Bill, a whole French Revolution executed for his behoof alone: nothing but God the Maker can emancipate him, by making him anew.

"To forward which glorious consummation, will it not be well, O indigent friends, that you, fallen flat there, shall henceforth learn to take advice of others as to the methods of standing? Plainly I let you know, and all the world and the worlds know, that I for my part mean it so. Not as glorious unfortunate sons of freedom, but as recognised captives, as unfortunate fallen brothers requiring that I should command you, and if need were, control and compel you, can there henceforth be a relation between us. Ask me not for Indian meal; you shall be compelled to earn it first; know that on other terms I will not give you any. Before Heaven and Earth, and God the Maker of us all, I declare it is a scandal to see *such* a life kept in you, by the sweat and heart's-blood of your brothers; and that, if we cannot mend it, death were preferable! Go to, we must get out of this unutterable coil of nonsenses, constitutional, philanthropical &c., in which (surely without mutual hatred, if with less of 'love' than is supposed) we are all strangling one another!

“Your want of wants, I say, is that you be *commanded* in this world, not being able to command yourselves. Know therefore that it shall be so with you. Nomadism, I give you notice, has ended; needful permanency, soldier-like obedience, and the opportunity and the necessity of hard steady labour for your living, have begun. Know that the Idle Workhouse is shut against you henceforth; you cannot enter there at will, nor leave at will;—you shall enter a quite other Refuge, under conditions strict as soldiering, and not leave till I have done with you. He that prefers the glorious (or perhaps even the rebellious *inglorious*) ‘career of freedom,’ let him prove that he can travel there, and be the master of himself; and right good speed to him. He who has proved that he cannot travel there or be the master of himself,—let him, in the name of all the gods, become a servant, and accept the just rules of servitude!

“Arise, enlist in my Irish, my Scotch and English ‘Regiments of the New Era,’—which I have been concocting, day and night, during these three Grouse-seasons (taking earnest incessant counsel, with all manner of Industrial Notabilities and men of insight, on the matter), and have now brought to a kind of preparation for incipency, thank Heaven! Enlist there, ye poor wandering banditti; obey, work, suffer, abstain, as all of us have had to do: so shall you be useful in God’s creation, so shall you be helped to gain a manful living for yourselves; not otherwise than so. Industrial Regiments”—[*Here numerous persons, with big wigs many of them, and austere aspect, whom I take to be Professors of the Dismal Science, start up in an agitated vehement manner: but the Premier resolutely beckons them down again*].—“Regiments not to fight the French or others, who are peaceable enough towards us; but to fight the Bogs and Wildernesses at home and abroad, and to chain the Devils of the Pit which are walking too openly among us.

“Work, for you? Work, surely, is not quite undiscoverable in an Earth so wide as ours, if we will take the right methods for it! Indigent friends, we will adopt this new relation (which is *old* as the world); this will lead us towards such. Rigorous conditions, not to be violated on either side, lie in this relation; conditions planted there by God Himself; which woe will betide us if we do not discover, gradu-

"ally more and more discover, and conform to! Industrial
 "Colonels, Workmasters, Taskmasters, Life-commanders,
 "equitable as Rhadamanthus and inflexible as he: such, I per-
 "ceive, you do need; and such, you being once put under law
 "as soldiers are, will be discoverable for you. I perceive, with
 "boundless alarm, that I shall have to set about discovering
 "such,—I, since I am at the top of affairs, with all men look-
 "ing to me. Alas, it is my new task in this New Era; and
 "God knows, I too, little other than a redtape Talking-ma-
 "chine, and unhappy Bag of Parliamentary Eloquence hither-
 "to, am far behind with it! But street-barricades rise every-
 "where: the hour of Fate has come. In Connemara there has
 "sprung a leak, since the potato died; Connaught, if it were
 "not for Treasury-grants and rates-in-aid, would have to recur
 "to Cannibalism even now, and Human Society would cease to
 "pretend that it existed there. Done this thing must be. Alas,
 "I perceive that if I cannot do it, then surely I shall die, and
 "perhaps shall not have Christian burial! But I already raise
 "near upon Ten Millions for feeding you in idleness, my no-
 "madic friends; work, under due regulations, I really might
 "try to get of"—*[Here arises indescribable uproar, no longer*
repressible, from all manner of Economists, Emancipationists,
Constitutionalists, and miscellaneous Professors of the Dismal
Science, pretty numerously scattered about; and cries of "Private
Enterprise," "Rights of Capital," "Voluntary Principle," "Doc-
trines of the British Constitution," swollen by the general assent-
ing hum of all the world, quite drown the Chief Minister for a
while. He, with invincible resolution, persists; obtains hearing
again:]

"Respectable Professors of the Dismal Science, soft you a
 "little. Alas, I know what you would say. For my sins, I have
 "read much in those inimitable volumes of yours,—really I
 "should think, some barrowfuls of them in my time,—and, in
 "these last forty years of theory and practice, have pretty well
 "seized what of Divine Message you were sent with to me.
 "Perhaps as small a message, give me leave to say, as ever
 "there was such a noise made about before. Trust me, I have
 "not forgotten it, shall never forget it. Those Laws of the
 "Shop-till are indisputable to me; and practically useful in
 "certain departments of the Universe, as the multiplication-
 "table itself. Once I even tried to sail through the Immensi-

" ties with them, and to front the big coming Eternities with
 " them; but I found it would not do. As the Supreme Rule of
 " Statesmanship, or Government of Men,—since this Universe
 " is not wholly a Shop,—no. You rejoice in my improved
 " tariffs, free-trade movements and the like, on every hand; for
 " which be thankful, and even sing litanies if you choose. But
 " here at last, in the Idle-Workhouse movement,—unexampled
 " yet on Earth or in the waters under the Earth,—I am fairly
 " brought to a stand; and have had to make reflections, of the
 " most alarming, and indeed awful, and as it were religious
 " nature! Professors of the Dismal Science, I perceive that
 " the length of your tether is now pretty well run; and that I
 " must request you to talk a little lower in future. By the side
 " of the shop-till,—see, your small 'Law of God' is hung up,
 " along with the multiplication-table itself. But beyond and
 " above the shop-till, allow me to say, you shall as good as
 " hold your peace. Respectable Professors, I perceive it is not
 " now the Gigantic Hucksters, but it is the Immortal Gods,
 " yes they, in their terror and their beauty, in their wrath and
 " their beneficence, that are coming into play in the affairs of
 " this world! Soft you a little. Do not you interrupt me, but
 " try to understand and help me!—

—"Work, was I saying? My indigent unguided friends,
 " I should think some work might be discoverable for you.
 " Enlist, stand drill; become, from a nomadic Banditti of Idle-
 " ness, Soldiers of Industry! I will lead you to the Irish Bogs,
 " to the vacant desolations of Connaught now falling into Can-
 " nibalism, to mistilled Connaught, to ditto Munster, Leinster,
 " Ulster, I will lead you: to the English fox-covers, furze-grown
 " Commons, New Forests, Salisbury Plains: likewise to the
 " Scotch Hill-sides, and bare rushy slopes, which as yet feed
 " only sheep,—moist uplands, thousands of square miles in
 " extent, which are destined yet to grow green crops, and fresh
 " butter and milk and beef without limit (wherein no 'For-
 " eigner can compete with us'), were the Glasgow sewers once
 " opened on them, and you with your Colonels carried thither.
 " In the Three Kingdoms, or in the Forty Colonies, depend
 " upon it, you shall be led to your work!

"To each of you I will then say: Here is work for you;
 " strike into it with manlike, soldierlike obedience and hearti-
 " ness, according to the methods here prescribed,—wages fol-

“low for you without difficulty; all manner of just remuneration, and at length emancipation itself follows. Refuse to strike into it; shirk the heavy labour, disobey the rules,—I will admonish and endeavour to incite you; if in vain, I will flog you; if still in vain, I will at last shoot you,—and make God’s Earth, and the forlorn-hope in God’s Battle, free of you. Understand it, I advise you! The Organisation of Labour”— —[*Left speaking*, says our reporter.]

‘Left speaking.’ alas, that he should have to ‘speak’ so much! There are things that should be done, not spoken; that till the doing of them is begun, cannot well be spoken. He may have to ‘speak’ seven years yet, before a spade be struck into the Bog of Allen; and then perhaps it will be too late!—

You perceive, my friends, we have actually got into the ‘New Era’ there has been such prophesying of: here we all are, arrived at last;—and it is by no means the land flowing with milk and honey we were led to expect! Very much the reverse. A terrible *new* country this: no neighbours in it yet, that I can see, but irrational flabby monsters (philanthropic and other) of the giant species; hyænas, laughing hyænas, predatory wolves; probably *devils*, blue (or perhaps blue-and-yellow) devils, as St. Guthlac found in Croyland long ago. A huge untrodden haggard country, the ‘chaotic battle-field of Frost and Fire;’ a country of savage glaciers, granite mountains, of foul jungles, unhewed forests, quaking bogs;—which we shall have our own ados to make arable and habitable, I think! We must stick by it, however;—of all enterprises the impossib^lest is that of getting out of *it*, and shifting into another. To work, then, one and all; hands to work!

No. II. MODEL PRISONS.

[1st March 1850.]

THE deranged condition of our affairs is a universal topic among men at present ; and the heavy miseries pressing, in their rudest shape, on the great dumb inarticulate class, and from this, by a sure law, spreading upwards, in a less palpable but not less certain and perhaps still more fatal shape on all classes to the very highest, are admitted everywhere to be great, increasing and now almost unendurable. How to diminish them,—this is every man's question. For in fact they do imperatively need diminution ; and unless they can be diminished, there are many other things that cannot very long continue to exist beside them. A serious question indeed. How to diminish them !

Among the articulate classes, as they may be called, there are two ways of proceeding in regard to this. One large body of the intelligent and influential, busied mainly in personal affairs, accepts the social iniquities, or whatever you may call them, and the miseries consequent thereupon ; accepts them, admits them to be extremely miserable, pronounces them entirely inevitable, incurable except by Heaven, and eats its pudding with as little thought of them as possible. Not a very noble class of citizens these ; not a very hopeful or salutary method of dealing with social iniquities this of theirs, however it may answer in respect to themselves and their personal affairs ! But now there is the select small minority, in whom some sentiment of public spirit and human pity still survives, among whom, or not anywhere, the Good Cause may expect to find soldiers and servants : their method of proceeding, in these times, is also very strange. They embark in the 'philanthropic movement ;' they calculate that the miseries of the world can be cured by bringing the philanthropic movement to bear on them. To universal public misery, and universal neglect of the clearest public duties, let private charity super-

add itself: there will thus be some balance restored, and maintained again; thus,—or by what conceivable method? On these terms they, for their part, embark in the sacred cause; resolute to cure a world's woes by rose-water; desperately bent on trying to the uttermost that mild method. It seems not to have struck these good men that no world, or thing here below, ever fell into misery, without having first fallen into folly, into sin against the Supreme Ruler of it, by adopting as a law of conduct what was not a law, but the reverse of one; and that, till its folly, till its sin be cast out of it, there is not the smallest hope of its misery going,—that not for all the charity and rose-water in the world will its misery try to go till then!

This is a sad error; all the sadder as it is the error chiefly of the more humane and noble-minded of our generation; among whom, as we said, or elsewhere not at all, the cause of real Reform must expect its servants. At present, and for a long while past, whatsoever young soul awoke in England with some disposition towards generosity and social heroism, or at lowest with some intimation of the beauty of such a disposition,—he, in whom the poor world might have looked for a Reformer, and valiant mender of its foul ways, was almost sure to become a Philanthropist, reforming merely by this rose-water method. To admit that the world's ways are foul, and not the ways of God the Maker, but of Satan the Destroyer, many of them, and that they must be mended or we all die; that if huge misery prevails, huge cowardice, falsity, disloyalty, universal Injustice high and low, have still longer prevailed, and must straightway try to cease prevailing: this is what no visible reformer has yet thought of doing. All so-called 'reforms' hitherto are grounded either on openly-admitted egoism (cheap bread to the cotton-spinner, voting to those that have no vote, and the like), which does not point towards very celestial developments of the Reform movement; or else upon this of remedying social injustices by indiscriminate contributions of philanthropy, a method surely still more unpromising. Such contributions, being indiscriminate, are but a new injustice; these will never lead to reform, or abolition of injustice, whatever else they lead to!

Not by that method shall we 'get round Cape Horn,' by never such unanimity of voting, under the most approved Phan-

tasm Captains ! It is miserable to see. Having, as it were, quite lost our way round Cape Horn, and being sorely 'admonished' by the Iceberg and other dumb councillors, the pilots,—instead of taking to their sextants, and asking with a seriousness unknown for a long while, What the Laws of wind and water, and of Earth and of Heaven are,—decide that now, in these new circumstances, they will, to the worthy and unworthy, serve-out a double allowance of grog. In this way they hope to do it,—by steering on the old wrong tack, and serving-out more and more copiously what little *aquavite* may be still on board ! Philanthropy, emancipation, and pity for human calamity is very beautiful ; but the deep oblivion of the Law of Right and Wrong ; this 'indiscriminate mashing-up of Right and Wrong into a patent treacle' of the Philanthropic movement, is by no means beautiful ; this, on the contrary, is altogether ugly and alarming.

Truly if there be not something inarticulate among us, not yet uttered but pressing towards utterance, which is much wiser than anything we have lately articulated or brought into word or action, our outlooks are rather lamentable. The great majority of the powerful and active-minded, sunk in egoistic scepticisms, busied in chase of lucre, pleasure, and mere vulgar objects, looking with indifference on the world's woes, and passing carelessly by on the other side ; and the select minority, of whom better might have been expected, bending all their strength to cure them by methods which can only make bad worse, and in the end render cure hopeless. A blind loquacious prurency of indiscriminate Philanthropism substituting itself, with much self-laudation, for the silent divinely awful sense of Right and Wrong ;—testifying too clearly that here is no longer a divine sense of Right and Wrong ; that, in the smoke of this universal, and alas inevitable and indispensable revolutionary fire, and burning-up of worn-out rags of which the world is full, our life-atmosphere has (for the time) become one vile London fog, and the eternal loadstars are gone out for us ! Gone out ;—yet very visible if you can get above the fog ; still there in their place, and quite the same as they always were ! To whoever does still know of loadstars, the proceedings, which expand themselves daily, of these sublime philanthropic associations, and 'universal sluggard-and-scoundrel protection-societies,' are a perpetual affliction. With their emancipations

and abolition-principles, and reigns of brotherhood and new methods of love, they have done great things in the White and in the Black World, during late years ; and are preparing for greater.

In the interest of human reform, if there is ever to be any reform, and return to prosperity or to the possibility of prospering, it is urgent that the nonsense of all this (and it is mostly nonsense, but not quite) should be sent about its business straightway, and forbidden to deceive the well-meaning souls among us any more. Reform, if we will understand that divine word, cannot begin till then. One day, I do know, this, as is the doom of all nonsense, will be drummed-out of the world, with due placard stuck on its back, and the populace flinging dead cats at it : but whether soon or not, is by no means so certain. I rather guess, *not* at present, not quite soon. Fraternity, in other countries, has gone on, till it found itself unexpectedly manipulating guillotines by its chosen Robespierres, and become a fraternity like Cain's. Much to its amazement ! For in fact it is not all nonsense ; there is an infinitesimal fraction of sense in it withal ; which is so difficult to disengage ; —which must be disengaged, and laid hold of, before Fraternity can vanish.

But to our subject,—the Model Prison, and the strange theory of life now in action there. That, for the present, is my share in the wide adventure of Philanthropism ; the world's share, and how and when it is to be liquidated and ended, rests with the Supreme Destinies.

Several months ago, some friends took me with them to see one of the London Prisons ; a Prison of the exemplary or model kind. An immense circuit of buildings ; cut-out, girt with a high ring-wall, from the lanes and streets of the quarter, which is a dim and crowded one. Gateway as to a fortified place ; then a spacious court, like the square of a city ; broad staircases, passages to interior courts ; fronts of stately architecture all round. It lodges some Thousand or Twelve-hundred prisoners, besides the officers of the establishment. Surely one of the most perfect buildings, within the compass of London. We looked at the apartments, sleeping-cells, dining-rooms, working-rooms, general courts or special and private : excellent all, the ne-plus-ultra of human care and ingenuity ; in my life I never saw so clean a building ; probably

no Duke in England lives in a mansion of such perfect and thorough cleanness.

The bread, the cocoa, soup, meat, all the various sorts of food, in their respective cooking-places, we tasted: found them of excellence superlative. The prisoners sat at work, light work, picking oakum, and the like, in airy apartments with glass-roofs, of agreeable temperature and perfect ventilation; silent, or at least conversing only by secret signs: others were out, taking their hour of promenade in clean flagged courts: methodic composure, cleanliness, peace, substantial wholesome comfort reigned everywhere supreme. The women in other apartments, some notable murderesses among them, all in the like state of methodic composure and substantial wholesome comfort, sat sewing: in long ranges of wash-houses, drying-houses and whatever pertains to the getting-up of clean linen, were certain others, with all conceivable mechanical furtherances, not too arduously working. The notable murderesses were, though with great precautions of privacy, pointed out to us; and we were requested not to look openly at them, or seem to notice them at all, as it was found to 'cherish their vanity' when visitors looked at them. Schools too were there; intelligent teachers of both sexes, studiously instructing the still ignorant of these thieves.

From an inner upper room or gallery, we looked down into a range of private courts, where certain Chartist Notabilities were undergoing their term. Chartist Notability First struck me very much: I had seen him about a year before, by involuntary accident and much to my disgust, magnetising a silly young person; and had noted well the unlovely voracious look of him, his thick oily skin, his heavy dull-burning eyes, his greedy mouth, the dusky potent insatiable *animalism* that looked out of every feature of him: a fellow adequate to animal-magnetise most things, I did suppose;—and here was the post I now found him arrived at. Next neighbour to him was Notability Second, a philosophic or literary Chartist; walking rapidly to and fro in his private court, a clean, high-walled place; the world and its cares quite excluded, for some months to come: master of his own time and spiritual resources to, as I supposed, a really enviable extent. What 'literary man' to an equal extent! I fancied I, for my own part, so left with paper and ink, and all taxes and botherations shut-out from

me, could have written such a Book as no reader will here ever get of me. Never, O reader, never here in a mere house with taxes and botherations. Here, alas, one has to snatch one's poor Book, bit by bit, as from a conflagration ; and to think and live, comparatively, as if the house were not one's own, but mainly the world's and the devil's. Notability Second might have filled one with envy.

The Captain of the place, a gentleman of ancient Military or Royal-Navy habits, was one of the most perfect governors ; professionally and by nature zealous for cleanliness, punctuality, good order of every kind ; a humane heart and yet a strong one ; soft of speech and manner, yet with an inflexible rigour of command, so far as his limits went : 'iron hand in a velvet glove,' as Napoleon defined it. A man of real worth, challenging at once love and respect : the light of those mild bright eyes seemed to permeate the place as with an all-pervading vigilance, and kindly yet victorious illumination ; in the soft definite voice it was as if Nature herself were promulgating her orders, gentlest mildest orders, which however, in the end, there would be no disobeying, which in the end there would be no living without fulfilment of. A true '*aristos*,' and commander of men. A man worthy to have commanded and guided forward, in good ways, Twelve-hundred of the best commonpeople in London or the world : he was here, for many years past, giving all his care and faculty to command, and guide forward in such ways as there were, Twelve-hundred of the worst. I looked with considerable admiration on this gentleman ; and with considerable astonishment, the reverse of admiration, on the work he had here been set upon.

This excellent Captain was too old a Commander to complain of anything ; indeed he struggled visibly the other way, to find in his own mind that all here was best ; but I could sufficiently discern that, in his natural instincts, if not mounting up to the region of his thoughts, there was a continual protest going on against much of it ; that nature and all his inarticulate persuasion (however much forbidden to articulate itself) taught him the futility and unfeasibility of the system followed here. The Visiting Magistrates, he gently regretted rather than complained, had lately taken his treadmill from him, men were just now pulling it down ; and how he was henceforth to enforce discipline on these bad subjects, was

much a difficulty with him. "They cared for nothing but the treadmill, and for having their rations cut short:" of the two sole penalties, hard work and occasional hunger, there remained now only one, and that by no means the better one, as he thought. The 'sympathy' of visitors, too, their 'pity' for his interesting scoundrel-subjects, though he tried to like it, was evidently no joy to this practical mind. Pity, yes:—but pity for the scoundrel-species? For those who will not have pity on themselves, and will force the Universe and the Laws of Nature to have no 'pity' on them? Meseems I could discover fitter objects of pity!

In fact it was too clear, this excellent man had got a field for his faculties which, in several respects, was by no means the suitable one. To drill Twelve-hundred scoundrels by 'the method of kindness,' and of abolishing your very treadmill,—how could any commander rejoice to have such a work cut-out for him? You had but to look in the faces of these Twelve-hundred, and despair, for most part, of ever 'commanding' them at all. Miserable distorted blockheads, the generality; ape-faces, imp-faces, angry dog-faces, heavy sullen ox-faces; degraded underfoot perverse creatures, sons of *indocility*, greedy mutinous darkness, and in one word, of STUPIDITY, which is the general mother of such. Stupidity intellectual and stupidity moral (for the one always means the other, as you will, with surprise or not, discover if you look) had born this progeny: base-natured beings, on whom in the course of a maleficent subterranean life of London Scoundrelism, the Genius of Darkness (called Satan, Devil, and other names) had now visibly impressed his seal, and had marked them out as soldiers of Chaos and of him,—appointed to serve in *his* Regiments, First of the line, Second ditto, and so on in their order. Him, you could perceive, they would serve; but not easily another than him. These were the subjects whom our brave Captain and Prison-Governor was appointed to command, and reclaim to *other* service, by 'the method of love,' with a treadmill abolished.

Hopeless forevermore such a project. These abject, ape, wolf, ox, imp and other diabolic-animal specimens of humanity, who of the very gods could ever have commanded them by love? A collar round the neck, and a cartwhip flourished over the back; these, in a just and steady human hand, were what the gods would have appointed them; and now when, by long

misconduct and neglect, they had sworn themselves into the Devil's regiments of the line, and got the seal of Chaos impressed on their visage, it was very doubtful whether even these would be of avail for the unfortunate commander of Twelve-hundred men ! By 'love,' without hope except of peaceably teasing oakum, or fear except of a temporary loss of dinner, he was to guide these men, and wisely constrain them,—whitherward ? No-whither : that was his goal, if you will think well of it ; that was a second fundamental falsity in his problem. False in the warp and false in the woof, thought one of us ; about as false a problem as any I have seen a good man set upon lately ! To guide scoundrels by 'love ;' that is a false woof, I take it, a method that will not hold together ; hardly for the flower of men will love alone do ; and for the sediment and scoundrelism of men it has not even a chance to do. And then to guide any class of men, scoundrel or other, *No-whither*, which was this poor Captain's problem, in this Prison with oakum for its one element of hope or outlook, how can that prosper by 'love' or by any conceivable method ? That is a warp wholly false. Out of which false warp, or originally false condition to start from, combined and daily woven into by your false woof, or methods of 'love' and suchlike, there arises for our poor Captain the falsest of problems, and for a man of his faculty the unfairest of situations. His problem was, not to command good men to do something, but bad men to do (with superficial disguises) nothing.

On the whole, what a beautiful Establishment here fitted-up for the accommodation of the scoundrel-world, male and female ! As I said, no Duke in England is, for all rational purposes which a human being can or ought to aim at, lodged, fed, tended, taken care of, with such perfection. Of poor craftsmen that pay rates and taxes from their day's wages, of the dim millions that toil and moil continually under the sun, we know what is the lodging and the tending. Of the Johnsons, Goldsmiths, lodged in their squalid garrets ; working often enough amid famine, darkness, tumult, dust and desolation, what work *they* have to do :—of these as of 'spiritual backwoodsmen,' understood to be preappointed to such a life, and like the pigs to killing, 'quite used to it,' I say nothing. But of Dukes, **which Duke, I could ask, has cocoa, soup, meat, and food in**

general made ready, so fit for keeping him in health, in ability to do and to enjoy? Which Duke has a house so thoroughly clean, pure and airy; lives in an element so wholesome, and perfectly adapted to the uses of soul and body as this same, which is provided here for the Devil's regiments of the line? No Duke that I have ever known. Dukes are waited-on by deleterious French cooks, by perfunctory grooms of the chambers, and expensive crowds of eye-servants, more imaginary than real: while here, Science, Human Intellect and Beneficence have searched and sat studious, eager to do their very best; they have chosen a real Artist in Governing to see their best, in all details of it, done. Happy regiments of the line, what soldier to any earthly or celestial Power has such a lodging and attendance as you here? No soldier or servant direct or indirect of God or of man, in this England at present. Joy to you, regiments of the line. Your Master, I am told, has his Elect, and professes to be 'Prince of the Kingdoms of this World;' and truly I see he has power to do a good turn to those he loves, in England at least. Shall we say, May *he*, may the Devil give you good of it, ye Elect of Scoundrelism? I will rather pass by, uttering no prayer at all; musing rather in silence on the singular 'worship of God,' or practical 'reverence done to Human Worth' (which is the outcome and essence of all real 'worship' whatsoever) among the posterity of Adam at this day.

For all round this beautiful Establishment, or Oasis of Purity, intended for the Devil's regiments of the line, lay continents of dingy poor and dirty dwellings, where the unfortunate not *yet* enlisted into that Force were struggling manifoldly,—in their workshops, in their marble-yards and timber-yards and tan-yards, in their close cellars, cobbler-stalls, hungry garrets, and poor dark trade-shops with red-herrings and tobacco-pipes crossed in the window,—to keep the Devil out-of-doors, and *not* enlist with him. And it was by a tax on these that the Barracks for the regiments of the line were kept up. Visiting Magistrates, impelled by Exeter Hall, by Able-Editors, and the Philanthropic Movement of the Age, had given orders to that effect. Rates on the poor servant of God and of her Majesty, who still serves both in his way, painfully selling red-herrings; rates on him and his red-herrings to boil right soup for the Devil's declared Elect! Never in my travels, in any age or

clime, had I fallen-in with such Visiting Magistrates before. Reserved they, I should suppose, for these ultimate or penultimate ages of the world, rich in all prodigies, political, spiritual, —ages surely with such a length of ears as was never paralleled before.

If I had a commonwealth to reform or to govern, certainly it should not be the Devil's regiments of the line that I would first of all concentrate my attention on ! With them I should be apt to make rather brief work ; to them one would apply the besom, try to sweep *them* with some rapidity into the dust-bin, and well out of one's road, I should rather say. Fill your thrashing-floor with docks, ragweeds, mugworths, and ply your flail upon them,—that is not the method to obtain sacks of wheat. Away, you ; begone swiftly, *ye* regiments of the line : in the name of God and of His poor struggling servants, sore put to it to live in these bad days, I mean to rid myself of you with some degree of brevity. To feed you in palaces, to hire captains and schoolmasters and the choicest spiritual and material artificers to expend their industries on you,—No, by the Eternal ! I have quite other work for that class of artists ; Seven-and-twenty Millions of neglected mortals who have not yet quite declared for the Devil. Mark it, my diabolic friends, I mean to lay leather on the backs of you, collars round the necks of you ; and will teach you, after the example of the gods, that this world is *not* your inheritance, or glad to see you in it. You, ye diabolic canaille, what has a Governor much to do with you ? You, I think, he will rather swiftly dismiss from his thoughts, —which have the whole celestial and terrestrial for their scope, and not the subterranean of scoundrelism alone. You, I consider, he will sweep pretty rapidly into some Norfolk Island, into some special Convict Colony or remote domestic Moorland, into some stone-walled Silent-System, under hard drill-sergeants, just as Rhadamanthus, and inflexible as he, and there leave you to reap what you have sown ; he meanwhile turning his endeavours to the thousandfold immeasurable interests of men and gods,—dismissing the one extremely contemptible interest of scoundrels ; sweeping that into the cesspool, tumbling that over London Bridge, in a very brief manner, if needful ! Who are you, ye thriftless sweepings of Creation, that we should forever be pestered with you ? Have we no work to do but drilling Devil's regiments of the line ?

If I had schoolmasters, my benevolent friend, do you imagine I would set them on teaching a set of unteachables, who as you perceive have already made up their mind that black *is* white,—that the Devil namely is the advantageous Master to serve in this world? My esteemed Benefactor of Humanity, it shall be far from me. Minds open to that particular conviction are not the material I like to work upon. When once my schoolmasters have gone over all the other classes of society from top to bottom; and have no other soul to try with teaching, all being thoroughly taught,—I will then send them to operate on *these* regiments of the line: then, and, assure yourself, never till then. The truth is, I am sick of scoundrelism, my esteemed Benefactor; it always was detestable to me; and here where I find it lodged in palaces and waited on by the benevolent of the world, it is more detestable, not to say insufferable to me than ever.

Of Beneficence, Benevolence, and the people that come together to talk on platforms and subscribe five pounds, I will say nothing here; indeed there is not room here for the twentieth part of what were to be said of them. The beneficence, benevolence, and sublime virtue which issues in eloquent talk reported in the Newspapers, with the subscription of five pounds, and the feeling that one is a good citizen and ornament to society,—concerning this, there were a great many unexpected remarks to be made; but let this one, for the present occasion, suffice:

My sublime benevolent friends, don't you perceive, for one thing, that here is a shockingly unfruitful investment for your capital of Benevolence; precisely the *worst*, indeed, which human ingenuity could select for you? "Laws are unjust, temptations great," &c. &c.: alas, I know it, and mourn for it, and passionately call on all men to help in altering it. But according to every hypothesis as to the law, and the temptations and pressures towards vice, here are the individuals who, of all the society, have yielded to said pressure. These are of the worst substance for enduring pressure! The others yet stand and make resistance to temptation, to the law's injustice; under all the perversities and strangling impediments there are, the rest of the society still keep their feet, and struggle forward, marching under the banner of *Cosmos*, of God and Human Virtue; these select Few, as I explain to you, are they who have fallen

to *Chaos*, and are sworn into certain regiments of the line. A superior proclivity to *Chaos* is declared in these, by the very fact of their being here ! Of all the generation we live in, these are the worst stuff. These, I say, are the Elixir of the Infatuated among living mortals : if you want the *worst* investment for your Benevolence, here you accurately have it. O my surprising friends ! Nowhere so as here can you be certain that a given quantity of wise teaching bestowed, of benevolent trouble taken, will yield *zero*, or the net *minimum* of return. It is sowing of your wheat upon Irish quagmires ; laboriously harrowing it in upon the sand of the sea-shore. O my astonishing benevolent friends !

Yonder, in those dingy habitations, and shops of red-her-ring and tobacco-pipes, where men have not yet quite declared for the Devil ; there, I say, is land : here is mere sea-beach. Thither go with your benevolence, thither to those dingy caverns of the poor ; and there instruct and drill and manage, there where some fruit may come from it. And, above all and inclusive of all, cannot you go to those Solemn human Shams, Phantasm Captains, and Supreme Quacks that ride prosperously in every thoroughfare ; and with severe benevolence, ask them, What they are doing here ? They are the men whom it would behove you to drill a little, and tie to the halberts in a benevolent manner, if you could ! “ We cannot,” say you ? Yes, my friends, to a certain extent you can. By many well-known active methods, and by all manner of passive methods, you can. Strive thitherward, I advise you ; thither, with whatever social effort there may lie in you ! The well-head and ‘consecrated’ thrice-accursed chief fountain of all those waters of bitterness,—it is they, those Solemn Shams and Supreme Quacks of yours, little as they or you imagine it ! Them, with severe benevolence, put a stop to ; them send to their Father, far from the sight of the true and just,—if you would ever see a just world here !

What sort of reformers and workers are you, that work only on the rotten material ? That never think of meddling with the material while it continues sound ; that stress it and strain it with new rates and assessments, till once it has given way and declared itself rotten ; whereupon you snatch greedily at it, and say, Now let us try to do some good upon it ! You mistake in every way, my friends : the fact is, you fancy yourselves

men of virtue, benevolence, what not ; and you are not even men of sincerity and honest sense. I grieve to say it ; but it is true. Good from you, and your operations, is not to be expected. You may go down !

Howard is a beautiful Philanthropist, eulogised by Burke, and in most men's minds a sort of beatified individual. How glorious, having finished-off one's affairs in Bedfordshire, or in fact finding them very dull, inane, and worthy of being quitted and got away from, to set out on a cruise over the Jails first of Britain ; then, finding that answer, over the Jails of the habitable Globe ! 'A voyage of discovery, a circumnavigation ' of charity ; to collate distresses, to gauge wretchedness, to ' take the dimensions of human misery : '—really it is very fine. Captain Cook's voyage for the Terra Australis, Ross's, Franklin's for the ditto Borealis : men make various cruises and voyages in this world,—for want of money, want of work, and one or the other want,—which are attended with their difficulties too, and do *not* make the cruiser a demigod. On the whole, I have myself nothing but respect, comparatively speaking, for the dull solid Howard, and his 'benevolence,' and other impulses that set him cruising ; Heaven had grown weary of Jail-fevers, and other the like *unjust* penalties inflicted upon scoundrels,—for scoundrels too, and even the very Devil, should not have *more* than their due ;—and Heaven, in its opulence, created a man to make an end of that. Created him ; disgusted him with the grocer business ; tried him with Calvinism, rural ennui, and sore bereavement in his Bedfordshire retreat ;—and, in short, at last got him set to his work, and in a condition to achieve it. For which I am thankful to Heaven ; and do also, with doffed hat, humbly salute John Howard. A practical solid man, if a dull and even dreary ; 'carries his weighing-scales in his pocket : ' when your jailor answers, "The " prisoner's allowance of food is so and so ; and we observe " it sacredly ; here, for example, is a ration."—"Hey ! a ration " this ?" and solid John suddenly produces his weighing-scales ; weighs it, marks down in his tablets what the actual quantity of it is. That is the art and manner of the man. A man full of English accuracy ; English veracity, solidity, simplicity ; by whom this universal Jail-commission, not to be paid for in

money but far otherwise, is set about, with all the slow energy, the patience, practicality, sedulity and sagacity common to the best English commissioners paid in money and not expressly otherwise.

For it is the glory of England that she has a turn for fidelity in practical work ; that sham-workers, though very numerous, are rarer than elsewhere ; that a man who undertakes work for you will still, in various provinces of our affairs, do it, instead of merely seeming to do it. John Howard, without pay in money, *did* this of the Jail-fever, as other Englishmen do work, in a truly workmanlike manner : his distinction was that he did it without money. He had not 500*l.* or 5000*l.* a-year of salary for it ; but lived merely on his Bedfordshire estates, and as Snigsby irreverently expresses it, 'by chewing his own cud.' And, sure enough, if any man might chew the cud of placid reflections, solid Howard, a mournful man otherwise, might at intervals indulge a little in that luxury. No money-salary had he for his work ; he had merely the income of his properties, and what he could derive from within. Is this such a sublime distinction, then ? Well, let it pass at its value. There have been benefactors of mankind who had more need of money than he, and got none too. Milton, it is known, did his *Paradise Lost* at the easy rate of five pounds. Kepler worked out the secret of the Heavenly Motions in a dreadfully painful manner ; 'going over the calculations sixty times ;'—and having not only no public money, but no private either ; and, in fact, writing almanacs for his bread-and-water, while he did this of the Heavenly Motions ; having no Bedfordshire estates ; nothing but a pension of 18*l.* (which they would not pay him), the valuable faculty of writing almanacs, and at length the invaluable one of dying, when the Heavenly bodies were vanquished, and battle's conflagration had collapsed into cold dark ashes, and the starvation reached too high a pitch for the poor man.

Howard is not the only benefactor that has worked without money for us ; there have been some more,—and will be, I hope ! For the Destinies are opulent ; and send here and there a man into the world to do work, for which they do not mean to pay him in money. And they smite him beneficently with sore afflictions, and blight his world all into grim frozen ruins round him,—and can make a wandering Exile of their

Dante, and not a soft-bedded Podestà of Florence, if they wish to get a *Divine Comedy* out of him. Nay that rather is their way, when they have worthy work for such a man; they scourge him manifoldly to the due pitch, sometimes nearly of despair, that he may search desperately for his work, and find it; they urge him on still with beneficent stripes when needful, as is constantly the case between whiles; and, in fact, have privately decided to reward him with beneficent death by and by, and not with money at all. O my benevolent friend, I honour Howard very much; but it is on this side idolatry a long way, not to an infinite, but to a decidedly finite extent! And you,—put not the modest noble Howard, a truly modest man, to the blush, by forcing these reflections on us!

Cholera Doctors, hired to dive into black dens of infection and despair, they, rushing about all day from lane to lane, with their life in their hand, are found to do their function; which is a much more rugged one than Howard's. Or what say we, Cholera Doctors? Ragged Josels gathered by beat of drum from the overcrowded streets of cities, and drilled a little and dressed in red, do not they stand fire in an uncensurable manner; and handsomely give their life, if needful, at the rate of a shilling per day? Human virtue, if we went down to the roots of it, is not so rare. The materials of human virtue are everywhere abundant as the light of the sun: raw materials,—O woe, and loss, and scandal thrice and threefold, that they so seldom are elaborated, and built into a result! that they lie yet unelaborated, and stagnant in the souls of wide-spread dreary millions, fermenting, festering; and issue at last as energetic vice instead of strong practical virtue! A Mrs. Manning 'dying game,'—alas, is not that the foiled potentiality of a kind of heroine too? Not a heroic Judith, not a mother of the Gracchi now, but a hideous murderess, fit to be the mother of hyænas! To such extent can potentialities be foiled. Education, kingship, command,—where is it, whither has it fled? Woe a thousand times, that this, which is the task of all kings, captains, priests, public speakers, land-owners, book-writers, mill-owners, and persons possessing or pretending to possess authority among mankind,—is left neglected among them all; and instead of it so little done but protocolling, black-or-white surplicing, partridge-shooting, parliamentary eloquence and popular twaddle-literature; with such results as we see!—

Howard abated the Jail-fever ; but it seems to me he has been the innocent cause of a far more distressing fever which rages high just now ; what we may call the Benevolent-Platform Fever. Howard is to be regarded as the unlucky fountain of that tumultuous frothy ocean-tide of benevolent sentimentality, 'abolition of punishment,' all-absorbing 'prison-discipline,' and general morbid sympathy, instead of hearty hatred, for scoundrels ; which is threatening to drown human society as in deluges, and leave, instead of an 'edifice of society' fit for the habitation of men, a continent of fetid ooze inhabitable only by mud-gods and creatures that walk upon their belly. Few things more distress a thinking soul at this time.

Most sick am I, O friends, of this sugary disastrous jargon of philanthropy, the reign of love, new era of universal brotherhood, and not Paradise to the Well-deserving but Paradise to All-and-sundry, which possesses the benighted minds of men and women in our day. My friends, I think you are much mistaken about Paradise ! 'No Paradise for anybody : he that cannot do without Paradise, go his ways : ' suppose you tried that for a while ! I reckon that the safer version.—Unhappy sugary brethren, this is all untrue, this other ; contrary to the fact ; not a tatter of it will hang together in the wind and weather of fact. In brotherhood with the base and foolish I, for one, do not mean to live. Not in brotherhood with them was life hitherto worth much to me ; in pity, in hope not yet quite swallowed of disgust,—otherwise in enmity that must last through eternity, in unappeasable aversion shall I have to live with these ! Brotherhood ? No, be the thought far from me. They are Adam's children,—alas yes, I well remember that and never shall forget it ; hence this rage and sorrow. But they have gone over to the dragons ; they have quitted the Father's house, and set-up with the Old Serpent : till they return, how can they be brothers ? They are enemies, deadly to themselves and to me and to you, till then ; till then, while hope yet lasts, I will treat them as brothers fallen insane ;—when hope has ended, with tears grown sacred and wrath grown sacred, I will cut them off in the name of God ! It is at my peril if I do not. With the servant of Satan I dare not continue in partnership. Him I must put away, resolutely and forever ; 'lest,' as it is written, 'I become partaker of his plagues.'

Beautiful Black Peasantry, who have fallen idle and have

got the Devil at your elbow ; interesting White Felonry, who are not idle, but have enlisted into the Devil's regiments of the line, — know that my benevolence for you is comparatively trifling ! What I have of that divine feeling is due to others, not to you. A 'universal Sluggard-and-Scoundrel Protection Society' is not the one I mean to institute in these times, where so much wants protection, and is sinking to sad issues for want of it ! The scoundrel needs no protection. The scoundrel that *will* hasten to the gallows, why not rather clear the way for him ! Better he reach *his* goal and outgate by the natural proclivity, than be so expensively dammed-up and detained, poisoning everything as he stagnates and meanders along, to arrive at last a hundred times fouler, and swollen a hundred times bigger ! Benevolent men should reflect on this.—And you Quashee, my pumpkin,—(not a bad fellow either, this poor Quashee, when tolerably guided !)—idle Quashee, I say you must get the Devil *sent away* from your elbow, my poor dark friend ! In this world there will be no existence for you otherwise. No, not as the brother of your folly will I live beside you. Please to withdraw out of my way, if I am not to contradict your folly, and amend it, and put it in the stocks if it will not amend. By the Eternal Maker, it is on that footing alone that you and I can live together ! And if you had respectable traditions dated from beyond Magna Charta, or from beyond the Deluge, to the contrary. and written sheepskins that would thatch the face of the world,—behold I, for one individual, do not believe said respectable traditions, nor regard said written sheepskins except as things which *you*, till you grow wiser, will believe. Adieu, Quashee ; I will wish you better guidance than you have had of late.

On the whole, what a reflection is it that we cannot bestow on an unworthy man any particle of our benevolence, our patronage, or whatever resource is ours,—without withdrawing it, it and all that will grow of it, from one worthy, to whom it of right belongs ! We cannot, I say ; impossible ; it is the eternal law of things. Incompetent Duncan M'Pastehorn, the hapless incompetent mortal to whom I give the cobbling of my boots,—and cannot find in my heart to refuse it, the poor drunken wretch having a wife and ten children ; he *withdraws* the job from sober, plainly competent, and meritorious Mr. Sparrowbill, generally short of work too ; discourages Spar-

rowbill ; teaches him that he too may as well drink and loiter and bungle ; that this is not a scene for merit and demerit at all, but for dupery, and whining flattery, and incompetent cobbling of every description ;—clearly tending to the ruin of poor Sparrowbill ! What harm had Sparrowbill done me that I should so help to ruin him ? And I couldn't *save* the insalvable M'Pastehorn ; I merely yielded him, for insufficient work, here and there a half-crown,—which he oftenest drank. And now Sparrowbill also is drinking !

Justice, Justice : woe betides us everywhere when, for this reason or for that, we fail to do justice ! No beneficence, benevolence, or other virtuous contribution will make good the want. And in what a rate of terrible geometrical progression, far beyond *our* poor computation, any act of Injustice once done by us grows ; rooting itself ever anew, spreading ever anew, like a banyan-tree,—blasting all life under it, for it is a poison-tree ! There is but one thing needed for the world ; but that one is indispensable. Justice, Justice, in the name of Heaven ; give us Justice, and we live ; give us only counterfeits of it, or succedanea for it, and we die !

O this universal syllabub of philanthropic twaddle ! My friend, it is very sad, now when Christianity is as good as extinct in all hearts, to meet this ghastly Phantasm of Christianity parading through almost all. “I will clean your foul thoroughfares, and make your Devil's-cloaca of a world into a garden of Heaven,” jabbars this Phantasm, itself a phosphorescence and unclean ! The worst, it is written, comes from corruption of the best :—Semitic forms now lying putrescent, dead and still unburied, this phosphorescence rises. I say sometimes, such a blockhead Idol, and miserable *White Mumbojumbo*, fashioned out of deciduous sticks and cast clothes, out of extinct cants and modern sentimentalisms, as that which they sing litanies to at Exeter Hall and extensively elsewhere, was perhaps never set-up by human folly before. Unhappy creatures, that is not the Maker of the Universe, not that,—look one moment at the Universe, and see ! That is a paltry Phantasm, engendered in your own sick brain ; whoever follows that as a Reality will fall into the ditch.

Reform, reform, all men see and reel, is imperatively needed. Reform must either be got, and speedily, or else we

die : and nearly all the men that speak, instruct us, saying, " Have you quite done your interesting Negroes in the Sugar Islands ? Rush to the Jails, then, O ye reformers ; snatch-up the interesting scoundrel-population there, to them be nursing-fathers and nursing-mothers. And O wash, and dress, and teach, and recover to the service of Heaven these poor lost souls : so, we assure you, will society attain the needful reform, and life be still possible in this world." Thus sing the oracles everywhere ; nearly all the men that speak,—though we doubt not, there are, as usual, immense majorities consciously or unconsciously wiser who hold their tongue. But except this of whitewashing the scoundrel-population, one sees little 'reform' going on. There is perhaps some endeavour to do a little scavengering ; and, as the all-including point, to cheapen the terrible cost of Government : but neither of these enterprises makes progress, owing to impediments.

" Whitewash your scoundrel-population ; sweep-out your abominable gutters (if not in the name of God, ye brutish slatterns, then in the name of Cholera and the Royal College of Surgeons) : do these two things ;—and observe, much cheaper if you please !" —Well, here surely is an Evangel of Freedom, and real Program of a new Era. What surliest misanthrope would not find this world lovely, were these things done : scoundrels whitewashed ; some degree of scavengering upon the gutters ; and at a cheap rate, thirdly ? That surely is an occasion on which, if ever on any, the Genius of Reform may pipe all hands !—Poor old Genius of Reform ; bedrid this good while ; with little but broken ballot-boxes, and tattered stripes of Benthamite Constitutions lying round him ; and on the walls mere shadows of clothing-colonels, rates-in-aid, poor-law unions, defunct potato and the Irish difficulty,—he does not seem long for this world, piping to that effect ?

Not the least disgusting feature of this Gospel according to the Platform is its reference to religion, and even to the Christian Religion, as an authority and mandate for what it does. Christian Religion ? Does the Christian or any religion prescribe love or scoundrels, then ? I hope it prescribes a healthy hatred of scoundrels ;—otherwise what am I, in

Heaven's name, to make of it? Me, for one, it will not serve as a religion on those strange terms. Just hatred of scoundrels, I say; fixed, irreconcilable, inexorable enmity to the enemies of God: this, and not love for them, and incessant whitewashing, and dressing and cockering of them, must, if you look into it, be the backbone of any human religion whatsoever. Christian Religion! In what words can I address you, ye unfortunates, sunk in the slushy ooze till the worship of mud-serpents, and unutterable Pythons and poisonous slimy monstrosities, seems to you the worship of God? This is the rotten carcass of Christianity; this malodorous phosphorescence of *post-mortem* sentimentalism. O Heavens, from the Christianity of Oliver Cromwell, wrestling in grim fight with Satan and his incarnate Blackguardisms, Hypocrisies, Injustices, and legion of human and infernal angels, to that of eloquent Mr. Hesperus Fiddlestring denouncing capital punishments, and inculcating the benevolences on platforms, what a road have we travelled!

A foolish stump-orator, perorating on his platform mere benevolences, seems a pleasant object to many persons; a harmless or insignificant one to almost all. Look at him, however; scan him till you discern the nature of him, he is not pleasant, but ugly and perilous. That beautiful speech of his takes captive every long ear, and kindles into quasi-sacred enthusiasm the minds of not a few; but it is quite in the teeth of the everlasting facts of this Universe, and will come only to mischief for every party concerned. Consider that little spouting wretch. Within the paltry skin of him, it is too probable, he holds few human virtues, beyond those essential for digesting victual: envious, cowardly, vain, splenetic hungry soul; what heroism, in word or thought or action, will you ever get from the like of him? He, in his necessity, has taken into the benevolent line; warms the cold vacuity of his inner man to some extent, in a comfortable manner, not by silently doing some virtue of his own, but by fiercely recommending hearsay pseudo-virtues and respectable benevolences to other people. Do you call that a good trade? Long-eared fellow-creatures, more or less resembling himself, answer, "Hear, hear! Live Fiddlestring forever!" Wherefrom follow Abolition Congresses, Odes to the Gallows;—perhaps some dirty little Bill, getting itself debated next Session in

Parliament, to waste certain nights of our legislative Year, and cause skipping in our Morning Newspaper, till the abortion can be emptied out again and sent fairly floating down the gutters.

Not with entire approbation do I, for one, look on that eloquent individual. Wise benevolence, if it had authority, would order that individual, I believe, to find some other trade: "Eloquent individual, pleading here against the Laws of Nature,—for many reasons, I bid thee close that mouth of thine. Enough of balderdash these long-cared have now drunk. Depart thou; *do* some benevolent work; at lowest, be silent. Disappear, I say; away, and jargon no more in that manner, lest a worst thing befall thee." *Exeat* Fiddle-string!—Beneficent men are not they who appear on platforms, pleading against the Almighty Maker's Laws; these are the maleficent men, whose lips it is pity that some authority cannot straightway shut. Pandora's Box is not more baleful than the gifts these eloquent benefactors are pressing on us. Close your pedlar's-pack, my friend; swift, away with it! Pernicious, fraught with mere woe and sugary poison is that kind of benevolence and beneficence.

Truly, one of the saddest sights in these times is that of poor creatures, on platforms, in parliaments and other situations, making and unmaking 'Laws;' in whose soul, full of mere vacant hearsay and windy babble, is and was no image of Heaven's Law; whom it never struck that Heaven had a Law, or that the Earth—could not have what kind of Law you pleased! Human Statute-books, accordingly, are growing horrible to think of. An impiety and poisonous futility every Law of them that is so made; all Nature is against it; it will and can do nothing but mischief wheresoever it shows itself in Nature: and such Laws lie now like an incubus over this Earth, so innumerable are they. How long, O Lord, how long!—O ye Eternities, Divine Silences, do you dwell no more, then, in the hearts of the noble and the true; and is there no inspiration of the Almighty any more vouchsafed us? The inspiration of the Morning Newspapers—alas, we have had enough of that, and are arrived at the gates of death by means of that!

"Really, one of the most difficult questions this we have in

these times, What to do with our criminals?" blandly observed a certain Law-dignitary, in my hearing once, taking the cigar from his mouth, and pensively smiling over a group of us under the summer beech-tree, as Favonius carried off the tobacco-smoke; and the group said nothing, only smiled and nodded, answering by new tobacco-clouds. "What to do with our criminals?" asked the official Law-dignitary again, as if entirely at a loss.—"I suppose," said one ancient figure not engaged in smoking, "the plan would be to treat them according to the real law of the case; to make the Law of England, in respect of them, correspond to the Law of the Universe. Criminals, I suppose, would prove manageable in that way: if we could do approximately as God Almighty does towards them; in a word, if we could try to do Justice towards them."—"I'll thank you for a definition of Justice?" sneered the official person in a cheerily scornful and triumphant manner, backed by a slight laugh from the honourable company; which irritated the other speaker.—"Well, I have no pocket-definition of Justice," said he, "to give your Lordship. It has not quite been my trade to look for such a definition; I could rather fancy it had been your Lordship's trade, sitting on your high place this long while. But one thing I can tell you: Justice always *is*, whether we define it or not. Everything done, suffered or proposed, in Parliament or out of it, *is* either just or else unjust; either is accepted by the gods and eternal facts, or is rejected by them. Your Lordship and I, with or without definition, do a little know Justice, I will hope; if we don't both know it and do it, we are hourly travelling down towards—Heavens, must I name such a place! That is the place we are bound to, with all our trading-pack, and the small or extensive budgets of human business laid on us; and there, if we *don't know* Justice, we, and all our budgets and Acts of Parliament, shall find lodging when the day is done!"—The official person, a polite man otherwise, grinned as he best could some semblance of a laugh, mirthful as that of the ass eating thistles, and ended in "Hah, oh, ah!"—

Indeed, it is wonderful to hear what account we at present give ourselves of the punishment of criminals. No 'revenge'—O Heavens, no; all preachers on Sunday strictly forbid that; and even (at least on Sundays) prescribe the contrary of that. It is for the sake of 'example,' that you punish to 'protect

society' and its purse and skin; to deter the innocent from falling into crime; and especially withal, for the purpose of improving the poor criminal himself,—or at lowest, of hanging and ending him, that he may not grow worse. For the poor criminal is to be 'improved' if possible: against him no 'revenge' even on weekdays; nothing but love for him, and pity and help; poor fellow, is he not miserable enough? Very miserable,—though much less so than the Master of him, called Satan, is understood (on Sundays) to have long deservedly been!

My friends, will you permit me to say that all this, to one poor judgment among your number, is the mournfulest twaddle that human tongues could shake from them; that it has no solid foundation in the nature of things; and to a healthy human heart no credibility whatever? Permit me to say, only to hearts long drowned in dead Tradition, and for themselves neither believing nor disbelieving, could this seem credible. Think, and ask yourselves, in spite of all this preaching and perorating from the teeth outward! Hearts that are quite strangers to eternal Fact, and acquainted only at all hours with temporary Semblances parading about in a prosperous and persuasive condition; hearts that from their first appearance in this world have breathed since birth, in all spiritual matters, which means in all matters not pecuniary, the poisonous atmosphere of universal Cant, could believe such a thing. Cant moral, Cant religious, Cant political; an atmosphere which envelops all things for us unfortunates, and has long done; which goes beyond the Zenith and below the Nadir for us, and has as good as choked the spiritual life out of all of us,—God pity such wretches, with little or nothing *real* about them but their purse and their abdominal department! Hearts, alas, which everywhere except in the metallurgic and cottonspinning provinces, have communed with no Reality, or awful Presence of a Fact, godlike or diabolic, in this Universe or this unfathomable Life at all. Hunger-stricken asphyxied hearts, which have nourished themselves on what they call religions, Christian religions. Good Heaven, once more fancy the Christian religion of Oliver Cromwell; or of some noble Christian man, whom you yourself may have been blessed enough, once, long since, in your life, to know! These are not *untrue* religions; they are the putrescences and foul residues of religions that are extinct, that have

plainly to every honest nostril been dead some time, and the remains of which—O ye eternal Heavens, will the nostril never be delivered from them!—Such hearts, when they get upon platforms, and into questions not involving money, can ‘believe’ many things!—

I take the liberty of asserting that there is one valid reason, and only one, for either punishing a man or rewarding him in this world; one reason, which ancient piety could well define: That you may do the will and commandment of God with regard to him; that you may do justice to him. This is your one true aim in respect of him; aim thitherward, with all your heart and all your strength and all your soul; thitherward, and not elsewhither at all! This aim is true, and will carry you to all earthly heights and benefits, and beyond the stars and Heavens. All other aims are purblind, illegitimate, untrue; and will never carry you beyond the shop-counter, nay very soon will prove themselves incapable of maintaining you even there. Find out what the Law of God is with regard to a man; make that your human law, or I say it will be ill with you, and not well! If you love your thief or murderer, if Nature and eternal Fact love him, then do as you are now doing. But if Nature and Fact do *not* love him? If they have set inexorable penalties upon him, and planted natural wrath against him in every god-created human heart,—then I advise you, cease, and change your hand.

Reward and punishment? Alas, alas, I must say you reward and punish pretty much alike! Your dignities, peerages, promotions, your kingships, your brazen statues erected in capital and county towns to our select demigods of *your* selecting, testify loudly enough what kind of heroes and hero-worshippers you are. Woe to the People that no longer venerates, as the emblem of God himself, the aspect of Human Worth; that no longer knows what human worth and unworth is! Sure as the Decrees of the Eternal, that People cannot come to good. By a course too clear, by a necessity too evident, that People will come into the hands of the unworthy; and either turn on its bad career, or stagger downwards to ruin and abolition. Does the Hebrew People prophetically sing “Ou’ clo’!” in all thoroughfares, these eighteen hundred years in vain?

To reward men according to their worth. Alas, the perfection of this, we know, amounts to the millennium! Neither is

perfect punishment, according to the like rule, to be attained, —nor even, by a legislator of these chaotic days, to be too zealously attempted. But when he does attempt it,—yes, when he summons out the Society to sit deliberative on this matter, and consult the oracles upon it, and solemnly settle it in the name of God; then, if never before, he should try to be a little in the right in settling it!—In regard to reward of merit, I do not bethink me of any attempt whatever, worth calling an attempt, on the part of modern Governments; which surely is an immense oversight on their part, and will one day be seen to have been an altogether fatal one. But as to the punishment of crime, happily this cannot be quite neglected. When men have a purse and a skin, they seek salvation at least for these; and the Four Pleas of the Crown are a thing that must and will be attended to. By punishment, capital or other, by treadmilling and blind rigour, or by whitewashing and blind laxity, the extremely disagreeable offences of theft and murder must be kept down within limits.

And so you take criminal caitiffs, murderers, and the like, and hang them on gibbets ‘for an example to deter others.’ Whereupon arise friends of humanity, and object. With very great reason, as I consider, if *your* hypothesis be correct. What right have you to hang any poor creature ‘for an example’? He can turn round upon you and say, “Why make an ‘example’ of me, a merely ill-situated, pitiable man? Have you “no more respect for misfortune? Misfortune, I have been “told, is sacred. And yet you hang me, now I am fallen into “your hands; choke the life out of me, for an example! Again “I ask, Why make an example of *me*, for your own convenience alone?”—All ‘revenge’ being out of the question, it seems to me the caitiff is unanswerable; and he and the philanthropic platforms have the logic all on their side.

The one answer to him is: “Caitiff, we hate thee; and “discern for some six thousand years now, that we are called “upon by the whole Universe to do it. Not with a diabolic “but with a divine hatred. God himself, we have always “understood, ‘hates sin,’ with a most authentic, celestial, and “eternal hatred. A hatred, a hostility inexorable, unappeasable, which blasts the scoundrel, and all scoundrels ultimately, into black annihilation and disappearance from the “sum of things. The path of it as the path of a flaming sword:

" he that has eyes may see it, walking inexorable, divinely
 " beautiful and divinely terrible, through the chaotic gulf of
 " Human History, and everywhere burning, as with unquench-
 " able fire, the false and death-worthy from the true and life-
 " worthy; making all Human History, and the Biography of
 " every man, a God's Cosmos in place of a Devil's Chaos. So
 " is it, in the end; even so, to every man who is a man, and
 " not a mutinous beast, and has eyes to see. To thee, caitiff,
 " these things were and are, quite incredible; to us they are
 " too awfully certain,—the Eternal Law of this Universe, whe-
 " ther thou and others will believe it or disbelieve. We, not to
 " be partakers in thy destructive adventure of *defying* God and
 " all the Universe, dare not allow thee to continue longer among
 " us. As a palpable deserter from the ranks where all men, at
 " their eternal peril, are bound to be: palpable deserter, taken
 " with the red hand fighting thus against the whole Universe
 " and its Laws, we—send thee back into the whole Universe,
 " solemnly expel thee from our community; and will, in the
 " name of God, not with joy and exultation, but with sorrow
 " stern as thy own, hang thee on Wednesday next, and so
 " end."

Other ground on which to deliberately slay a disarmed fellow-man I can see none. Example, effects upon the public mind, effects upon this and upon that: all this is mere appendage and accident; of all this I make no attempt to keep account,—sensible that no arithmetic will or can keep account of it; that its 'effects,' on this hand and on that, transcend all calculation. One thing, if I can calculate it, will include all, and produce beneficial effects beyond calculation, and no ill effect at all, anywhere or at any time: What the Law of the Universe, or Law of God, *is* with regard to this caitiff? That, by all sacred research and consideration, I will try to find out; to that I will come as near as human means admit; that shall be my exemplar and 'example;' all men shall through me see that, and be profited *beyond* calculation by seeing it.

What this Law of the Universe, or Law made by God, is? Men at one time read it in their Bible. In many Bibles, Books, and authentic symbols and monitions of Nature and the Word (of Fact, that is, and of Human Speech, or Wise Interpretation of Fact), there are still clear indications towards it. Most important it is, for this and for some other reasons, that men do,

in some way, get to see it a little! And if no man could now see it by any Bible, there is written in the heart of every man an authentic copy of it direct from Heaven itself: there, if he have learnt to decipher Heaven's writing, and can read the sacred oracles (a sad case for him if he altogether cannot), every born man may still find some copy of it.

'Revenge,' my friends! revenge, and the natural hatred of scoundrels, and the ineradicable tendency to *revancher* oneself upon them, and pay them what they have merited: this is forevermore intrinsically a correct, and even a divine feeling in the mind of every man. Only the excess of it is diabolic; the essence I say is manlike, and even godlike,—a monition sent to poor man by the Maker himself. Thou, poor reader, in spite of all this melancholy twaddle, and blotting-out of Heaven's sunlight by mountains of horsehair and officiality, hast still a human heart. If, in returning to thy poor peaceable dwelling-place, after an honest hard day's work, thou wert to find, for example, a brutal scoundrel who for lucre or other object of his, had slaughtered the life that was dearest to thee; thy true wife, for example, thy true old mother, swimming in her blood; the human scoundrel, or two-legged wolf, standing over such a tragedy: I hope a man would have so much divine rage in his heart as to snatch the nearest weapon, and put a conclusion upon said human wolf, for one! A palpable messenger of Satan, that one; accredited by all the Devils, to be put an end to by all the children of God. The soul of every god-created man flames wholly into one divine blaze of sacred wrath at sight of such a Devil's messenger; authentic first-hand monition from the Eternal Maker himself as to what is next to be done. Do it, or be thyself an ally of Devil's-messengers; a sheep for two-legged human wolves, well deserving to be eaten, as thou soon wilt be!

My humane friends, I perceive this same sacred glow of divine wrath, or authentic monition at first hand from God himself, to be the foundation for all Criminal Law, and Official horsehair-and-bombazeen procedure against Scoundrels in this world. This first-hand gospel from the Eternities, imparted to every mortal, this is still, and will forever be, your sanction and commission for the punishment of human scoundrels. See well how you will translate this message from Heaven and the Eternities into a form suitable to this World and its Times.

Let not violence, haste, blind impetuous impulse, preside in executing it; the injured man, invincibly liable to fall into these, shall not himself execute it: the whole world, in person of a Minister appointed for that end, and surrounded with the due solemnities and caveats, with bailiffs, apparitors, advocates, and the hushed expectation of all men, shall do it, as under the eye of God who made all men. How it shall be done? this is ever a vast question, involving immense considerations. Thus Edmund Burke saw, in the Two Houses of Parliament, with King, Constitution, and all manner of Civil-Lists, and Chancellors' wigs and Exchequer budgets, only the 'method of getting twelve just men put into a jury-box:' that, in Burke's view, was the summary of what they were all meant for. How the judge will do it? Yes, indeed:—but let him see well that he does do it; for it is a thing that must by no means be left undone! A sacred gospel from the Highest: not to be smothered under horsehair and bombazeen, or drowned in platform froth, or in anywise omitted or neglected, without the most alarming penalties to all concerned!

Neglect to treat the hero as hero, the penalties,—which are inevitable too, and terrible to think of, as your Hebrew friends can tell you,—may be some time in coming; they will only gradually come. Not all at once will your Thirty-thousand Needlewomen, your Three-million Paupers, your Connaught fallen into potential Cannibalism, and other fine consequences of the practice, come to light;—though come to light they will; and "Ou' clo'!" itself may be in store for you, if you persist steadily enough. But neglect to treat even your declared scoundrel as scoundrel, this is the last consummation of the process, the drop by which the cup runs over; the penalties of this, most alarming, extensive, and such as you little dream of, will straightway very rapidly come. Dim oblivion of Right and Wrong, among the masses of your population, will come; doubts as to Right and Wrong, indistinct notion that Right and Wrong are not eternal, but accidental, and settled by uncertain votings and talkings, will come. Prurient influenza of Platform Benevolence, and 'Paradise to All-and-sundry,' will come. In the general putrescence of your 'religions,' as you call them, a strange new religion, named of Universal Love, with Sacraments mainly of *Divorce*, with Balzac, Sue and Company for Evangelists, and Madame Sand for Virgin, will come,—and re-

sults fast following therefrom which will astonish you very much!

‘The terrible anarchies of these years,’ says Crabbe, in his *Radiator*, ‘are brought upon us by a necessity too visible. By the crime of Kings,—alas, yes; but by that of Peoples too. Not by the crime of one class, but by the fatal obscuration, and all but obliteration of the sense of Right and Wrong in the minds and practices of every class. What a scene in the drama of Universal History, this of ours! A world-wide loud bellow and bray of universal Misery; *lowing*, with crushed maddened heart, its inarticulate prayer to Heaven:—very pardonable to me, and in some of its transcendent developments, as in the grand French Revolution, most respectable and ever-memorable. For Injustice reigns everywhere; and this murderous struggle for what they call “Fraternity,” and so forth, has a spice of eternal sense in it, though so terribly disfigured! Amalgam of sense and nonsense; eternal sense by the grain, and temporary nonsense by the square mile: as is the habit with poor sons of men. Which pardonable amalgam, however, if it be taken as the pure final sense, I must warn you and all creatures, is unpardonable, criminal, and fatal nonsense;—with which I, for one, will take care not to concern myself!

‘*Dogs should not be taught to eat leather*, says the old adage: no;—and where, by general fault and error, and the inevitable nemesis of things, the universal kennel is set to diet upon *leather*; and from its keepers, its “Liberal Premiers,” or whatever their title is, will accept or expect nothing else, and calls it by the pleasant name of progress, reform, emancipation, abolition-principles, and the like,—I consider the fate of said kennel and of said keepers to be a thing settled. Red republic in Phrygian nightcap, organisation of labour *à la* Louis Blanc; street-barricades, and then murderous cannon-volleys *à la* Cavaignac and Windischgrätz, follow out of one another, as grapes, must, new wine, and sour all-splitting vinegar do:—vinegar is but *vin-aigre*, or the self-same “wine” grown *sharp*! If, moreover, I find the Worship of Human Nobleness abolished in any country, and a *new* astonishing Phallus-Worship, with universal Balzac-Sand melodies and litanies in treble and in bass, established in its stead, what can I compute but that Nature, in horrible throes, will repugn

‘ against such substitution,—that, in short, the astonishing new
 ‘ Phallus-Worship, with its finer sensibilities of the heart, and
 ‘ “great satisfying loves,” with its sacred kiss of peace for
 ‘ scoundrel and hero alike, with its all-embracing Brotherhood,
 ‘ and universal Sacrament of Divorce, will have to take itself
 ‘ away again!’

The Ancient Germans, it appears, had no scruple about public executions; on the contrary, they thought the just gods themselves might fitly preside over these; that these were a solemn and highest act of worship, if justly done. When a German man had done a crime deserving death, they, in solemn general assembly of the tribe, doomed him, and considered that Fate and all Nature had from the beginning doomed him, to die with ignominy. Certain crimes there were of a supreme nature; him that had perpetrated one of these, they believed to have declared himself a prince of scoundrels. Him once convicted they laid hold of, nothing doubting;—bore him, after judgment, to the deepest convenient Peatbog; plunged him in there, drove an oaken frame down over him, solemnly in the name of gods and men: “There, prince of scoundrels, that is what we have
 “ had to think of thee, on clear acquaintance; our grim good-
 “ night to thee is that! In the name of all the gods, lie there,
 “ and be our partnership with thee dissolved henceforth. It
 “ will be better for us, we imagine!”

My friends, after all this beautiful whitewash and humanity and prison-discipline; and such blubbering and whimpering, and soft Litany to divine and also to quite other sorts of Pity, as we have had for a century now,—give me leave to admonish you that that of the Ancient Germans too was a thing inexpressibly necessary to keep in mind. If that is not kept in mind, the universal Litany to Pity is a mere universal nuisance, and torpid blasphemy against the gods. I do not much respect it, that purblind blubbering and litanying, as it is seen at present; and the litanying over scoundrels I go the length of disrespecting, and in some cases even of detesting. Yes, my friends, scoundrel is scoundrel: that remains for ever a fact; and there exists not in the earth whitewash that can make the scoundrel a friend of this Universe; he remains an enemy if you spent your life in whitewashing him. He won’t whitewash; this one won’t. The one method clearly is, That, after fair trial, you

dissolve partnership with him; send him, in the name of Heaven, whither *he* is striving all this while, and have done with him. And, in a time like this, I would advise you, see likewise that you be speedy about it! For there is immense work, and of a far hopefuler sort, to be done *elsewhere*.

Alas, alas, to see once the 'prince of scoundrels,' the Supreme Scoundrel, him whom of all men the gods liked *worst*, solemnly laid hold of, and hung upon the gallows in sight of the people; what a lesson to all the people! Sermons might be preached; the Son of Thunder and the Mouth of Gold might turn their periods now with some hope; for here, in the most impressive way, is a divine sermon *acted*. Didactic as no spoken sermon could be. Didactic, devotional too;—in awed solemnity, a recognition that Eternal Justice rules the world; that at the call of this human pity shall fall silent, and man be stern as his Master and Mandatory is!—Understand too that except upon a basis of even such rigour, sorrowful, silent, inexorable as that of Destiny and Doom, there is no true pity possible. The pity that proves so possible and plentiful without that basis, is mere *ignavia* and cowardly effeminacy; maudlin laxity of heart, grounded on blinkard dimness of head—contemptible as a drunkard's tears.

To see our Supreme Scoundrel hung upon the gallows, alas, that is far from us just now! There is a *worst* man in England, too,—curious to think of,—whom it would be inexpressibly advantageous to lay hold of, and hang, the first of all. But we do not know him with the least certainty, the least approach even to a guess,—such buzzards and dullards and poor children of the Dusk are we, in spite of our Statistics, Unshackled Presses, and Torches of Knowledge;—not eagles soaring sunward, not brothers of the lightnings and the radiances we; a dim horn-eyed, owl-population, intent mainly on the catching of mice! Alas, the supreme scoundrel, alike with the supreme hero, is very far from being known. Nor have we the smallest apparatus for dealing with either of them, if he were known. Our supreme scoundrel sits, I conjecture, well-cushioned, in high places, at this time; rolls softly through the world, and lives a prosperous gentleman; instead of sinking him in peat-bogs, we mount the brazen image of him on high columns: such is the world's temporary judgment about its supreme scoun-

drels; a mad world, my masters. To get the supreme scoundrel always accurately the first hanged,—this, which presupposes that the supreme hero were always the first promoted, this were precisely the millennium itself, clear evidence that the millennium had come: alas, we must forbear hope of this. Much water will run-by before we see this.

And yet to quit all aim towards it; to go blindly floundering along, wrapt-up in clouds of horsehair, bombazeen, and sheepskin officiality, oblivious that there exists such an aim: this is indeed fatal. In every human law there must either exist such an aim, or else the law is not a human but a diabolic one. Diabolic, I say: no quantity of bombazeen, or lawyers' wigs, three-readings, and solemn trumpeting and bow-wow-ing in high places or in low, can hide from me its frightful infernal tendency;—bound, and sinking at all moments gradually to Gehenna, this 'law,' and dragging down much with it! 'To decree *injustice* by a *law*.' inspired Prophets have long since seen, what every clear soul may still see, that of all Anarchies and Devil-worships there is none like this; that this is the 'Throne of Iniquity' set up in the name of the Highest, the human Apotheosis of Anarchy itself. "*Quiet Anarchy*," you exultingly say? Yes; quiet Anarchy, which the longer it sits 'quiet' will have the frightful account to settle at last. For every doit of the account, as I often say, will have to be settled one day, as sure as God lives. Principal, and compound interest rigorously computed; and the interest is at a terrible rate per cent in these cases! Alas, the aspect of certain beatified Anarchies, sitting 'quiet;' and of others in a state of infernal explosion for sixty years back: this, the one view our Europe offers at present, makes these days very sad.—

My unfortunate philanthropic friends, it is this long-continued oblivion of the soul of law that has reduced the Criminal Question to such a pass among us. Many other things have come, and are coming, for the same sad reason, to a pass! Not the supreme scoundrel have our laws aimed at; but, in an uncertain fitful manner, at the inferior or lowest scoundrel, who robs shop-tills and puts the skin of mankind in danger. How can Parliament get through the Criminal Question? Parliament, oblivious of Heavenly Law, will find itself in hopeless *reductio ad absurdum* in regard to innumer-

able other questions,—in regard to all questions whatsoever by and by. There will be no existence possible for Parliament on these current terms. Parliament, in its law-makings, must really try to attain some vision again of what Heaven's Laws are. A thing not easy to do; a thing requiring sad sincerity of heart, reverence, pious earnestness, valiant manful wisdom;—qualities not overabundant in Parliament just now, nor out of it, I fear.

Adieu, my friends. My anger against you is gone; my sad reflections on you, and on the depths to which you and I and all of us are sunk in these strange times, are not to be uttered at present. You would have saved the Sarawak Pirates, then? The Almighty Maker is wroth that the Sarawak cutthroats, with their poisoned spears, are away? What must his wrath be that the Thirty-thousand Needlewomen are still here, and the question of 'prevenient grace' not yet settled! O my friends, in sad earnest, sad and deadly earnest, there much needs that God would mend all this, and that we should help him to mend it!—And don't you think, for one thing, 'Farmer Hodge's horses' in the Sugar Islands are pretty well 'emancipated' now? My clear opinion farther is, we had better quit the Scoundrel-province of Reform; better close that under hatches, in some rapid summary manner, and go elsewhere with our Reform efforts. A whole world, for want of Reform, is drowning and sinking; threatening to swamp itself into a Stygian quagmire, uninhabitable by any noble-minded man. Let us to the well-heads, I say; to the chief fountains of these waters of bitterness; and there strike home and dig! To puddle in the embouchures and drowned outskirts, and ulterior and ultimate *issues* and cloacas of the affair: what profit can there be in that? Nothing to be saved there; nothing to be fished-up there, except, with endless peril and spread of pestilence, a miscellany of broken waifs and dead dogs! In the name of Heaven, quit that!

NO. III. DOWNING STREET.

[1st April 1850.]

FROM all corners of the wide British Dominion there rises one complaint against the ineffectuality of what are nicknamed our 'redtape' establishments, our Government Offices, Colonial Office, Foreign Office and the others, in Downing Street and the neighbourhood. To me individually these branches of human business are little known; but every British citizen and reflective passer-by has occasion to wonder much, and inquire earnestly, concerning them. To all men it is evident that the social interests of One-hundred and fifty Millions of us depend on the mysterious industry there carried on; and likewise that the dissatisfaction with it is great, universal, and continually increasing in intensity,—in fact, mounting, we might say, to the pitch of settled despair.

Every colony, every agent for a matter colonial, has his tragic tale to tell you of his sad experiences in the Colonial Office; what blind obstructions, fatal indolences, pedantries, stupidities, on the right and on the left, he had to do battle with; what a world-wide jungle of redtape, inhabited by doleful creatures, deaf or nearly so to human reason or entreaty, he had entered on; and how he paused in amazement, almost in despair; passionately appealed now to this doleful creature, now to that, and to the dead redtape jungle, and to the living Universe itself, and to the Voices and to the Silences;—and, on the whole, found that it was an adventure, in sorrowful fact, equal to the fabulous ones by old knights-errant against dragons and wizards in enchanted wildernesses and waste howling solitudes; not achievable except by nearly superhuman exercise of all the four cardinal virtues, and unexpected favour of the special blessing of Heaven. His adventure achieved or found unachievable, he has returned with experiences new to him in the affairs of men. What this Colonial

Office, inhabiting the head of Downing Street, really *was*, and had to do, or try doing, in God's practical Earth, he could not by any means precisely get to know; believes that it does not itself in the least precisely know. Believes that nobody knows;—that it is a mystery, a kind of Heathen myth;—and stranger than any piece of the old mythological Pantheon; for *it* practically presides over the destinies of many millions of living men.

Such is his report of the Colonial Office: and if we oftener hear such a report of that than we do of the Home Office, Foreign Office or the rest,—the reason probably is, that Colonies excite more attention at present than any of our other interests. The Forty Colonies, it appears, are all pretty like rebelling just now; and are to be pacified with constitutions;—luckier constitutions, let us hope, than some late ones have been. Loyal Canada, for instance, had to quench a rebellion the other year; and this year, in virtue of its constitution, it is called upon to pay the rebels their damages; which surely is a rather surprising result, however constitutional!—Men have rents and moneys dependent in the Colonies; Emigration schemes, Black Emancipations, New-Zealand and other schemes; and feel and publish more emphatically what their Downing-Street woes in these respects have been.

Were the state of poor *sallow* English ploughers and weavers, what we may call the Sallow or Yellow Emancipation interest, as much an object with Exeter-Hall Philanthropists as that of the Black blockheads now all emancipated, and going at large without work, or need of working, in West-India clover (and fattening very much in it, one delights to hear),—then perhaps the Home Office, its huge virtual task better understood, and its small actual performance better seen into, might be found still more deficient, and behind the wants of the age, than the Colonial itself is.

How it stands with the Foreign Office, again, one still less knows. Seizures of Sapienza, and the like sudden appearances of Britain in the character of Hercules-Harlequin, waving, with big bully-voice, her huge sword-of-sharpness over field-mice, and in the air making horrid circles (horrid catherine-wheels and death-disks of metallic terror from said huge sword), to see how they will like it,—do from time to time astonish the world, in a not pleasant manner. Hercules-Harlequin, the

Attorney Triumphant, the World's Busybody: none of these are parts this Nation has a turn for; she, if you consulted her, would rather *not* play these parts, but another! Seizures of Sapienza, correspondences with Sotomayor, remonstrances to Otho King of Athens, fleets hanging by their anchor in behalf of the Majesty of Portugal; and in short the whole, or at present very nearly the whole, of that industry of proto-colling, diplomatising, remonstrating, admonishing, and 'having the honour to be,'—has sunk justly in public estimation to a very low figure.

For in fact, it is reasonably asked, What vital interest has England in any cause now deciding itself in foreign parts? Once there was a Papistry and Protestantism, important as life eternal and death eternal; more lately there was an interest of Civil Order and Horrors of the French Revolution, important at least as rent-roll and preservation of the game; but now what is there? No cause in which any god or man of this British Nation can be thought to be concerned. Sham-kingship, now recognised and even self-recognised everywhere to be sham, wrestles and struggles with mere ballot-box Anarchy: not a pleasant spectacle to British minds. Both parties in the wrestle professing earnest wishes of peace to us, what have we to do with it except answer earnestly, "Peace, yes certainly," and mind our affairs elsewhere. The British Nation has no concern with that indispensable sorrowful and shameful wrestle now going on everywhere in foreign parts. The British Nation already, by self-experience centuries old, understands all that; was lucky enough to transact the greater part of that, in noble ancient ages, while the wrestle had not yet become a shameful one, but on *both* sides of it there was wisdom, virtue, heroic nobleness fruitful to all time,—thrice-lucky British Nation! The British Nation, I say, has nothing to learn there; has now quite another set of lessons to learn, far ahead of what is going on there. Sad example there, of what the issue is, and how inevitable and how imminent, might admonish the British Nation to be speedy with its new lessons; to bestir itself, as men in peril of conflagration do, with the neighbouring houses all on fire! To obtain, for its own very pressing behoof, if by possibility it could, some real Captaincy instead of an imaginary one: to remove resolutely, and replace by a better sort, its own peculiar species of teach-

ing and guiding histrios of various name, who here too are numerous exceedingly, and much in need of gentle removal, while the play is still good, and the comedy has not yet become *tragic*;—and to be a little swift about it withal; and so to escape the otherwise inevitable evil day! This Britain might learn: but she does not need a protocolling establishment, with much ‘having the honour to be,’ to teach it her.

No:—she has in fact certain cottons, hardwares and such-like to sell in foreign parts, and certain wines, Portugal oranges, Baltic tar and other products to buy; and does need, I suppose, some kind of Consul, or accredited agent, accessible to British voyagers, here and there, in the chief cities of the Continent: through which functionary, or through the penny-post, if she had any specific message to foreign courts, it would be easy and proper to transmit the same. Special message-carriers, to be still called Ambassadors, if the name gratified them, could be sent when occasion great enough demanded; not sent when it did not. But for all purposes of a resident ambassador, I hear persons extensively and well acquainted among our foreign embassies at this date declare, That a well-selected *Times* reporter or ‘own correspondent’ ordered to reside in foreign capitals, and keep his eyes open, and (though sparingly) his pen going, would in reality be much more effective;—and surely we see well, he would come a good deal cheaper! Considerably cheaper in expense of money; and in expense of falsity and grimacing hypocrisy (of which no human arithmetic can count the ultimate *cost*) incalculably cheaper! If this is the fact, why not treat it as such? If this is so in any measure, we had better in that measure admit it to be so! The time, I believe, has come for asking with considerable severity, How far is it so? Nay there are men now current in political society, men of weight though also of wit, who have been heard to say, “That there was but one reform for the Foreign Office,—to set a live coal under it,” and with, of course, a fire-brigade which could prevent the undue spread of the devouring element into neighbouring houses, let that reform it! In such odour is the Foreign Office too, if it were not that the Public, oppressed and nearly stifled with a mere infinitude of bad odours, neglects this one,—in fact, being able nearly always to avoid the street where it is, *escapes* this one,

and (except a passing curse, once in the quarter or so) as good as forgets the existence of it.

Such, from sad personal experience and credited prevailing rumour, is the exoteric public conviction about these sublime establishments in Downing Street and the neighbourhood,—the esoteric mysteries of which are indeed still held sacred by the initiated, but believed by the world to be mere Dalai-Lama pills, manufactured let not refined lips hint how, and quite *unsalvatory* to mankind. Every one may remark what a hope animates the eyes of any circle, when it is reported or even confidently asserted, that Sir Robert Peel has in his mind privately resolved to go, one day, into that stable of King Augias, which appals human hearts, so rich is it, high-piled with the droppings of two hundred years; and Hercules-like to load a thousand night-wagons from it, and turn running water into it, and swash and shovel at it, and never leave it till the antique pavement, and real basis of the matter, show itself clean again! In any intelligent circle such a rumour, like the first break of day to men in darkness, enlightens all eyes; and each says devoutly, "*Faxitis*, O ye righteous Powers " that have pity on us! All England grateful, with kindling " looks, will rise in the rear of him, and from its deepest heart " bid him good speed!"

For it is universally felt that some *esoteric* man, well acquainted with the mysteries and properties good and evil of the administrative stable, is the fittest to reform it, nay can alone reform it otherwise than by sheer violence and destruction, which is a way we would avoid; that in fact Sir Robert Peel is, at present, the one likely or possible man to reform it. And secondly it is felt that 'reform' in that Downing-Street department of affairs is precisely the reform which were worth all others; that those administrative establishments in Downing Street are really the Government of this huge un-governed Empire; that to clean-out the dead pedantries, unveracities, indolent somnolent impotences, and accumulated dung-mountains there, is the beginning of all practical good whatsoever. Yes, get down once again to the actual *pavement* of that; ascertain what the thing is, and was before dung accumulated in it; and what it should and may, and must, for the life's sake of this Empire, henceforth become: here clearly

lies the heart of the whole matter. Political reform, if this be not reformed, is naught and a mere mockery.

What England wants, and will require to have, or sink in nameless anarchies, is not a Reformed Parliament, meaning thereby a Parliament elected according to the six or the four or any other number of 'points' and cunningly-devised improvements in hustings mechanism, but a Reformed Executive or Sovereign Body of Rulers and Administrators,—some improved method, innumerable improvements in our poor blind methods, of getting hold of these. Not a better Talking-Apparatus, the best conceivable Talking-Apparatus would do very little for us at present ;—but an infinitely better Acting-Apparatus, the benefits of which would be invaluable now and henceforth. The practical question puts itself with ever-increasing stringency to all English minds: Can we, by no industry, energy, utmost expenditure of human ingenuity, and passionate invocation of the Heavens and the Earth, get to attain some twelve or ten or six men to manage the affairs of this nation in Downing Street and the chief posts elsewhere, who are abler for the work than those we have been used to, this long while? For it is really a heroic work, and cannot be done by histrios, and dextrous talkers having the honour to be: it is a heavy and appalling work; and, at the starting of it especially, will require Herculean men; such mountains of pedant exuviæ and obscene owl-droppings have accumulated in those regions, long the habitation of doleful creatures; the old *pavements*, the natural facts and real essential functions of those establishments, have not been seen by eyes for these two-hundred years last past! Herculean men acquainted with the virtues of running water, and with the divine necessity of getting down to the clear pavements and old veracities; who tremble before no amount of pedant exuviæ, no loudest shrieking of doleful creatures; who tremble only to live, themselves, like inane phantasms, and to leave their life as a paltry *contribution* to the guano mountains, and not as a divine eternal protest against them!

These are the kind of men we want; these, the nearest possible approximation to these, are the men we must find and have, or go bankrupt altogether; for the concern as it is will evidently not hold long together. How true is this of Crabbe: 'Men sit in Parliament eighty-three hours per week, debating

' about many things. Men sit in Downing Street, doing pro-
 ' tocols, Syrian treaties, Greek questions, Portuguese, Spanish,
 ' French, Egyptian and Æthiopian questions; dextrously writ-
 ' ing despatches, and having the honour to be. Not a ques-
 ' tion of them is at all pressing in comparison with the English
 ' question. Pacifico the miraculous Gibraltar Jew has been
 ' hustled by some populace in Greece: upon him let the Brit-
 ' ish Lion drop, very rapidly indeed, a constitutional tear.
 ' Radetzky is said to be advancing upon Milan;—I am sorry
 ' to hear it, and perhaps it does deserve a despatch, or friendly
 ' letter, once and away: but the Irish Giant, named of Despair,
 ' is advancing upon London itself, laying waste all English
 ' cities, towns and villages; that is the interesting Govern-
 ' ment-despatch of the day! I notice him in Piccadilly, blue-
 ' visaged, thatched in rags, a blue child on each arm; hunger-
 ' driven, wide-mouthed, seeking whom he may devour: he,
 ' missioned by the just Heavens, too truly and too sadly their
 ' "divine missionary" come at last in *this* authoritative man-
 ' ner, will throw us all into Doubting Castle, I perceive! That
 ' is the phenomenon worth protocolling about, and writing des-
 ' patches upon, and thinking of with all one's faculty day and
 ' night, if one wishes to have the honour to be—anything but
 ' a Phantasm Governor of England just now! I entreat your
 ' Lordship's all-but undivided attention to that Domestic Irish
 ' Giant, named of Despair, for a great many years to come.
 ' Prophecy of him there has long been; but now by the rot
 ' of the potato (blessed be the just gods, who send us either
 ' swift death or some beginning of cure at last!), he is here in
 ' person, and there is no denying him, or disregarding him any
 ' more; and woe to the public watchman that ignores *him*, and
 ' sees Pacifico the Gibraltar Jew instead!

What these strange Entities in Downing Street intrinsic-
 ally are; who made them, why they were made; how they do
 their function; and what their function, so huge in appearance,
 may in net-result amount to,—is probably known to no mortal.
 The unofficial mind passes by in dark wonder; not pretend-
 ing to know. The official mind must not blab;—the official
 mind, restricted to its own square foot of territory in the vast
 labyrinth, is probably itself dark, and unable to blab. We see

the outcome ; the mechanism we do not see. How the tailors clip and sew, in that sublime sweating establishment of theirs we know not : that the coat they bring us out is the sorrowfullest fantastic mockery of a coat, a mere intricate artistic network of traditions and formalities, an embroiled reticulation made of web-listings and superannuated thrums and tatters, endurable to no grown Nation as a coat, is mournfully clear !—

Two kinds of fundamental error are supposable in such a set of Offices ; these two, acting and reacting, are the vice of all inefficient Offices whatever. *First*, that the work, such as it may be, is ill-done in these establishments. That it is delayed, neglected, slurred over, committed to hands that cannot do it well ; that, in a word, the questions sent thither are not wisely handled, but unwisely ; not decided truly and rapidly, but with delays and wrong at last : which is the principal character, and the infallible result, of an insufficient Intellect being set to decide them. Or *second*, what is still fataler, the work done there may itself be quite the wrong kind of work. Not the kind of supervision and direction which Colonies, and other such interests, Home or Foreign, do by the nature of them require from the Central Government ; not that, but a quite other kind ! The Sotomayor correspondence, for example, is considered by many persons not to be mismanaged merely, but to be a thing which should never have been managed at all ; a quite superfluous concern, which and the like of which the British Government has almost no call to get into, at this new epoch of time. And not Sotomayor only, nor Sapienza only, in regard to that Foreign Office, but innumerable other things, if our witty friend of the ‘live coal’ have reason in him ! Of the Colonial Office, too, it is urged that the questions they decide and operate upon are, in very great part, questions which they never should have meddled with, but almost all of which should have been decided in the Colonies themselves,—Mother Country or Colonial Office reserving its energy for a quite other class of objects, which are terribly neglected just now.

These are the two vices that beset Government Offices ; both of them originating in insufficient Intellect,—that sad insufficiency from which, directly or indirectly, all evil whatsoever springs ! And these two vices act and react, so that where the one is, the other is sure to be ; and each encouraging the growth of the other, both (if some cleaning of the Augias stable

have not intervened for a long while) will be found in frightful development. You cannot have your work well done, if the work be not of the right kind, if it be not work prescribed by the law of Nature as well as by the rules of the office. Laziness, which lies in wait round all human labour-offices, will in that case infallibly leak in, and vitiate the doing of the work. The work is but idle ; if the doing of it will but pass, what need of more ? The essential problem, as the rules of office prescribe it for you, if Nature and Fact say nothing, is that your work be got to pass ; if the work itself is worth nothing, or little or an uncertain quantity, what more can gods or men require of it, or, above all, can I who am the doer of it require, but that it be got to pass ?

And now enters another fatal effect, the mother of ever-new mischiefs, which renders well-doing or improvement impossible, and drives bad everywhere continually into worse. The work being what we see, a stupid subaltern will do as well as a gifted one ; the essential point is, that he be a quiet one, and do not bother me who have the driving of him. Nay, for this latter object, is not a certain height of intelligence even dangerous ? I want no mettled Arab horse, with his flashing glances, arched neck and elastic step, to draw my wretched sand-cart through the streets ; a broken, grassfed galloway, Irish garron, or painful ass with nothing in the belly of him but patience and furze, will do it safelier for me, if more slowly. Nay I myself, am I the worse for being of a feeble order of intelligence ; what the irreverent speculative world calls barren, redtapish, limited, and even intrinsically dark and small, and if it must be said, stupid ?—To such a climax does it come in all Government and other Offices, where Human Stupidity has once introduced itself (as it will everywhere do), and no Scavenger God intervenes. The work, at first of some worth, is ill done, and becomes of less worth and of ever less, and finally of none : the worthless work can now *afford* to be ill done ; and Human Stupidity, at a double geometrical ratio, with frightful expansion grows and accumulates,—towards the unendurable.

The reforming Hercules, Sir Robert Peel or whoever he is to be, that enters Downing Street, will ask himself this question first of all, What work *is* now necessary, not in form and by traditionary use and wont, but in very fact, for the vital interests of the British Nation, to be done here ? The second ques-

tion, How to get it well done, and to keep the best hands doing it well, will be greatly simplified by a good answer to that. O for an eye that could see in those hideous mazes, and a heart that could dare and do ! Strenuous faithful scrutiny, not of what is *thought* to be what in the redtape regions, but of what really is what in the realms of Fact and Nature herself ; deep-seeing, wise and courageous eyes, that could look through innumerable cobweb veils, and detect what fact or no-fact lies at heart of them,—how invaluable these ! For, alas, it is long since such eyes were much in the habit of looking steadfastly at any department of our affairs ; and poor commonplace creatures, helping themselves along, in the way of makeshift, from year to year, in such an element, do wonderful works indeed. Such creatures, like moles, are safe only underground, and their engineerings there become very *dædalean*. In fact, such unfortunate persons have no resource but to become what we call Pedants ; to ensconce themselves in a safe world of habits, of applicable or inapplicable traditions ; not coveting, rather avoiding the general daylight of common-sense, as very extraneous to them and their procedure ; by long persistence in which course they become Completed Pedants, hide-bound, impenetrable, able to *defy* the hostile extraneous element : an alarming kind of men. Such men, left to themselves for a century or two, in any Colonial, Foreign, or other Office, will make a terrible affair of it !

For the one enemy we have in this Universe is Stupidity, Darkness of Mind ; of which darkness, again, there are many sources, every *sin* a source, and probably self-conceit the chief source. Darkness of mind, in every kind and variety, does to a really tragic extent abound : but of all the kinds of darkness, surely the Pedant darkness, which asserts and believes itself to be *light*, is the most formidable to mankind ! For empires or for individuals there is but one class of men to be trembled at ; and that is the Stupid Class, the class that cannot see, who alas are they mainly that will not see. A class of mortals under which as administrators, kings, priests, diplomatists, &c., the interests of mankind in every European country have sunk overloaded, as under universal nightmare, near to extinction ; and indeed are at this moment convulsively writhing, decided either to throw off the unblessed superincumbent nightmare, or roll themselves and it to the Abyss. Vain to reform Parliament,

to invent ballot-boxes, to reform this or that; the real Administration, practical Management of the Commonwealth, goes all awry; choked-up with long-accumulated pedantries, so that your appointed workers have been reduced to work as moles; and it is one vast boring and counterboring, on the part of eyeless persons irreverently called stupid; and a dædalean bewilderment, writing 'impossible' on all efforts or proposals, supervenes.

The State itself, not in Downing Street alone but in every department of it, has altered much from what it was in past times; and it will again have to alter very much, to alter I think from top to bottom, if it means to continue existing in the times that are now coming and come!

The State, left to shape itself by dim pedantries and traditions, without distinctness of conviction, or purpose beyond that of helping itself over the difficulty of the hour, has become, instead of a luminous vitality permeating with its light all provinces of our affairs, a most monstrous agglomerate of inanities, as little adapted for the actual wants of a modern community as the worst citizen need wish. The thing it is doing is by no means the thing we want to have done. What we want! Let the dullest British man endeavour to raise in his mind this question, and ask himself in sincerity what the British Nation wants at this time. Is it to have, with endless jargoning, debating, motioning and counter-motioning, a settlement effected between the Honourable Mr. This and the Honourable Mr. That, as to their respective pretensions to ride the high horse? Really it is unimportant which of them ride it. Going upon past experience long continued now, I should say with brevity, "Either of them—Neither of them." If our Government is to be a No-Government, what is the matter who administers it? Fling an orange-skin into St. James's Street; let the man it hits be your man. He, if you breed him a little to it, and tie the due official bladders to his ankles, will do as well as another this sublime problem of balancing himself upon the vortexes, with the long loaded-pole in his hands: and will, with straddling painful gestures, float hither and thither, walking the waters in that singular manner for a little while, as well as his foregoers did, till he also capsizes, and be left floating feet up-permost; after which you choose another.

What an immense pother, by parliamenting and palavering in all corners of your empire, to decide such a question as that ! I say, if that is the function, almost any human creature can learn to discharge it : fling out your orange-skin again ; and save an incalculable labour, and an emission of nonsense and falsity, and electioneering beer and bribery and balderdash, which is terrible to think of, in deciding. Your National Parliament, in so far as it has only that question to decide, may be considered as an enormous National Palaver existing mainly for imaginary purposes ; and certain, in these days of abbreviated labour, to get itself sent home again to its partridge-shootings, fox-huntings,—and above all, to its rat-catchings, if it could but understand the time of day, and know (as our indignant Crabbe remarks) that ‘ the *real* Nimrod of this era, who alone does any good to the era, is the rat-catcher !’

The notion that any Government is or can be a No-Government, without the deadliest peril to all noble interests of the Commonwealth, and by degrees slower or swifter to all ignoble ones also, and to the very gullydrains, and thief lodging-houses, and Mosaic sweating establishments, and at last without destruction to such No-Government itself,—was never my notion : and I hope it will soon cease altogether to be the world’s or to be anybody’s. But if it be the correct notion, as the world seems at present to flatter itself, I point out improvements and abbreviations. Dismiss your National Palaver ; make the *Times* Newspaper your National Palaver, which needs no beer-barrels or hustings, and is *cheaper* in expense of money and of falsity a thousand and a million fold ; have an economical redtape drilling establishment (it were easier to devise such a thing than a right *Modern University*) ;—and fling out your orange-skin among the graduates, when you want a new Premier.

A mighty question indeed ! Who shall be Premier, and take in hand the ‘ rudder of government,’ otherwise called the ‘ spigot of taxation ;’ shall it be the Honourable Felix Parvulus, or the Right Honourable Felicissimus Zero ? By our electioneerings and Hansard Debatings, and ever-enduring tempest of jargon that goes on everywhere, we manage to settle that ; to have it declared, with no bloodshed except insignificant blood from the nose in hustings-time, but with immense beershed and inkshed and explosion of nonsense, which darkens all the air, that the Right Honourable Zero is to be the man. That we

firmly settle ; Zero, all shivering with rapture and with terror, mounts into the high saddle ; cramps himself on, with knees, heels, hands and feet ; and the horse gallops—whither it lists. That the Right Honourable Zero should attempt controlling the horse—Alas, alas, he, sticking on with beak and claws, is too happy if the horse will only gallop anywhither, and not throw him. Measure, polity, plan or scheme of public good or evil, is not in the head of Felicissimus ; except, if he could but devise it, some measure that would please his horse for the moment, and encourage him to go with softer paces, godward or devilward as it might be, and save Felicissimus's leather, which is fast wearing. This is what we call a Government in England, for nearly two centuries now.

I wish Felicissimus were saddle-sick forever and a day ! He is a dreadful object, however much we are used to him. If the horse had not been bred and broken in, for a thousand years, by real riders and horse-subduers, perhaps the best and bravest the world ever saw, what would have become of Felicissimus and him long since ? This horse, by second-nature, religiously respects all fences ; gallops, if never so madly, on the highways alone ;—seems to me, of late, like a desperate Sleswick thunder-horse who had lost his way, galloping in the labyrinthic lanes of a woody flat country ; passionate to reach his goal ; unable to reach it, because in the flat leafy lanes there is no outlook whatever, and in the bridle there is no guidance whatever. So he gallops stormfully along, thinking it is forward and forward ; and alas, it is only round and round, out of one old lane into the other ;—nay (according to some) ' he mistakes *his own footprints*, which of course grow ever ' more numerous, for the sign of a more and more frequented ' road ; ' and his despair is hourly increasing. My impression is, he is certain soon, such is the growth of his necessity and his despair, to—plunge *across* the fence, into an opener survey of the country ; and to sweep Felicissimus off his back, and comb him away very tragically in the process ! Poor Sleswicker, I wish you were better ridden. I perceive it lies in the Fates you must now either be better ridden, or else not long at all. This plunging in the heavy labyrinth of over-shaded lanes, with one's stomach getting empty, one's Ireland falling into cannibalism, and no vestige of a goal either visible or possible, cannot last.

Colonial Offices, Foreign, Home and other Offices, got together under these strange circumstances, cannot well be expected to be the best that human ingenuity could devise; the wonder rather is to see them so good as they are. Who made them, ask me not. Made they clearly were; for we see them here in a concrete condition, writing despatches, and drawing salary with a view to buy pudding. But how those Offices in Downing Street were made; who made them, or for what kind of objects they were made, would be hard to say at present. Dim visions and phantasmagories gathered from the Books of Horace Walpole, Memoirs of Bubb Doddington, Memoirs of my Lady Sundon, Lord Fanny Hervey, and innumerable others, rise on us, beckoning fantastically towards, not an answer, but some conceivable intimations of an answer, and proclaiming very legibly the old text, '*Quam parvâ sapientiâ,*' in respect of this hard-working much-subduing British Nation;—giving rise to endless reflections in a thinking Englishman of this day. Alas, it is ever so: each generation has its task, and does it better or worse; greatly neglecting what is not immediately its task. Our poor grandfathers, so busy conquering Indias, founding Colonies, inventing spinning-jennies, kindling Lancashires and Bromwichams, took no thought about the government of all that; left it all to be governed by Lord Fanny and the Hanover Succession, or how the gods pleased. And now we the poor grandchildren find that it will not stick together on these terms any longer; that our sad, dangerous and sore task is to discover some government for this big world which has been conquered to us; that the redtape Offices in Downing Street are near the end of their rope; that if we can get nothing better, in the way of government, it is all over with our world and us. How the Downing-Street Offices originated, and what the meaning of them was or is, let Dryasdust, when in some lucid moment the whim takes him, instruct us. Enough for us to know and see clearly, with urgent practical inference derived from such insight, That they were not made for us or for our objects at all; that the devouring Irish Giant is here, and that he cannot be fed with redtape, and will eat us if we cannot feed him.

On the whole, let us say Felicissimus made them;—or rather it was the predecessors of Felicissimus, who were not so dreadfully hunted, sticking to the wild and ever more desperate

Sleswicker in the leafy labyrinth of lanes, as he now is. He, I think, will never make anything ; but be combed off by the elm-boughs, and left sprawling in the ditch. But in past time, this and the other heavy-laden redtape soul had withal a glow of patriotism in him ; now and then, in his whirling element, a gleam of human ingenuity, some eye towards business that must be done. At all events, for him and every one, Parliament needed to be persuaded that business was done. By the contributions of many such heavy-laden souls, driven on by necessity outward and inward, these singular Establishments are here. Contributions—who knows how far back they go, far beyond the reign of George the Second, or perhaps the reign of William Conqueror. Noble and genuine some of them were, many of them were, I need not doubt : for there is no human edifice that stands long but has got itself planted, here and there, upon the basis of fact ; and being built, in many respects, according to the laws of statics : no standing edifice, especially no edifice of State, but has had the wise and brave at work in it, contributing their lives to it ; and is ‘cemented,’ whether it know the fact or not, ‘by the blood of heroes !’ None ; not even the Foreign Office, Home Office, still less the National Palaver itself. William Conqueror, I find, must have had a first-rate Home Office, for his share. The *Domesday Book*, done in four years, and done as it is, with such an admirable brevity, explicitness and completeness, testifies emphatically what kind of under-secretaries and officials William had. Silent officials and secretaries, I suppose ; not wasting themselves in parliamentary talk ; reserving all their intelligence for silent survey of the huge dumb fact, silent consideration how they might compass the mastery of that. Happy secretaries, happy William !

But indeed nobody knows what inarticulate traditions, remnants of old wisdom, priceless though quite anonymous, survive in many modern things that still have life in them. Ben Brace, with his taciturnities, and rugged stoical ways, with his tarry breeches, stiff as plank-breeches, I perceive is still a kind of *Lod-brog* (Loaded-breeks) in more senses than one ; and derives, little conscious of it, many of his excellences from the old Seakings and Saxon Pirates themselves ; and how many Blakes and Nelsons since have contributed to Ben ! “Thugs are not so false always as they seem,” said a certain Pro-

fessor to me once : “ of this you will find instances in every
 “ country, and in your England more than any—and I hope
 “ will draw lessons from them. An English Seventy-four, if
 “ you look merely at the articulate law and methods of it, is
 “ one of the impossiblest entities. The captain is appointed
 “ not by preëminent merit in sailorship, but by parliamentary
 “ connexion ; the men” (this was spoken some years ago) “ are
 “ got by impressment ; a press-gang goes out, knocks men
 “ down on the streets of sea-towns, and drags them on board,
 “ —if the ship were to be stranded, I have heard they would
 “ nearly all run ashore and desert. Can anything be more un-
 “ reasonable than a Seventy-four ? Articulately almost nothing.
 “ But it has inarticulate traditions, ancient methods and habi-
 “ tudes in it, stoicisms, noblenesses, *true* rules both of sailing
 “ and of conduct ; enough to keep it afloat on Nature’s veridi-
 “ cal bosom, after all. See ; if you bid it sail to the end of
 “ the world, it will lift anchor, go, and arrive. The raging
 “ oceans do not beat it back ; it too, as well as the raging
 “ oceans, has a relationship to Nature, and it does not sink,
 “ but under the due conditions is borne along. If it meet with
 “ hurricanes, it rides them out ; if it meet an Enemy’s ship, it
 “ shivers it to powder ; and in short, it holds on its way, and
 “ to a wonderful extent *does* what it means and pretends to do.
 “ Assure yourself, my friend, there is an immense fund of truth
 “ somewhere or other stowed in that Seventy-four.”

More important than the past history of these Offices in Downing Street, is the question of their future history ; the question, How they are to be got mended ! Truly an immense problem, inclusive of all others whatsoever ; which demands to be attacked, and incessantly persisted in, by all good citizens, as the grand problem of Society, and the one thing needful for the Commonwealth ! A problem in which all men, with all their wisdoms and all their virtues, faithfully and continually coöperating at it, will never have done *enough*, and will still only be struggling *towards* perfection in it. In which some men can do much ;—in which every man can do something. Every man, and thou my present Reader canst do this : *Be* thyself a man abler to be governed ; more reverencing the divine faculty of governing, more sacredly detesting the diabolical semblance of said faculty in self and others ; so shalt thou,

if not govern, yet actually according to thy strength assist in real governing. And know always, and even lay to heart with a quite unusual solemnity, with a seriousness altogether of a religious nature, that as 'Human Stupidity' is verily the accursed parent of all this mischief, so Human Intelligence alone, to which and to which only is victory and blessedness appointed here below, will or can cure it. If we knew this as devoutly as we ought to do, the evil, and all other evils were curable;—alas, if we had from of old known this, as all men made in God's image ought to do, the evil never would have been! Perhaps few Nations have ever known it less than we, for a good while back, have done. Hence these sorrows.

What a people are the poor Thibet idolaters, compared with us and our 'religions,' which issue in the worship of King Hudson as our Dalai-Lama! They, across such hulls of abject ignorance, have seen into the heart of the matter; we, with our torches of knowledge everywhere brandishing themselves, and such a human enlightenment as never was before, have quite missed it. Reverence for Human Worth, earnest devout search for it and encouragement of it, loyal furtherance and obedience to it: this, I say, is the outcome and essence of all true 'religions,' and was and ever will be. We have not known this. No; loud as our tongues sometimes go in that direction, we have no true reverence for Human Intelligence, for Human Worth and Wisdom: none, or too little,—and I pray for a restoration of such reverence, as for the change from Stygian darkness to Heavenly light, as for the return of life to poor sick moribund Society and all its interests. Human Intelligence means little for most of us but Beaver Contrivance, which produces spinning mules, cheap cotton, and large fortunes. Wisdom, unless it give us railway scrip, is not wise.

True nevertheless it forever remains that Intellect is the real object of reverence, and of devout prayer, and zealous wish and pursuit, among the sons of men; and even, well understood, the one object. It is the Inspiration of the Almighty that giveth men understanding. For it must be repeated, and ever again repeated till poor mortals get to discern it, and awake from their baleful paralysis, and degradation under foul enchantments, That a man of Intellect, of real and not sham Intellect, is by the nature of him likewise inevitably a man of nobleness, a man of courage, rectitude, pious strength; who,

even *because* he is and has been loyal to the Laws of this Universe, is initiated into *discernment* of the same; to this hour a Missioned of Heaven; whom if men follow, it will be well with them; whom if men do not follow, it will not be well. Human Intellect, if you consider it well, is the exact summary of Human *Worth*; and the essence of all worth-ships and worships is reverence for that same. This much surprises you, friend Peter; but I assure you it is the fact;—and I would advise you to consider it, and to try if you too do not gradually find it so. With me it has long been an article, not of 'faith' only, but of settled insight, of conviction as to what the ordainments of the Maker in this Universe are. Ah, could you and the rest of us but get to know it, and everywhere religiously act upon it,—as our *Fortieth* Article, which includes all the other Thirty-nine, and without which the Thirty-nine are good for almost nothing,—there might then be some hope for us! In this world there is but one appalling creature: the Stupid man *considered* to be the Missioned of Heaven, and followed by men. He is our King, men say, he;—and they follow him, through straight or winding courses, I for one know well whitherward.

Abler men in Downing Street, abler men to govern us: yes, that, sure enough, would gradually remove the dung-mountains, however high they are; that would be the way, nor is there any other way, to remedy whatsoever has gone wrong in Downing Street and in the wide regions, spiritual and temporal, which Downing Street presides over! For the Able Man, meet him where you may, is definable as the born enemy of Falsity and Anarchy, and the born soldier of Truth and Order: into what absurdest element soever you put him, he is there to make it a little less absurd, to fight continually with it till it become a little sane and human again. Peace on other terms he, for his part, cannot make with it; not he, while he continues *able*, or possessed of real intellect and not imaginary. There is but one man fraught with blessings for this world, fated to diminish and successively abolish the curses of the world; and it is he. For him make search, him reverence and follow; know that to find *him* or miss him, means victory or defeat for you, in all Downing Streets, and establishments and enterprises here below.—I leave your Lordship to judge whether this has been our practice hitherto; and would humbly inquire what your Lordship thinks is likely to be the conse-

quence of continuing to neglect this. It ought to have been our practice; ought, in all places and all times, to be the practice in this world; so says the fixed law of things forevermore:—and it must cease to be *not* the practice, your Lordship; and cannot too speedily do so, I think!—

Much has been done in the way of reforming Parliament in late years; but that of itself seems to avail nothing, or almost less. The men that sit in Downing Street, governing us, are not abler men since the Reform Bill than were those before it. Precisely the same kind of men; obedient formerly to Tory traditions, obedient now to Whig ditto and popular clamours. Respectable men of office: respectably commonplace in faculty,—while the situation is becoming terribly original! Rendering their outlooks, and ours, more ominous every day.

Indisputably enough the meaning of all reform-movement, electing and electioneering, of popular agitation, parliamentary eloquence, and all political effort whatsoever, is that you may get the ten Ablest Men in England put to preside over your ten principal departments of affairs. To sift and riddle the Nation, so that you might extricate and sift-out the true ten gold grains, or ablest men, and of these make your Governors or Public Officers; leaving the dross and common sandy or silty material safely aside, as the thing to be governed, not to govern; certainly all ballot-boxes, caucuses, Kennington-Common meetings, Parliamentary debates, Red Republics, Russian Despotisms, and constitutional or unconstitutional methods of society among mankind, are intended to achieve this one end; and some of them, it will be owned, achieve it very ill!—If you have got your gold grains, if the men you have got are actually the ablest, then rejoice; with whatever astonishment, accept your Ten, and thank the gods; under this Ten your destruction will at least be milder than under another. But if you have *not* got them, if you are very far from having got them, then do not rejoice at all, then *lament* very much; then admit that your sublime political constitutions and contrivances do not prove themselves sublime, but ridiculous and contemptible; that your world's wonder of a political mill, the envy of surrounding nations, does not yield you real meal; yields you only powder of millstones (called Hansard Debates), and a detestable brown substance not unlike the grindings of dried horse-dung or prepared street-mud, which though sold under

royal patent, and much recommended by the trade, is quite unfit for culinary purposes!—

But the disease at least is not mysterious, whatever the remedy be. Our disease,—alas, is it not clear as the sun, that we suffer under what is the disease of all the miserable in this world, *want of wisdom*; that in the Head there is no vision, and that thereby all the members are dark and in bonds? No vision in the head; heroism, faith, devout insight to discern what is needful, noble courage to do it, greatly defective there: not seeing eyes there, but spectacles constitutionally ground, which, to the unwary, *seem* to see. A quite fatal circumstance, had you never so many Parliaments! How is your ship to be steered by a Pilot with no *eyes* but a pair of glass ones got from the constitutional optician? He must steer by the *ear*, I think, rather than by the eye; by the shoutings he catches from the shore, or from the Parliamentary benches nearer hand:—one of the frightfullest objects to see steering in a difficult sea! Reformed Parliaments in that case, reform-leagues, outer agitations and excitements in never such abundance, cannot profit: all this is but the writhing, and painful blind convulsion of the limbs that are in bonds, that are all in dark misery till the head be delivered, till the pressure on the brain be removed.

Or perhaps there *is* now no heroic wisdom left in England; England, once the land of heroes, is itself sunk now to a dim owlery, and habitation of doleful creatures, intent only on money-making and other forms of catching mice, for whom the proper gospel is the gospel of M'Croudy, and all nobler impulses and insights are forbidden henceforth? Perhaps these present agreeable Occupants of Downing Street, such as the parliamentary mill has yielded them, are the *best* the miserable soil had grown? The most Herculean Ten Men that could be found among the English Twenty-seven Millions, are these? There *are* not, in any place, under any figure, ten diviner men among us? Well; in that case, the riddling and searching of the twenty-seven millions has been *successful*. Here are our ten divinest men; with these, unhappily not divine enough, we must even content ourselves and die in peace; what help is there? No help, no hope, in that case.

But, again, if these are *not* our divinest men, then evidently there always is hope, there always is possibility of help; and

ruin never is quite inevitable, till we *have* sifted out our actually divinest ten, and set these to try their hand at governing!—That this has been achieved; that these ten men are the most Herculean souls the English population held within it, is a proposition credible to no mortal. No, thank God; low as we are sunk in many ways, this is not yet credible! Evidently the reverse of this proposition is the fact. Ten much diviner men do certainly exist. By some conceivable, not forever impossible, method and methods, ten very much diviner men could be sifted out!—Courage; let us fix our eyes on that important fact, and strive all thitherward as towards a door of hope!

Parliaments, I think, have proved too well, in late years, that they are not the remedy. It is not Parliaments, reformed or other, that will ever send Herculean men to Downing Street, to reform Downing Street for us; to diffuse therefrom a light of Heavenly Order, instead of the murk of Stygian Anarchy, over this sad world of ours. That function does not lie in the capacities of Parliament. That is the function of a *King*,—if we could get such a priceless entity, which we cannot just now! Failing which, Statesmen, or Temporary-Kings, and at the very lowest one real Statesman, to shape the dim tendencies of Parliament, and guide them wisely to the goal: he, I perceive, will be a primary condition, indispensable for any progress whatsoever.

One such, perhaps, might be attained; one such might prove discoverable among our Parliamentary populations? That one, in such an enterprise as this of Downing Street, might be invaluable! One noble man, at once of natural wisdom and practical experience; one Intellect still really human, and not redtapish, owlish and pedantical, appearing there in that dim chaos, with word of command; to brandish Hercules-like the divine broom and shovel, and turn running water in upon the place, and say as with a fiat, “Here shall be truth, “and real work, and talent to do it henceforth; I will seek for “able men to work here, as for the elixir of life to this poor “place and me:”—what might not one such man effect there!

Nay one such is not to be dispensed with anywhere in the affairs of men. In every ship, I say, there must be a *seeing* pilot, not a mere hearing one! It is evident you can never

get your ship steered through the difficult straits by persons standing ashore, on this bank and that, and shouting *their* confused directions to you: "'Ware that Colonial Sandbank! " —Starboard now, the Nigger Question!—Larboard, lar-
board, the Suffrage Movement!—Financial Reform, your
 " Clothing - Colonels overboard! The Qualification Move-
 " ment, 'Ware-re-re!—Helm-a-lee! Bear a hand there, will
 " you! Hr-r-r, lubbers, imbeciles, fitter for a tailor's shop-
 " board than a helm of Government, Hr-r-r!"—And so the ship wriggles and tumbles, and, on the whole, goes as wind and current drive. No ship was ever steered except to destruction in that manner. I deliberately say so: no ship of a State either. If you cannot get a real pilot on board, and put the helm into his hands, your ship is as good as a wreck. One real pilot on board may save you; all the bellowing from the banks that ever was, will not and by the nature of things cannot. Nay your pilot will have to succeed, if he do succeed, very much in spite of said bellowing; he will hear all that, and regard very little of it,—in a patient mild-spoken wise manner, will regard all of *it* as what it is. And I never doubt but there is in Parliament itself, in spite of its vague palaverings which fill us with despair in these times, a dumb instinct of inarticulate sense and stubborn practical English insight and veracity, that would manfully support a Statesman who could take command with really manful notions of Reform, and as one deserving to be obeyed. O for one such; even one! More precious to us than all the bullion in the Bank, or perhaps that ever was in it, just now!

For it is Wisdom alone that can recognise wisdom: Folly or Imbecility never can; and that is the fatalest ban it labours under, dooming it to perpetual failure in all things. Failure which, in Downing Street and places of *command*, is especially accursed; cursing not one but hundreds of millions! Who is there that can recognise real intellect, and do reverence to it; and discriminate it well from sham intellect, which is so much more abundant, and deserves the reverse of reverence? He that himself has it!—One really human Intellect, invested with command, and charged to reform Downing Street for us, would continually attract real intellect to those regions, and with a divine magnetism search it out from the modest corners where it lies hid. And every new accession

of intellect to Downing Street would bring to it benefit only, and would increase such divine attraction in it, the parent of all benefit there and elsewhere !

“What method, then ; by what method ?” ask many.—Method, alas ! To secure an increased supply of Human Intellect to Downing Street, there will evidently be no quite effectual ‘method’ but that of increasing the supply of Human Intellect, otherwise definable as Human Worth, in Society generally ; increasing the supply of sacred reverence for it, of loyalty to it, and of life-and-death desire and pursuit of it, among all classes,—if we but knew such a ‘method’ ! Alas, that were simply the method of making all classes Servants of Heaven ; and except it be devout prayer to Heaven, I have never heard of any method ! To increase the reverence for Human Intellect or God’s Light, and the detestation of Human Stupidity or the Devil’s Darkness, what method is there ? No method,—except even this, that we should each of us ‘pray’ for it, instead of praying for mere scrip and the like ; that Heaven would please to vouchsafe us each a little of it, one by one ! As perhaps Heaven, in its infinite bounty, by stern methods, gradually will ? Perhaps Heaven has mercy too in these sore plagues that are oppressing us ; and means to teach us reverence for Heroism and Human Intellect, by such baleful experience of what issue Imbecility and Parliamentary Eloquence lead to ? Such reverence, I do hope, and even discover and observe, is silently yet extensively going on among us even in these sad years. In which small salutary fact there burns for us, in this black coil of universal baseness fast becoming universal wretchedness, an inextinguishable hope ; far-off but sure, a divine ‘pillar of fire by night.’ Courage, courage !—

Meanwhile, that our one reforming Statesman may have free command of what Intellect there is among us, and room to try all means for awakening and inviting ever more of it, there has one small Project of Improvement been suggested ; which finds a certain degree of favour wherever I hear it talked of, and which seems to merit much more consideration than it has yet received. Practical men themselves ap-

prove of it hitherto, so far as it goes; the one objection being that the world is not yet prepared to insist on it,—which of course the world can never be, till once the world consider it, and in the first place hear tell of it! I have, for my own part, a good opinion of this project. The old unreformed Parliament of rotten boroughs *had* one advantage; but that is hereby, in a far more fruitful and effectual manner, secured to the new.

The Proposal is, That Secretaries under and upper, that all manner of changeable or permanent servants in the Government Offices shall be selected *without* reference to their power of getting into Parliament;—that, in short, the Queen shall have power of nominating the half-dozen or half-score Officers of the Administration, whose presence is thought necessary in Parliament, to official seats there, without reference to any constituency but her own only, which of course will mean her Prime Minister's. A very small encroachment on the present constitution of Parliament; offering the minimum of change in present methods, and I almost think a maximum in results to be derived therefrom.—The Queen nominates John Thomas (the fittest man she, much-inquiring, can hear tell of in her three kingdoms) President of the Poor-Law Board, Under Secretary of the Colonies, Under, or perhaps even Upper Secretary of what she and her Premier find suitablest for a working head so eminent, a talent so precious; and grants him, by her direct authority, seat and vote in Parliament so long as he holds that office. Upper Secretaries, having more to do in Parliament, and being so bound to be in favour there, would, I suppose, at least till new times and habits come, be expected to be chosen from among the *People's* Members as at present. But whether the Prime Minister himself is, in all times, bound to be first a *People's* Member; and which, or how many, of his Secretaries and subordinates he might be allowed to take as *Queen's* Members, my authority does not say,—perhaps has not himself settled; the project being yet in mere outline or foreshadow, the practical embodiment in all details to be fixed by authorities much more competent than he. The soul of his project is, That the Crown also have power to elect a few members to Parliament.

From which project, however wisely it were embodied, there

could probably, at first or all at once, no great 'accession of intellect' to the Government Offices ensue; though a little might, even at first, and a little is always precious: but in its ulterior operation, were that faithfully developed, and wisely presided over, I fancy an immense accession of intellect might ensue;—nay a natural ingress might thereby be opened to all manner of accessions, and the actual flower of whatever intellect the British Nation had might be attracted towards Downing Street, and continue flowing steadily thither! For, let us see a little what effects this simple change carries in it the possibilities of. Here are beneficent germs, which the presence of one truly wise man as Chief Minister, steadily fostering them for even a few years, with the sacred fidelity and vigilance that would besee him, might ripen into living practices and habitual facts, invaluable to us all.

What it is that Secretaries of State, Managers of Colonial Establishments, of Home and Foreign Government interests, have really and truly to do in Parliament, might admit of various estimate in these times. An apt debater in Parliament is by no means certain to be an able administrator of Colonies, of Home or Foreign Affairs; nay, rather quite the contrary is to be presumed of him; for in order to become a 'brilliant speaker,' if that is his character, considerable portions of his natural internal endowment must have gone to the surface, in order to make a shining figure there, and precisely so much the less (few men in these days know how much less!) must remain available in the internal silent state, or as faculty for thinking, for devising and acting, which latter and which alone is the function essential for him in his Secretaryship. Not to tell a good story for himself 'in Parliament and to the twenty-seven millions, many of them fools;' not that, but to do good administration, to know with sure eye, and decide with just and resolute heart, what is what in the *things* committed to his charge: this and not that is the service which poor England, whatever it may think and maunde, does require and want of the Official Man in Downing Street. Given a good Official Man or Secretary, he really ought, as far as it is possible, to be left working in the silent state. No mortal can both work and do good talking in Parliament, or out of it: the feat is impossible as that of serving two hostile masters.

Nor would I, if it could be helped, much trouble my good

Secretary with addressing Parliament: needful explanations; yes, in a free country, surely;—but not to every frivolous and vexatious person, in or out of Parliament, who chooses to apply for them. There should be demands for explanation too which were reckoned frivolous and vexatious, and censured as such. These, I should say, are the *not* needful explanations: and if my poor Secretary is to be called out from his workshop to answer every one of these,—his workshop will become (what we at present see it, deservedly or not) little other than a pillory; the poor Secretary a kind of talking-machine, exposed to dead-cats and rotten-eggs; and the ‘work’ got out of him or of it will, as heretofore, be very inconsiderable indeed!—Alas, on this side also, important improvements are conceivable; and will even, I imagine, get them whence we may, be found indispensable one day. The honourable gentleman whom you interrupt here, he, in his official capacity, is not an individual now, but the embodiment of a Nation; he is the ‘People of England’ engaged in the work of Secretaryship, this one; and cannot forever afford to let the three Tailors of Tooley-street break in upon him at all hours!—

But leaving this, let us remark one thing which is very plain: That whatever be the uses and duties, real or supposed, of a Secretary in Parliament, his faculty to accomplish these is a point entirely unconnected with his ability to get elected into Parliament, and has no relation or proportion to it, and no concern with it whatever. Lord Tommy and the Honourable John are not a whit better qualified for Parliamentary duties, to say nothing of Secretary duties, than plain Tom and Jack; they are merely better qualified, as matters stand, for getting admitted to try them. Which state of matters a reforming Premier, much in want of abler men to help him, now proposes *altering*. Tom and Jack, once admitted by the Queen’s writ, there is every reason to suppose will do quite as well there as Lord Tommy and the Honourable John. In Parliament quite *as* well: and elsewhere, in the other infinitely more important duties of a Government Office, which indeed are and remain the essential, vital and intrinsic duties of such a personage, is there the faintest reason to surmise that Tom and Jack, if well chosen, will fall short of Lord Tommy and the Honourable John? No shadow of a reason. Were the intrinsic genius of the men exactly equal, there is no shadow

of a reason : but rather there is quite the reverse ; for Tom and Jack have been at least workers all their days, not idlers, game-preservers and mere human clothes-horses, at any period of their lives ; and have gained a schooling *thereby*, of which Lord Tommy and the Honourable John, unhappily strangers to it for most part, can form no conception ! Tom and Jack have already, on this most narrow hypothesis, a decided *superiority* of likelihood over Lord Tommy and the Honourable John.

But the hypothesis is very narrow, and the fact is very wide ; the hypothesis counts by units, the fact by millions. Consider how *many* Toms and Jacks there are to choose from, well or ill ! The aristocratic class from whom Members of Parliament can be elected extends only to certain thousands ; from these you are to choose your Secretary, if a seat in Parliament is the primary condition. But the general population is of Twenty-seven Millions ; from all sections of which you can choose, if the seat in Parliament is not to be primary. Make it ultimate instead of primary, a last investiture instead of a first indispensable condition, and the whole British Nation, learned, unlearned, professional, practical, speculative and miscellaneous, is at your disposal ! In the lowest broad strata of the population, equally as in the highest and narrowest, are produced men of every kind of genius ; man for man, your chance of genius is as good among the millions as among the units ;—and class for class, what must it be ! From all classes, not from certain hundreds now but from several millions, whatsoever man the gods had gifted with intellect and nobleness, and power to help his country, could be chosen : O Heavens, *could*,—if not by Tenpound Constituencies and the force of beer, then by a Reforming Premier with eyes in his head, who I think might do it quite infinitely better. Infinitely better. For ignobleness cannot, by the nature of it, choose the noble : no, there needs a seeing man who is himself noble, cognisant by internal experience of the symptoms of nobleness. Shall we never think of this ; shall we never more remember this, then ? It is forever true ; and Nature and Fact, however we may rattle our ballot-boxes, do at no time forget it.

From the lowest and broadest stratum of Society, where the births are by the million, there was born, almost in our own memory, a Robert Burns ; son of one who ‘ had not capi-

tal for his poor moor-farm of Twenty Pounds a-year.' Robert Burns never had the smallest chance to get into Parliament, much as Robert Burns deserved, for all our sakes, to have been found there. For the man,—it was not known to men purblind, sunk in their poor dim vulgar element, but might have been known to men of insight who had any loyalty or any royalty of their own,—was a born king of men: full of valour, of intelligence and heroic nobleness; fit for far other work than to break his heart among poor mean mortals, gauging beer! Him no Tenpound Constituency chose, nor did any Reforming Premier: in the deep-sunk British Nation, overwhelmed in foggy stupor, with the loadstars all gone out for it, there was no whisper of a notion that it could be desirable to choose him,—except to come and dine with you, and in the interim to gauge. And yet heaven-born Mr. Pitt, at that period, was by no means without need of Heroic Intellect, for other purposes than gauging! But sorrowful strangulation by redtape, much *tighter* then than it now is when so many revolutionary earthquakes have tussled it, quite tied up the meagre Pitt; and he said, on hearing of this Burns and his sad hampered case, "Literature will take care of itself."—"Yes, and of you too, if you don't mind it!" answers one.

And so, like Apollo taken for a Neatherd, and perhaps for none of the best on the Admetus establishment, this new Norse Thor had to put-up with what was going; to gauge ale, and be thankful; pouring *his* celestial sunlight through Scottish Song-writing,—the narrowest chink ever offered to a Thundergod before! And the meagre Pitt, and his Dundasses and redtape Phantasms (growing very ghastly now to think of), did not in the least know or understand, the impious, god-forgetting mortals, that Heroic Intellects, if Heaven were pleased to send such, were the one salvation for the world and for them and all of us. No; they 'had done very well without' such; did not see the use of such; went along 'very well' without such; well presided over by a singular Heroic Intellect called George the Third: and the Thundergod, as was rather fit of him, departed early, still in the noon of life, somewhat weary of gauging ale!—O Peter, what a scandalous torpid element of yellow London fog, favourable to owls only and their mousing operations, has blotted out the stars of Heaven for us these several generations back,—which, I rejoice to see,

is now visibly about to take itself away again, or perhaps to be *dispelled* in a very tremendous manner !

For the sake of my Democratic friends, one other observation. Is not this Proposal the very essence of whatever truth there is in 'Democracy;' this, that the able man be chosen, in whatever rank he is found? That he be searched for as hidden treasure is; be trained, supervised, set to the work which he alone is fit for. All Democracy lies in this; this, I think, is worth all the ballot-boxes and suffrage-movements now going. Not that the noble soul, born poor, should be set to spout in Parliament, but that he should be set to assist in governing men: this is our grand Democratic interest. With this we can be saved; without this, were there a Parliament spouting in every parish, and Hansard Debates to stem the Thames, we perish,—die constitutionally drowned, in mere oceans of palaver.

All reformers, constitutional persons, and men capable of reflection, are invited to reflect on these things. Let us brush the cobwebs from our eyes; let us bid the inane traditions be silent for a moment; and ask ourselves, like men dreadfully intent on having it *done*, "By what method or methods " can the able men from every rank of life be gathered, as " diamond-grains from the general mass of sand: the able " men, not the sham-able;—and set to do the work of governing, contriving, administering and guiding for us!" It is the question of questions. All that Democracy ever meant lies there: the attainment of a truer and truer *Aristocracy*, or Government again by the *Best*.

Reformed Parliaments have lamentably failed to attain it for us; and I believe will and must forever fail. One true Reforming Statesman, one noble worshipper and knower of human intellect, with the quality of an experienced Politician too; he, backed by such a Parliament as England, once recognising him, would loyally send, and at liberty to choose his working subalterns from all the Englishmen alive; he surely might do something? Something, by one means or another, is becoming fearfully necessary to be done! He, I think, might accomplish more for us in ten years, than the best conceivable Reformed Parliament, and utmost extension of the suffrage, in twice or ten times ten.

What is extremely important too, you could try this method with safety ; extension of the suffrage you cannot so try. With even an approximately heroic Prime Minister, you could get nothing but good from prescribing to him thus, to choose the fittest man, under penalties ; to choose, not the fittest of the four or the three men that were in Parliament, but the fittest from the whole Twenty-seven Millions that he could hear of,—at his peril. Nothing but good from this. From extension of the suffrage, some think, you might get quite other than good. From extension of the suffrage, till it became a universal counting of heads, one sees not in the least what wisdom could be extracted. A Parliament of the Paris pattern, such as we see just now, might be extracted : and from that ? Solution into universal slush ; drownage of all interests divine and human, in a Noah's-Deluge of Parliamentary eloquence,—such as we hope our sins, heavy and manifold though they are, have *not* yet quite deserved !

Who, then, is to be the Reforming Statesman, and begin the noble work for us ? He is the preliminary ; one such ; with him we may prosecute the enterprise to length after length ; without him we cannot stir in it at all. A true *king*, temporary-king, that dare undertake the government of Britain, on condition of beginning in sacred earnest to 'reform' it, not at this or that extremity, but at the heart and centre. That will expurgate Downing Street, and the practical Administration of our Affairs ; clear out its accumulated mountains of pedantries and cobwebs ; bid the Pedants and the Dullards depart, bid the Gifted and the Seeing enter and inhabit. So that henceforth there be Heavenly light there, instead of Stygian dusk ; that God's vivifying light instead of Satan's deadening and killing dusk, may radiate therefrom, and visit with healing all regions of this British Empire, which now writhes through every limb of it, in dire agony as if of death ! The enterprise is great, the enterprise may be called formidable and even awful ; but there is none nobler among the sublunary affairs of mankind just now. Nay tacitly it is the enterprise of every man who undertakes to be British Premier in these times ;—and I cannot esteem him an enviable Premier who, because the engagement is *tacit*, flatters himself

that it does not exist ! “ Show it me in the bond,” he says. Your Lordship, it actually exists : and I think you will see it yet, in another kind of ‘ bond ’ than that sheepskin one !

But truly, in any time, what a strange feeling, enough to alarm a very big Lordship, this : that he, of the size he is, has got to the apex of English affairs ! Smallest wrens, we know, by training and the aid of machinery, are capable of many things. For this world abounds in miraculous combinations, far transcending anything they do at Drury Lane in the melodramatic way. A world which, as solid as it looks, is made all of aerial and even of spiritual stuff ; permeated all by incalculable sleeping forces and electricities ; and liable to go off, at any time, into the hugest developments, upon a scratch thoughtfully or thoughtlessly given on the right point : —Nay, for every one of us, could not the sputter of a poor pistol-shot shrivel the Immensities together like a burnt scroll, and make the Heavens and the Earth pass away with a great noise ? Smallest wrens, and canary-birds of some dexterity, can be trained to handle lucifer-matches ; and have, before now, fired-off whole powder-magazines and parks of artillery. Perhaps *without* much astonishment to the canary-bird. The canary-bird can hold only its own quantity of astonishment ; and may possibly enough retain *its* presence of mind, were even Doomsday to come. It is on this principle that I explain to myself the equanimity of some men and Premiers whom we have known.

This and the other Premier seems to take it with perfect coolness. And yet, I say, what a strange feeling, to find himself Chief Governor of England ; girding on, upon his moderately-sized new soul, the old battle-harness of an Oliver Cromwell, an Edward Longshanks, a William Conqueror. “ I, then, “ am the Ablest of English attainable Men ? This English “ People, which has spread itself over all lands and seas, and “ achieved such works in the ages,—which has done America, “ India, the Lancashire Cotton-trade, Bromwicham Iron-trade, “ Newton’s Principia, Shakspeare’s Dramas, and the British “ Constitution,—the apex of all its intelligences and mighty “ instincts and dumb longings : it is I ? William Conqueror’s “ big gifts, and Edward’s and Elizabeth’s ; Oliver’s lightning “ soul, noble as Sinai and the thunders of the Lord : these

“ are mine, I begin to perceive,—to a certain extent. These
 “ heroisms have I,—though rather shy of exhibiting them.
 “ These ; and something withal of the huge beaver-faculty of
 “ our Arkwrights, Brindleys ; touches too of the phoenix-me-
 “ lodies and *sunny* heroisms of our Shakspeares, of our Sing-
 “ ers, Sages and inspired Thinkers ; all this is in me, I will
 “ hope,—though rather shy of exhibiting it on common occa-
 “ sions. The Pattern Englishman, raised by solemn accla-
 “ mation upon the bucklers of the English People, and saluted
 “ with universal ‘ God save THEE ! ’—has now the honour to
 “ announce himself. After fifteen-hundred years of constitu-
 “ tional study as to methods of raising on the bucklers, which
 “ is the operation of operations, the English People, surely
 “ pretty well skilled in it by this time, has raised—the remark-
 “ able individual now addressing you. The best-combined
 “ sample of whatsoever divine qualities are in this big People,
 “ the consummate flower of all that they have done and been,
 “ the ultimate product of the Destinies, and English man of
 “ men, arrived at last in the fulness of time, is—who think
 “ you ? Ye worlds, the Ithuriel javelin by which, with all
 “ these heroisms and accumulated energies old and new, the
 “ English People means to smite and pierce, is this poor
 “ tailor’s-bodkin, hardly adequate to bore an eylet-hole, who
 “ now has the honour to”— — Good Heavens, if it were not
 that men generally are very much of the canary-bird, here
 are reflections sufficient to annihilate any man, almost before
 starting !

But to us also it ought to be a very strange reflection !
 This, then, is the length we have brought it to, with our con-
 stitutioning, and ballot-boxing, and incessant talk and effort
 in every kind for so many centuries back ; this ? The golden
 flower of our grand alchemical projection, which has set the
 world in astonishment so long, and been the envy of surround-
 ing nations, is—what we here see. To be governed by his
 Lordship, and guided through the undiscovered paths of Time
 by this respectable degree of human faculty. With our utmost
 soul’s travail we could discover, by the sublimest methods eu-
 logised by all the world, no abler Englishman than this ?—

Really it should make us pause upon the said sublime
 methods, and ask ourselves very seriously, whether, notwith-
 standing the eulogy of all the world, they can be other than

extremely astonishing methods, that require revisal and reconsideration very much indeed ! For the kind of 'man' we get to govern us, all conclusions whatsoever centre there, and likewise all manner of issues flow infallibly therefrom. 'Ask well, 'who is your Chief Governor,' says one: 'for around him men 'like to him will infallibly gather, and by degrees all the world 'will be made in his image.' 'He who is himself a noble man, 'has a chance to know the nobleness of men ; he who is not, 'has none. And as for the poor Public,—alas, is not the kind 'of "man" you set upon it the liveliest symbol of its and your 'veracity and victory and blessedness, or unveracity and misery 'and cursedness ; the general summation and practical outcome 'of all else whatsoever in the Public and in you ?'

Time was when an incompetent Governor could not be permitted among men. He was, and had to be, by one method or the other, clutched up from his place at the helm of affairs, and hurled down into the hold, perhaps even overboard, if he could not really steer. And we call those ages barbarous, because they shuddered to see a Phantasm at the helm of their affairs ; an eyeless Pilot with constitutional spectacles, steering by the *ear* mainly ? And we have changed all that : no-government is now the best ; and a tailor's foreman, who gives no trouble, is preferable to any other for governing ? My friends, such truly is the current idea ; but you dreadfully mistake yourselves, and the fact is not such. The fact, now beginning to disclose itself again in distressed Neediewomen, famishing Connaughts, revolting Colonies, and a general rapid advance towards Social Ruin, remains really what it always was, and will so remain !

Men have very much forgotten it at present ; and only here a man and there a man begins again to bethink himself of it : but all men will gradually get reminded of it, perhaps terribly to their cost ; and the sooner they all lay it to heart again, I think it will be the better. For in spite of our oblivion of it, the thing remains forever true ; nor is there any Constitution or body of Constitutions, were they clothed with never such venerabilities and general acceptabilities, that avails to deliver a Nation from the consequences of forgetting it. Nature, I assure you, does forevermore remember it ; and a hundred British Constitutions are but as a hundred cobwebs between her and the penalty she levies for forgetting it. Tell

me what kind of man governs a People, you tell me, with much exactness, what the net sum-total of social worth in that People has for some time been. Whether *they* have loved the phylacteries or the eternal noblenesses ; whether they have been struggling heavenward like eagles, brothers of the radiances, or groping owl-like with horn-eyed diligence, catching mice and balances at their banker's,—poor devils, you will see it all in that one fact. A fact long prepared beforehand ; which, if it is a peaceably received one, must have been acquiesced in, judged to be 'best,' by the poor mousing owls, intent only to have a large balance at their banker's and keep a whole skin.

Such sordid populations, which were long blind to Heaven's light, are getting themselves burnt-up rapidly, in these days, by street-insurrection and Hellfire ;—as is indeed inevitable, my esteemed M'Croudy ! Light, accept the blessed light, if you will have it when Heaven vouchsafes. You refuse ? You prefer Delolme on the British Constitution, the Gospel according to M'Croudy, and a good balance at your banker's ? Very well : the 'light' is more and more withdrawn ; and for some time you have a general dusk, very favourable for catching mice ; and the opulent owlery is very 'happy,' and well-off at its banker's ;—and furthermore, by due sequence, infallible as the foundations of the Universe and Nature's oldest law, the light *returns* on you, condensed, this time, into *lightning*, which there is not any skin whatever too thick for taking in !

NO. IV. THE NEW DOWNING STREET.

[15th April 1850.]

IN looking at this wreck of Governments in all European countries, there is one consideration that suggests itself, sadly elucidative of our modern epoch. These Governments, we may be well assured, have gone to anarchy for this one reason inclusive of every other whatsoever, That they were not wise enough ; that the spiritual talent embarked in them, the virtue, heroism, intellect, or by whatever other synonyms we designate it, was not adequate,—probably had long been inadequate, and so in its dim helplessness had suffered, or perhaps invited falsity to introduce itself ; had suffered injustices, and solecisms, and contradictions of the Divine Fact, to accumulate in more than tolerable measure ; whereupon said Governments were overset, and declared before all creatures to be too false.

This is a reflection sad but important to the modern Governments now fallen anarchic, That they had not spiritual talent enough. And if this is so, then surely the question, How these Governments came to sink for *want* of intellect ? is a rather interesting one. Intellect, in some measure, is born into every Century ; and the Nineteenth flatters itself that it is rather distinguished that way ! What had become of this celebrated Nineteenth Century's intellect ? Surely some of it existed, and was 'developed' withal ;—nay in the 'undeveloped,' unconscious, or inarticulate state, it is not dead ; but alive and at work, if mutely not less beneficently, some think even more so ! And yet Governments, it would appear, could by no means get enough of it ; almost none of it came their way : what had become of it ? Truly there must be something very questionable, either in the intellect of this celebrated Century, or in the methods Governments now have of supplying their wants from the same. One or other of two grand fundamental short-

comings, in regard to intellect or human enlightenment, are very visible in this enlightened Century of ours ; for it has now become the most anarchic of Centuries ; that is to say, has fallen practically into such Egyptian darkness that it cannot grope its way at all !

Nay I rather think both of these shortcomings, fatal deficits both, are chargeable upon us ; and it is the joint harvest of both that we are now reaping, with such havoc to our affairs. I rather guess, the intellect of the Nineteenth Century, so full of miracle to Heavyside and others, is itself a mechanical or *beaver* intellect rather than a high or eminently human one. A dim and mean though authentic kind of intellect, this ; venerable only in defect of better. This kind will avail but little in the higher enterprises of human intellect, especially in that highest enterprise of guiding men Heavenward, which, after all, is the one real 'governing' of them on this God's-Earth : —an enterprise not to be achieved by beaver intellect, but by other higher and highest kinds. This is deficit *first*. And then *secondly*, Governments have, really to a fatal and extraordinary extent, neglected in late ages to supply themselves with what intellect was going ; having, as was too natural in the dim time, taken up a notion that human intellect, or even beaver intellect, was not necessary to them at all, but that a little of the *vulpine* sort (if attainable), supported by routine, redtape traditions, and tolerable parliamentary eloquence on occasion, would very well suffice. A most false and impious notion ; leading to fatal lethargy on the part of Governments, while Nature and Fact were preparing strange phenomena in contradiction to it.

These are two very fatal deficits ;—the remedy of either of which would be the remedy of both, could we but find it ! For indeed they are vitally connected : one of them is sure to produce the other ; and both once in action together, the advent of darkness, certain enough to issue in anarchy by and by, goes on with frightful acceleration. If Governments neglect to invite what noble intellect there is, then too surely all intellect, not omnipotent to resist bad influences, will tend to become beaverish ignoble intellect ; and quitting high aims, which seem shut-up from it, will help itself forward in the way of making money and suchlike ; or will even sink to be sham intellect ; helping itself by methods which are not only beaverish bu :

vulpine, and so 'ignoble' as not to have common honesty. The Government, taking no thought to choose intellect for itself, will gradually find that there is less and less of a good quality to choose from: thus, as in all impieties it does, bad grows worse at a frightful *double* rate of progression; and your impiety is twice cursed. If you are impious enough to tolerate darkness, you will get ever more darkness to tolerate; and at that inevitable stage of the account (inevitable in all such accounts) when actual light or else destruction is the alternative, you will call to the Heavens and the Earth for light, and none will come!

Certainly this evil, for one, has *not* 'wrought its own cure;' but has wrought precisely the reverse, and has been hourly eating away what possibilities of cure there were. And so, I fear, in spite of rumours to the contrary, it always is with evils, with solecisms against Nature, and contradictions to the divine fact of things: not an evil of them has ever wrought its own cure in my experience;—but has continually grown worse and wider and uglier, till some *good* (generally a good *man*) not able to endure the abomination longer, rose upon it and cured or else extinguished it. Evil Governments, divested of God's light because they have loved darkness rather, are not likelier than other evils to work their own cure out of that bad plight.

It is urgent upon all Governments to pause in this fatal course; persisted in, the goal is fearfully evident; every hour's persistence in it is making return more difficult. Intellect exists in all countries; and the function appointed it by Heaven,—Governments had better not attempt to contradict that, for they cannot! Intellect *has* to govern in this world; and will do it, if not in alliance with so-called 'Governments' of redtape and routine, then in divine hostility to such, and sometimes alas in diabolic hostility to such; and in the end, as sure as Heaven is higher than Downing Street, and the Laws of Nature are tougher than redtape, with entire victory over them and entire ruin to them. If there is one thinking man among the Politicians of England, I consider these things extremely well worth his attention just now.

Who are available to your Offices in Downing Street? All the gifted souls, of every rank, who are born to you in this generation. These are appointed, by the true eternal 'divine

right' which will never become obsolete, to be your governors and administrators ; and precisely as you employ them, or neglect to employ them, will your State be favoured of Heaven or disfavoured. This noble young soul, you can have him on either of two conditions ; and on one of them, since he is here in the world, you must have him. As your ally and co-adjutor ; or failing that, as your natural enemy : which shall it be ? I consider that every Government convicts itself of infatuation and futility, or absolves and justifies itself before God and man, according as it answers this question. With all sub-lunary entities, this is the question of questions. What talent is born to you ? How do you employ that ? The crop of spiritual talent that is born to you, of human nobleness and intellect and heroic faculty, this is infinitely more important than your crops of cotton or corn, or wine or herrings or whale-oil, which the Newspapers record with such anxiety every season. This is not quite counted by seasons, therefore the Newspapers are silent ; but by generations and centuries, I assure you it becomes amazingly sensible ; and surpasses, as Heaven does Earth, all the corn and wine, and whale-oil and California bullion, or any other crop you grow. If that crop cease, the other crops—please to take them also, if you are anxious about them. That once ceasing, we may shut shop ; for no other crop whatever will stay with us, nor is worth having if it would.

To promote men of talent, to search and sift the whole society in every class for men of talent, and joyfully promote them, has not always been found impossible. In many forms of polity they have done it, and still do it, to a certain degree. The degree to which they succeed in doing it marks, as I have said, with very great accuracy the degree of divine and human worth that is in them, the degree of success or real ultimate victory they can expect to have in this world.—Think, for example, of the old Catholic Church, in its merely terrestrial relations to the State ; and see if your reflections, and contrasts with what now is, are of an exulting character. Progress of the species has gone on as with seven-league boots, and in various directions has shot ahead amazingly, with three cheers from all the world ; but in this direction, the most vital and indispensable, it has lagged terribly, and has even moved backward, till now it is quite gone out of sight in clouds of cotton-

fuzz and railway-scrip, and has fallen fairly over the horizon to rearward!

In those most benighted Feudal societies, full of mere tyrannous steel Barons, and totally destitute of Tenpound Franchises and Ballot-boxes, there did nevertheless authentically preach itself everywhere this grandest of gospels, without which no other gospel can avail us much, to all souls of men, "Awake, ye noble souls; here is a noble career for you!" I say, everywhere a road towards promotion, for human nobleness, lay wide open to all men. The pious soul,—which, if you reflect, will mean the ingenuous and ingenious, the gifted, intelligent and nobly-aspiring soul,—such a soul, in whatever rank of life it were born, had one path inviting it; a generous career, whereon, by human worth and valour, all earthly heights and Heaven itself were attainable. In the lowest stratum of social thralldom, nowhere was the noble soul doomed quite to choke, and die ignobly. The Church, poor old benighted creature, had at least taken care of that: the noble aspiring soul, not doomed to choke ignobly in its penuries, could at least run into the neighbouring Convent, and there take refuge. Education awaited it there; strict training not only to whatever useful knowledge could be had from writing and reading, but to obedience, to pious reverence, self-restraint, annihilation of self,—really to human nobleness in many most essential respects. No questions asked about your birth, genealogy, quantity of money-capital or the like; the one question was, "Is there some human nobleness in you, or is there not?" The poor neatherd's son, if he were a Noble of Nature, might rise to Priesthood, to High-priesthood, to the top of this world,—and best of all, he had still high Heaven lying high enough above him, to keep his head steady, on whatever height or in whatever depth his way might lie! .

A thrice-glorious arrangement, when I reflect on it; most salutary to all high and low interests; a truly human arrangement. You made the born noble yours, welcoming him as what he was, the Sent of Heaven: you did not force him either to die or become your enemy; idly neglecting or suppressing him as what he was not, a thing of no worth. You accepted the blessed *light*; and in the shape of infernal *lightning* it needed not to visit you. How, like an immense mine-shaft through the dim oppressed strata of society, this Institution of the Priest-

hood ran; opening, from the lowest depths towards all heights and towards Heaven itself, a free road of egress and emergence towards virtuous nobleness, heroism and well-doing, for every born man. This we may call the living lungs and blood-circulation of those old Feudalisms. When I think of that immeasurable all-pervading lungs; present in every corner of human society, every meanest hut a *cell* of said lungs; inviting whatsoever noble pious soul was born there to the path that was noble for him; and leading thereby sometimes, if he were worthy, to be the Papa of Christendom, and Commander of all Kings,—I perceive how the old Christian society continued healthy, vital, and was strong and heroic. When I contrast this with the noble aims now held out to noble souls born in remote huts, or beyond the verge of Palace-Yard; and think of what your Lordship has done in the way of making priests and papas,—I see a society *without* lungs, fast wheezing itself to death, in horrid convulsions; and deserving to die.

Over Europe generally in these years, I consider that the State has died, has fairly coughed its last in street musketry, and fallen down dead, incapable of any but *galvanic* life henceforth,—owing to this same fatal want of *lungs*, which includes all other wants for a State. And furthermore that it will never come alive again, till it contrive to get such indispensable vital apparatus; the outlook toward which consummation is very distant in most communities of Europe. If you let it come to death or suspended-animation in States, the case is very bad! Vain to call-in universal-suffrage parliaments at that stage: the universal-suffrage parliaments cannot give you any breath of life, cannot find any *wisdom* for you; by long impiety, you have let the supply of noble human wisdom die out; and the wisdom that now courts your universal-suffrages is beggarly human *attorneyism* or sham-wisdom, which is *not* an insight into the Laws of God's Universe, but into the laws of hungry Egoism and the Devil's Chicane, and can in the end profit no community or man.

No; the kind of heroes that come mounted on the shoulders of the universal-suffrage, and instal themselves as Prime Ministers and healing Statesmen by force of able editorship, do not bid very fair to bring Nations back to the ways of God. Eloquent high-lacquered *pinchbeck* specimens these, expert in

the arts of Belial mainly ;—fitter to be markers at some exceedingly expensive billiard-table than sacred chief-priests of men ! ‘ Greeks of the Lower Empire ;’ with a varnish of parliamentary rhetoric ; and, I suppose, this other great gift, toughness of character,—proof that they have *persevered* in their Master’s service. Poor wretches, their industry is mob-worship, place-worship, parliamentary intrigue, and the multiplex art of tongue-fence : flung into that bad element, there they swim for decades long, throttling and wrestling one another according to their strength,—and the toughest or luckiest gets to land, and becomes Premier. A more entirely unbeautiful class of Premiers was never raked out of the ooze, and set on high places, by any ingenuity of man. Dame Dubarry’s petticoat was a better seine-net for fishing out Premiers than that. Let all Nations whom necessity is driving towards that method, take warning in time !

Alas, there is, in a manner, but one Nation that can still take warning ! In England alone of European Countries the State yet survives ; and might help itself by better methods. In England heroic wisdom is not yet dead, and quite replaced by attorneyism : the honest beaver faculty yet abounds with us, the heroic manful faculty shows itself also to the observant eye, not dead but dangerously sleeping. I said there were many *kings* in England : if these can yet be rallied into strenuous activity, and set to govern England in Downing Street and elsewhere, which their function always is,—then England can be saved from anarchies and universal-suffrages ; and that Apotheosis of Attorneyism, blackest of terrestrial curses, may be spared us. If these cannot, the other issue, in such forms as may be appropriate to us, is inevitable. What escape is there ? England must conform to the eternal laws of life, or England too must die !

England with the largest mass of real living interests ever intrusted to a Nation ; and with a mass of extinct imaginary and quite dead interests piled upon it to the very Heavens, and encumbering it from shore to shore,—does reel and stagger ominously in these years ; urged by the Divine Silences and the Eternal Laws to take practical hold of its living interests and manage them : and clutching blindly into its venerable extinct and imaginary interests, as if that were still the way to do it. England must contrive to manage its living interests,

and quit its dead ones and their methods, or else depart from its place in this world. Surely England is called as no Nation ever was, to summon-out its *kings*, and set them to that high work !—Huge inorganic England, nigh choked under the exuviae of a thousand years, and blindly sprawling amid chartisms, ballot-boxes, prevenient graces, and bishops' nightmares, must, as the preliminary and commencement of organisation, learn to *breathe* again,—get 'lungs' for herself again, as we defined it. That is imperative upon her : she too will die, otherwise, and cough her last upon the streets some day ;—how can she continue living? To enfranchise whatsoever of Wisdom is born in England, and set that to the sacred task of coercing and amending what of Folly is born in England : Heaven's blessing is purchasable by that ; by not that, only Heaven's curse is purchasable. The reform contemplated, my liberal friends perceive, is a truly radical one ; no ballot-box ever went so deep into the roots : a radical, most painful, slow and difficult, but most indispensable reform of reforms !

How short and feeble an approximation to these high ulterior results, the best Reform of Downing Street, presided over by the fittest Statesman one can imagine to exist at present, would be, is too apparent to me. A long time yet till we get our living interests put under due administration, till we get our dead interests handsomely dismissed. A long time yet till, by extensive change of habit and ways of thinking and acting, *we* get living 'lungs' for ourselves ! Nevertheless, by Reform of Downing Street, we do begin to breathe ; we do start in the way towards that and all high results. Nor is there visible to me any other way. Blessed enough were the way once entered on ; could we, in our evil days, but see the noble enterprise begun, and fairly in progress !

What the '*New Downing Street*' can grow to, and will and must if England is to have a Downing Street beyond a few years longer, it is far from me, in my remote watch-tower, to say with precision. A Downing Street inhabited by the gifted of the intellects of England ; directing all its energies upon the real and living interests of England, and silently but incessantly, in the alembics of the place, burning-up the extinct imaginary interests of England, that we may see God's sky a little plainer overhead, and have all of us a great accession of 'heroic wis-

dom' to dispose of: such a Downing Street—to draw the plan of it, will require architects; many successive architects and builders will be needed there. Let not editors, and remote unprofessional persons, interfere too much!—Change in the present edifice, however, radical change, all men can discern to be inevitable; and even, if there shall not worse swiftly follow, to be imminent. Outlines of the future edifice paint themselves against the sky (to men that still have a *sky*, and are above the miserable London fogs of the hour); noble elements of new State Architecture, foreshadows of a new Downing Street for the New Era that is come. These with pious hope all men can see; and it is good that all men, with whatever faculty they have, were earnestly looking thitherward;—trying to get above the fogs, that they might look thitherward!

Among practical men the idea prevails that Government can do nothing but 'keep the peace.' They say all higher tasks are unsafe for it, impossible for it,—and in fine not necessary for it or for us. On this footing a very feeble Downing Street might serve the turn!—I am well aware that Government, for a long time past, has taken in hand no other public task, and has professed to have no other, but that of keeping the peace. This public task, and the private one of ascertaining whether Dick or Jack was to do it, have amply filled the capabilities of Government for several generations now. Hard tasks both, it would appear. In accomplishing the first, for example, have not heavenborn Chancellors of the Exchequer had to shear us very bare; and to leave an overplus of Debt, or of fleeces shorn *before* they are grown, justly esteemed among the wonders of the world? Not a first-rate keeping of the peace, this, we begin to surmise! At least it seems strange to us.

For we, and the overwhelming majority of all our acquaintances, in this Parish and Nation and the adjacent Parishes and Nations, are profoundly conscious to ourselves of being by nature peaceable persons; following our necessary industries; without wish, interest or faintest intention to cut the skin of any mortal, to break feloniously into his industrial premises, or do any injustice to him at all. Because indeed, independent of Government, there is a thing called conscience, and we dare not. So that it cannot but appear to us, 'the peace,' under dextrous management, might be very much more easily kept,

your Lordship ; nay, we almost think, if well let alone, it would in a measure keep *itself* among such a set of persons ! And how it happens that when a poor hardworking creature of us has laboriously earned sixpence, the Government comes in, and (as some compute) says, “ I will thank you for threepence of “ that, as per account, for getting you peace to spend the other “ threepence,” our amazement begins to be considerable,—and I think results will follow from it by and by. Not the most dextrous keeping of the peace, your Lordship, unless it be more difficult to do than appears !

Our domestic peace, we cannot but perceive, as good as keeps itself. Here and there a select Equitable Person, appointed by the Public for that end, clad in ermine, and backed by certain companies of blue Police, is amply adequate, without immoderate outlay in money or otherwise, to keep-down the few exceptional individuals of the scoundrel kind ; who, we observe, by the nature of them, are always weak and inconsiderable. And as to foreign peace, really all Europe, now especially with so many railroads, public journals, printed books, penny-post, bills of exchange, and continual intercourse and mutual dependence, is more and more becoming (so to speak) one Parish ; the Parishioners of which being, as we ourselves are, in immense majority peaceable hardworking people, could, if they were moderately well guided, have almost no disposition to quarrel. Their economic interests are one, ‘ To buy in the cheapest market, and sell in the dearest ; ’ their faith, any *religious* faith they have, is one, ‘ To annihilate shams—by all methods, street-barricades included.’ Why should they quarrel ? The Czar of Russia, in the Eastern parts of the Parish, may have other notions ; but he knows too well he must keep them to himself. He, if he meddled with the Western parts, and attempted anywhere to crush or disturb that sacred Democratic Faith of theirs, is aware there would rise from a hundred and fifty million human throats such a *Hymn of the Marseillaise* as was never heard before ; and England, France, Germany, Poland, Hungary, and the Nine Kingdoms, hurling themselves upon him in never-imagined fire of vengeance, would swiftly reduce his Russia and him to a strange situation ! Wherefore he forbears,—and being a person of some sense, will long forbear. In spite of editorial prophecy, the Czar of Russia does not disturb our night’s rest. And with the other parts of the Parish

our dreams and our thoughts are of anything but of fighting, or of the smallest need to fight.

For keeping of the peace, a thing highly desirable to us, we strive to be grateful to your Lordship. Intelligible to us, also, your Lordship's reluctance to get out of the old routine. But we beg to say farther, that peace by itself has no feet to stand upon, and would not suit us even if it had. Keeping of the peace is the function of a policeman, and but a small fraction of that of any Government, King or Chief of men. Are not all men bound, and the Chief of men in the name of all, to do properly this : To see, so far as human effort under pain of eternal reprobation can, God's Kingdom incessantly advancing here below, and His will done on Earth as it is in Heaven? On Sundays your Lordship knows this well ; forget it not on weekdays. I assure you it is for evermore a fact. That is the immense divine and never-ending task which is laid on every man, and with unspeakable increase of emphasis on every Government or Commonwealth of men. Your Lordship, that is the basis upon which peace and all else depends ! That basis once well lost, there is no peace capable of being kept,—the only peace that could then be kept is that of the churchyard. Your Lordship may depend on it, whatever thing takes upon it the name of Sovereign or Government in an English Nation such as this will have to get out of that old routine ; and set about keeping something very different from the peace, in these days !

Truly it is high time that same beautiful notion of No-Government should take itself away. The world is daily rushing towards wreck, while that lasts. If your Government is to be a Constituted Anarchy, what issue can it have? Our one interest in such Government is, that it would be kind enough to cease and go its ways, *before* the inevitable arrive. The question, Who is to float atop nowhither upon the popular vortexes, and act that sorry character, 'carcass of the drowned ass upon the mud-deluge'? is by no means an important one for almost anybody,—hardly even for the drowned ass himself. Such drowned ass ought to ask himself, If the function is a sublime one? For him too, though he looks sublime to the vulgar and floats atop, a private situation, down out of sight in his natural ooze, would be a luckier one.

Crabbe, speaking of constitutional philosophies, faith in the

ballot-box and suchlike, has this indignant passage: 'If any voice of deliverance or resuscitation reach us, in this our low and all-but lost estate, sunk almost beyond plummet's sounding in the mud of Lethe, and oblivious of all noble objects, —it will be an intimation that we must put away all this abominable nonsense, and understand, once more, that Constituted Anarchy, with however many ballot-boxes, caucuses, and hustings-beerbarrels, is a continual offence to gods and men. That to be governed by small men is not only a misfortune, but it is a curse and a sin; the effect, and alas the cause also, of all manner of curses and sins. That to profess subjection to phantasms, and pretend to accept guidance from fractional parts of tailors, is what Smelfungus in his rude dialect calls it, "a damned *lie*," and nothing other. A lie which, by long use and wont, we have grown accustomed to, and do not the least feel to be a lie, having spoken and done it continually everywhere for such a long time past;—but has Nature grown to accept it as a veracity, think you, my friend? Have the Parcæ fallen asleep, because you wanted to make money in the City? Nature at all moments knows well that it is a lie; and that, like all lies, it is cursed and damned from the beginning.

'Even so, ye indigent millionaires, and miserable bankrupt populations rolling in gold,—whose note-of-hand will go to any length in Threadneedle Street, and to whom in Heaven's Bank the stern answer is, "No effects!" Bankrupt, I say; and Californias and Eldorados will not save us. And every time we speak such lie, or do it or look it, as we have been incessantly doing, and many of us with clear consciousness, for about a hundred and fifty years now, Nature marks down the exact penalty against us. "Debtor to so much lying: forfeiture of existing stock of worth to such extent;—approach to general damnation by so much." Till now, as we look round us over a convulsed anarchic Europe, and at home over an anarchy not yet convulsed, but only heaving towards convulsion, and to judge by the Mosaic sweating-establishments, cannibal Connaughts and other symptoms, not far from convulsion now, we seem to have pretty much *exhausted* our accumulated stock of worth; and, unless money's "worth" and bullion at the Bank will save us, to be rubbing very close upon that ulterior bourne which I do not like to name again!

‘ On behalf of nearly twenty-seven millions of my fellow-
 ‘ countrymen, sunk deep in Lethean sleep, with mere owl-
 ‘ dreams of Political Economy and mice-catching, in this pacific
 ‘ thrice-infernal slush-element ; and also of certain select thou-
 ‘ sands, and hundreds and units, awakened or beginning to
 ‘ awaken from it, and with horror in their hearts perceiving
 ‘ where they are, I beg to protest, and in the name of God to
 ‘ say, with poor human ink, desirous much that I had divine
 ‘ thunder to say it with, Awake, arise,—before you sink to
 ‘ death eternal ! Unnameable destruction, and banishment to
 ‘ Houndsditch and Gehenna, lies in store for all Nations that,
 ‘ in angry perversity or brutal torpor and owlsh blindness,
 ‘ neglect the eternal message of the gods, and vote for the
 ‘ Worse while the Better is there. Like owls they say, “ Ba-
 ‘ rabbas will do ; any orthodox Hebrew of the Hebrews, and
 ‘ peaceable believer in M’Croudy and the Faith of Leave-alone
 ‘ will do : the Right Honourable Minimus is well enough ; he
 ‘ shall be our Maximus, under him it will be handy to catch
 ‘ mice, and Owldom shall continue a flourishing empire.” ’

One thing is undeniable, and must be continually repeated till it get to be understood again : Of all constitutions, forms of government, and political methods among men, the question to be asked is even this, What kind of man do you set over us ? All questions are answered in the answer to this. Another thing is worth attending to : No people or populace, with never such ballot-boxes, can select such man for you ; only the man of worth can recognise worth in men ;—to the commonplace man of no or of little worth, you, unless you wish to be *misled*, need not apply on such an occasion. Those poor Tenpound Franchisers of yours, they are not even in earnest ; the poor sniffing sniggering Honourable Gentlemen they send to Parliament are as little so. Tenpound Franchisers full of mere beer and balderdash ; Honourable Gentlemen come to Parliament as to an Almack’s series of evening parties, or big cockmain (battle of all the cocks) very amusing to witness and bet upon : what can or could men in that predicament ever do for you ? Nay, if they were in life-and-death earnest, what could it avail you in such a case ? I tell you, a million blockheads looking authoritatively into one man of what you call genius, or noble sense will make nothing but nonsense out of him and his quali-

ties, and his virtues and defects, if they look till the end of time. He understands them, sees what they are; but that they should understand him, and see with rounded outline what his limits are,—this, which would mean that they are bigger than he, is forever denied them. Their one good understanding of him is that they at last should loyally say, “We do not quite understand thee; we perceive thee to be “nobler and wiser and bigger than we, and will loyally follow “thee.”

The question therefore arises, Whether, since reform of parliament and suchlike have done so little in that respect, the problem might not be with some hope attacked in the direct manner? Suppose all our Institutions, and Public Methods of Procedure, to continue for the present as they are; and suppose farther a Reform Premier, and the English Nation once awakening under him to a due sense of the infinite importance, nay the vital necessity there is of getting able and abler men:—might not some heroic wisdom, and actual ‘ability’ to do what must be done, prove discoverable to said Premier; and so the indispensable Heaven’s-blessing descend to us from *above*, since none has yet sprung from below? From above we shall have to try it; the other is exhausted,—a hopeless method that! The utmost passion of the house-inmates, ignorant of masonry and architecture, cannot avail to cure the house of smoke: not if *they* vote and agitate forever, and bestir themselves to the length even of street-barricades, will the *smoke* in the least abate: how can it? Their passion exercised in such ways, till Doomsday, will avail them nothing. Let their passion rage steadily against the existing majordomes to this effect, “*Find* us men skilled in house-building, acquainted “with the laws of atmospheric suction, and capable to cure “smoke;” something might come of it! In the lucky circumstance of having one man of real intellect and courage to put at the head of the movement, much would come of it;—a New Downing Street, fit for the British Nation and its bitter necessities in this New Era, would come; and from that, in answer to continuous sacred fidelity and valiant toil, all good whatsoever would gradually come.

Of the Continental nuisance called ‘Bureaucracy,’—if this should alarm any reader,—I can see no risk or possibility in England. Democracy is hot enough here, fierce enough; it is

perennial, universal, clearly invincible among us henceforth. No danger it should let itself be flung in chains by sham-secretaries of the Pedant species, and accept their vile Age of Pinchbeck for its Golden Age! Democracy clamours, with its Newspapers, its Parliaments, and all its Twenty-seven million throats, continually in this Nation forevermore. I remark, too, that the unconscious purport of all its clamours is even this, "Find us men skilled,"—*make* a New Downing Street, fit for the New Era!

Of the Foreign Office, in its reformed state, we have not much to say. Abolition of imaginary work, and replacement of it by real, is on all hands understood to be very urgent there. Large needless expenditures of money, immeasurable ditto of hypocrisy and grimace; embassies, protocols, worlds of extinct traditions, empty pedantries, foul cobwebs:—but we will by no means apply the 'live coal' of our witty friend; the Foreign Office will repent, and not be driven to suicide! A truer time will come for the Continental Nations too: Authorities based on truth, and on the silent or spoken Worship of Human Nobleness, will again get themselves established there; all Sham-Authorities, and consequent Real-Anarchies based on universal-suffrage and the Gospel according to George Sand, being put away; and noble action, heroic new-developments of human faculty and industry, and blessed fruit as of Paradise getting itself conquered from the waste battle-field of the chaotic elements, will once more, there as here, begin to show themselves.

When the Continental Nations have once got to the bottom of *their* Augean Stable, and begun to have real enterprises based on the eternal facts again, our Foreign Office may again have extensive concerns with them. And at all times, and even now, there will remain the question to be sincerely put and wisely answered, What essential concern *has* the British Nation with them and their enterprises? Any concern at all, except that of handsomely keeping apart from them? If so, what are the methods of best managing it?—At present, as was said, while Red Republic but clashes with foul Bureaucracy; and Nations, sunk in blind ignavia, demand a universal-suffrage Parliament to heal their wretchedness; and wild Anarchy and Phallus-Worship struggle with Sham-Kingship

and extinct or galvanised Catholicism; and in the Cave of the Winds all manner of rotten waifs and wrecks are hurled against each other,—our English interest in the controversy, however huge said controversy grow, is quite trifling; we have only in a handsome manner to say to it: “Tumble and rage along, ye rotten waifs and wrecks; clash and collide as seems fittest to you; and smite each other into annihilation at your own good pleasure. In that huge conflict, dismal but unavoidable, we, thanks to our heroic ancestors, having got so far ahead of you, have now no interest at all. Our decided notion is, the dead ought to bury their dead in such a case: and so we have the honour to be, with distinguished consideration, your entirely devoted,—FLIMNAP, SEC. FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.”—I really think Flimnap, till truer times come, ought to treat much of his work in this way: cautious to give offence to his neighbours; resolute not to concern himself in any of their self-annihilating operations whatsoever.

Foreign wars are sometimes unavoidable. We ourselves, in the course of natural merchandising and laudable business, have now and then got into ambiguous situations; into quarrels which needed to be settled, and without fighting would not settle. Sugar Islands, Spice Islands, Indias, Canadas,—these, by the real decree of Heaven, were ours; and nobody would or could believe it, till it was tried by cannon law, and so proved. Such cases happen. In former times especially, owing very much to want of intercourse and to the consequent mutual ignorance, there did occur misunderstandings: and therefrom many foreign wars, some of them by no means unnecessary. With China, or some distant country, too unintelligent of us and too unintelligible to us, there still sometimes rises necessary occasion for a war. Nevertheless wars,—misunderstandings that get to the length of arguing themselves out by sword and cannon,—have, in these late generations of improved intercourse, been palpably becoming less and less necessary; have in a manner become superfluous,—if we had a little wisdom, and our Foreign Office on a good footing.

Of European wars I really hardly remember any, since Oliver Cromwell's last Protestant or Liberation war with Popish antichristian Spain some two hundred years ago, to which I for my own part could have contributed my life with

any heartiness, or in fact would have subscribed money itself to any considerable amount. Dutch William, a man of some heroism, did indeed get into troubles with Louis Fourteenth; and there rested till some shadow of Protestant Interest, and question of National and individual Independence, over those wide controversies; a little money and human enthusiasm was still due to Dutch William. Illustrious Chatham also, not to speak of his Manilla ransoms and the like, did one thing: assisted Fritz of Prussia, a brave man and king (almost the only sovereign *King* I have known since Cromwell's time) like to be borne down by ignoble men and sham-kings; for this let illustrious Chatham too have a little money and human enthusiasm,—a little, by no means much. But what am I to say of heavenborn Pitt the son of Chatham? England sent forth her fleets and armies; her money into every country; money as if the heavenborn Chancellor had got a Fortunatus' purse; as if this Island had become a volcanic fountain of gold, or new terrestrial sun capable of radiating mere guineas. The result of all which, what was it? Elderly men can remember the tar-barrels burnt for success and thrice-immortal victory in the business; and yet what result had we? The French Revolution, a Fact decreed in the Eternal Councils, could not be put down: the result was, that heavenborn Pitt had actually been fighting (as the old Hebrews would have said) against the Lord,—that the Laws of Nature were stronger than Pitt. Of whom therefore there remains chiefly his unaccountable radiation of guineas, for the gratitude of posterity. Thank you for nothing,—for eight hundred millions *less* than nothing!

Our War Offices, Admiralties, and other Fighting Establishments, are forcing themselves on everybody's attention at this time. Bull grumbles audibly: "The money you have cost me these five-and-thirty years, during which you have stood elaborately ready to fight at any moment, without at any moment being called to fight, is surely an astonishing sum. The National Debt itself might have been half paid by that money, which has all gone in pipeclay and blank cartridges!" Yes, Mr. Bull, the money can be counted in hundreds of millions which certainly is something:—but the 'strenuously organised idleness,' and what mischief that amounts to,—have you com

puted it? A perpetual solecism, and blasphemy (of its sort), set to march openly among us, dressed in scarlet! Bull, with a more and more sulky tone, demands that such solecism be abated; that these Fighting Establishments be as it were disbanded, and set to do some work in the Creation, since fighting there is now none for them. This demand is irrefragably just, is growing urgent too; and yet this demand cannot be complied with,—not yet while the State grounds itself on unrealities, and Downing Street continues what it is.

The old Romans made their soldiers work during intervals of war. The New Downing Street too, we may predict, will have less and less tolerance for idleness on the part of soldiers or others. Nay the New Downing Street, I foresee, when once it has got its '*Industrial Regiments*' organised, will make these mainly do its fighting, what fighting there is; and so save immense sums. Or indeed, all citizens of the Commonwealth, as is the right and the interest of every free man in this world, will have themselves trained to arms; each citizen ready to defend his country with his own body and soul,—he is not worthy to have a country otherwise. In a State grounded on veracities, that would be the rule. Downing Street, if it cannot bethink itself of returning to the veracities, will have to vanish altogether!

To fight with its neighbours never was, and is now less than ever, the real trade of England. For far other objects was the English People created into this world; sent down from the Eternities, to mark with its history certain spaces in the current of sublunary Time! Essential too that the English People should discover what its real objects are; and resolutely follow these, resolutely refusing to follow other than these. The State will have victory so far as it can do that; so far as it cannot, defeat.

In the New Downing Street, discerning what its real functions are, and with sacred abhorrence putting away from it what its functions are *not*, we can fancy changes enough in Foreign Office, War Office, Colonial Office, Home Office! Our War-soldiers *Industrial*, first of all; doing nobler than Roman works, when fighting is not wanted of them. Seventy-fours not hanging idly by their anchors in the Tagus, or off Sapienza (one of the saddest sights under the sun), but busy, every Seventy-four of them, carrying-over streams of British Industrials to the im-

measurable Britain that lies beyond the sea in every zone of the world. A State grounding itself on the veracities, not on the semblances and the injustices: every citizen a soldier for it. Here would be new *real* Secretaryships and Ministries, not for foreign war and diplomacy, but for domestic peace and utility. Minister of Works; Minister of Justice,—clearing his Model-Prisons of their scoundrelism; shipping his scoundrels wholly abroad, under hard and just drill-sergeants (hundreds of such stand wistfully ready for you, these thirty years, in the Rag-and-Famish Club and elsewhere!) into fertile desert countries; to make railways,—one big railway (says the Major!) quite across America; fit to employ all the able-bodied Scoundrels and efficient Half-pay Officers in Nature!

Lastly,—or rather *firstly*, and as the preliminary of all,—would there not be a Minister of Education? Minister charged to get this English People taught a little, at his and our peril! Minister of Education; no longer dolefully embayed amid the wreck of moribund ‘religions,’ but clear ahead of all that; steering, free and piously fearless, towards *his* divine goal under the eternal stars!—O Heaven, and are these things forever impossible, then? Not a whit. Tomorrow morning they might all begin to be, and go on through blessed centuries realising themselves, if it were not that—alas, if it were not that we are most of us insincere persons, sham talking-machines and hollow windy fools! Which it is *not* ‘impossible’ that we should cease to be, I hope?

Constitutions for the Colonies are now on the anvil; the discontented Colonies are all to be cured of their miseries by Constitutions. Whether that will cure their miseries, or only operate as a Godfrey’s-cordial to stop their whimpering, and in the end worsen all their miseries, may be a sad doubt to us. One thing strikes a remote spectator in these Colonial questions: the singular placidity with which the British Statesman at this time, backed by M’Croudy and the British moneyed classes, is prepared to surrender whatsoever interest Britain, as foundress of those establishments, might pretend to have in the decision. “If you want to go from us, go; we by no means want you to stay; you cost us money yearly, which is scarce;

¹ Major Carmichael Smith: see his Pamphlets on this subject.

"desperate quantities of trouble too: why not go, if you wish "it?" Such is the humour of the British Statesman, at this time.—Men clear for rebellion, 'annexation' as they call it, walk openly abroad in our American Colonies; found newspapers, hold platform palaverings. From Canada there comes duly by each mail a regular statistic of Annexationism: increasing fast in this quarter, diminishing in that;—Majesty's Chief Governor seeming to take it as a perfectly open question; Majesty's Chief Governor in fact seldom appearing on the scene at all, except to receive the impact of a few rotten eggs on occasion, and then duck in again to his private contemplations. And yet one would think the Majesty's Chief Governor ought to have a kind of interest in the thing? Public liberty is carried to a great length in some portions of her Majesty's dominions. But the question, "Are we to continue subjects of her Majesty, or "start rebelling against her? So many as are for rebelling, "hold up your hands!" Here is a public discussion of a very extraordinary nature to be going on under the nose of a Governor of Canada. How the Governor of Canada, being a British piece of flesh and blood, and not a Canadian lumber-log of mere pine and rosin, can stand it, is not very conceivable at first view. He does it, seemingly, with the stoicism of a Zeno. It is a constitutional sight like few.

And yet an instinct deeper than the Gospel of M'Croudy teaches all men that Colonies are worth something to a country! That if, under the present Colonial Office, they are a vexation to us and themselves, some other Colonial Office can and must be contrived which shall render them a blessing; and that the remedy will be to contrive such a Colonial Office or method of administration, and by no means to cut the Colonies loose. Colonies are not to be picked off the street every day; not a Colony of them but has been bought dear, well purchased by the toil and blood of those we have the honour to be sons of; and we cannot just afford to cut them away because M'Croudy finds the present management of them cost money. The present management will indeed require to be cut away;—but as for the Colonies, we purpose through Heaven's blessing to retain them a while yet! Shame on us for unworthy sons of brave fathers if we do not. Brave fathers, by valiant blood and sweat, purchased for us, from the bounty of Heaven, rich possessions in all zones; and we, wretched imbeciles, cannot do the func-

tion of administering them? And because the accounts do not stand well in the ledger, our remedy is, not to take shame to ourselves, and repent in sackcloth and ashes, and amend our beggarly imbecilities and insincerities in that as in other departments of our business, but to fling the business overboard, and declare the business itself to be bad? We are a hopeful set of heirs to a big fortune! It does not suit our Manton gunneries, grouse-shootings, mousings in the City; and like spirited young gentlemen we will give it up, and let the attorneys take it?

Is there no value, then, in human things, but what can write itself down in the cash-ledger? All men know, and even M'Croudy in his inarticulate heart knows, that to men and Nations there are invaluable values which cannot be sold for money at all. George Robins is great; but he is not omnipotent. George Robins cannot quite sell Heaven and Earth by auction, excellent though he be at the business. Nay, if M'Croudy offered his own life for *sale* in Threadneedle Street, would anybody buy it? Not I, for one. "Nobody bids: pass on to the next lot," answers Robins. And yet to M'Croudy this unsaleable lot is worth all the Universe:—nay, I believe, to us also it is worth something; good monitions, as to several things, do lie in this Professor of the dismal science; and considerable sums even of money, not to speak of other benefit, will yet come out of his life and him, for which nobody bids! Robins has his own field where he reigns triumphant; but to that we will restrict him with iron limits; and neither Colonies nor the lives of Professors, nor other such invaluable objects shall come under his hammer.

Bad state of the ledger will demonstrate that your way of dealing with your Colonies is absurd, and urgently in want of reform; but to demonstrate that the Empire itself must be dismembered to bring the ledger straight? O never. Something else than the ledger must intervene to do that. Why does not England repudiate Ireland, and insist on the 'Repeal,' instead of prohibiting it under death-penalties? Ireland has never been a paying speculation yet, nor is it like soon to be! Why does not Middlesex repudiate Surrey, and Chelsea Kensington, and each county and each parish, and in the end each individual set up for himself and his cashbox, repudiating the other and **his**, because their mutual interests have got into an irritating

course? They must change the course, seek till they discover a soothing one; that is the remedy, when limbs of the same body come to irritate one another. Because the paltry tatter of a garment, reticulated for you out of thrums and listings in Downing Street, ties foot and hand together in an intolerable manner, will you relieve yourself by cutting off the hand or the foot? You will cut off the paltry tatter of a pretended bodycoat, I think, and fling that to the nettles; and imperatively require one that fits your size better.

Miserabler theory than that of money on the ledger being the primary rule for Empires, or for any higher entity than City owls and their mice-catching, cannot well be propounded. And I would by no means advise Felicissimus, ill at ease on his high-trotting and now justly impatient Sleswicker, to let the poor horse in its desperation go in that direction for a momentary solace. If by lumber-log Governors, by Godfrey's-cordial Constitutions or otherwise, he contrive to cut off the Colonies or any real right the big British Empire has in her Colonies, both he and the British Empire will bitterly repent it one day! The Sleswicker, relieved in ledger for a moment, will find that it is wounded in heart and honour forever; and the turning of its wild forehoofs upon Felicissimus as he lies in the ditch combed off, is not a thing I like to think of! Britain, whether it be known to Felicissimus or not, has other tasks appointed her in God's Universe than the making of money; and woe will be-tide her if she forget those other withal. Tasks, colonial and domestic, which are of an eternally *divine* nature, and compared with which all money, and all that is procurable by money, are in strict arithmetic an imponderable quantity, have been assigned this Nation; and they also at last are coming upon her again, clamorous, abstruse, inevitable, much to her bewilderment just now!

This poor Nation, painfully dark about said tasks and the way of doing them, means to keeps its Colonies nevertheless, as things which somehow or other must have a value, were it better seen into. They are portions of the general Earth, where the children of Britain now dwell; where the gods have so far sanctioned their endeavour, as to say that they have a right to dwell. England will not readily admit that her own children are worth nothing but to be flung out of doors! England looking on her Colonies can say: "Here are lands and seas, spice-

“ lands, corn-lands, timber-lands, overarched by zodiacs and
“ stars, clasped by many-sounding seas; wide spaces of the
“ Maker’s building, fit for the cradle yet of mighty Nations and
“ their Sciences and Heroisms. Fertile continents still inha-
“ bited by wild beasts are mine, into which all the distressed
“ populations of Europe might pour themselves, and make at
“ once an Old World and a New World human. By the eter-
“ nal fiat of the gods, this must yet one day be; this, by all the
“ Divine Silences that rule this Universe, silent to fools, elo-
“ quent and awful to the hearts of the wise, is incessantly at
“ this moment, and at all moments, commanded to begin to be.
“ Unspeakable deliverance, and new destiny of thousandfold
“ expanded manfulness for all men, dawns out of the Future
“ here. To me has fallen the godlike task of initiating all that :
“ of me and of my Colonies, the abstruse Future asks, Are you
“ wise enough for so sublime a destiny? Are you too foolish?”

That you ask advice of whatever wisdom is to be had in the Colony, and even take note of what *unwisdom* is in it, and record that too as an existing fact, will certainly be very advantageous. But I suspect the kind of Parliament that will suit a Colony is much of a secret just now! Mr. Wakefield, a democratic man in all fibres of him, and acquainted with Colonial Socialities as few are, judges that the franchise for your Colonial Parliament should be decidedly select, and advises a high money-qualification; as there is in all Colonies a fluctuating migratory mass, not destitute of money, but very much so of loyalty, permanency, or civic availability;—whom it is extremely advantageous *not* to consult on what you are about attempting for the Colony or Mother Country. This I can well believe;—and also that a ‘high money-qualification,’ in the present sad state of human affairs, might be some help to you in selecting; though whether even that would quite certainly bring ‘wisdom,’ the one thing indispensable, is much a question with me. It might help, it might help! And if by any means you could (which you cannot) exclude the Fourth Estate, and indicate decisively that Wise Advice was the thing wanted here, and Parliamentary Eloquence was not the thing wanted anywhere just now,—there might really some light of experience and human foresight, and a truly valuable benefit, be found for you in such assemblies.

And there is one thing, too apt to be forgotten, which it much behoves us to remember : In the Colonies, as everywhere else in this world, the vital point is not who decides, but what is decided on ! That measures tending really to the best advantage temporal and spiritual of the Colony be adopted, and strenuously put in execution ; there lies the grand interest of every good citizen British and Colonial. Such measures, whosoever have originated and prescribed them, will gradually be sanctioned by all men and gods ; and clamours of every kind in reference to them may safely to a great extent be neglected, as clamorous merely, and sure to be transient. Colonial Governor, Colonial Parliament, whoever or whatever does an injustice, or resolves on an *unwisdom*, he is the pernicious object, however parliamentary he be !

I have known things done, in this or the other Colony, in the most parliamentary way before now, which carried written on the brow of them sad symptoms of eternal reprobation ; not to be mistaken, had you painted an inch thick. In Montreal, for example, at this moment, standing amid the ruins of the 'Elgin Marbles' (as they call the burnt walls of the Parliament House there), what rational British soul but is forced to institute the mournfulest constitutional reflections ? Some years ago the Canadas, probably not without materials for discontent, and blown upon by skilful artists, blazed up into crackling of musketry, open flame of rebellion ; a thing smacking of the gallows in all countries that pretend to have any 'Government.' Which flame of rebellion, had there been no loyal population to fling themselves upon it at peril of their life, might have ended we know not how. It ended speedily, in the good way ; Canada got a Godfrey's-cordial Constitution ; and for the moment all was varnished into some kind of feasibility again. A most poor feasibility ; momentary, not lasting, nor like to be of profit to Canada ! For this year, the Canadian most constitutional Parliament, such a congeries of persons as one can imagine, decides that the aforesaid flame of rebellion shall not only be forgotten as per bargain, but that—the loyal population, who flung their lives upon it and quenched it in the nick of time, shall pay the rebels their damages ! Of this, I believe, on sadly conclusive evidence, there is no doubt whatever. Such, when you wash off the constitutional pigments, is the Death's-head that discloses itself. I can only say, if all the Parliaments in

the world were to vote that such a thing was just, I should feel painfully constrained to answer, at my peril, "No, by the Eternal, never!" And I would recommend any British Governor who might come across that Business, there or here, to overhaul it again. What the meaning of a Governor, if he is not to overhaul and control such things, may be, I cannot conjecture. A Canadian Lumber-log may as well be made Governor. *He* might have some cast-metal hand or shoulder-crank (a thing easily contrivable in Birmingham) for signing his name to Acts of the Colonial Parliament; he would be a 'native of the country' too, with popularity on that score if on no other;—he is your man, if you really want a Log Governor!—

I perceive therefore that, besides choosing Parliaments never so well, the New Colonial Office will have another thing to do: Contrive to send out a new kind of Governors to the Colonies. This will be the mainspring of the business; without this the business will not go at all. An experienced, wise and valiant British man, to represent the Imperial Interest; he, with such a speaking or silent Collective Wisdom as he can gather round him in the Colony, will evidently be the condition of all good between the Mother Country and it. If you can find such a man, your point is gained; if you cannot, lost. By him and his Collective Wisdom all manner of *true* relations, mutual interests and duties such as they do exist in fact between Mother Country and Colony, can be gradually developed into practical methods and results; and all manner of true and noble successes, and veracities in the way of governing, be won. Choose well your Governor;—not from this or that poor section of the Aristocracy, military, naval, or redtapist; wherever there are born kings of men, you had better seek them out, and breed them to this work. All sections of the British Population will be open to you: and, on the whole, you must succeed in finding a man *fit*. And having found him, I would farther recommend you to keep him some time! It would be a great improvement to end this present *nomadism* of Colonial Governors. Give your Governor due power; and let him know withal that he is wedded to his enterprise, and having once well learned it, shall continue with it; that it is not a Canadian Lumber-Log you want there, to tumble upon the vortexes and sign its name by a Birmingham shoulder-crank, but a Governor of Men; who,

you mean, shall fairly gird himself to his enterprise, and fail with it and conquer with it, and as it were live and die with it: he will have much to learn; and having once learned it, will stay, and turn his knowledge to account.

From this kind of Governor, were you once in the way of finding him with moderate certainty, from him and his Collective Wisdom, all good whatsoever might be anticipated. And surely, were the Colonies once enfranchised from redtape, and the poor Mother Country once enfranchised from it; were our idle Seventy-fours all busy carrying-out streams of British Industrials, and those Scoundrel Regiments all working, under divine drill-sergeants, at the grand Atlantic and Pacific Junction Railway,—poor Britain and her poor Colonies might find that they *had* true relations to each other: that the Imperial *Mother* and her constitutionally obedient Daughters was not a redtape fiction, provoking bitter mockery as at present, but a blessed God's-Fact destined to fill half the world with its fruits one day!

But undoubtedly our grand primary concern is the Home Office, and its Irish Giant named of Despair. When the Home Office begins dealing with this Irish Giant, which it is vitally urgent for us the Home Office should straightway do, it will find its duties enlarged to a most unexpected extent, and, as it were, altered from top to bottom. A changed time now when the question is, What to do with three millions of paupers (come upon you for food, since you have no work for them) increasing at a frightful rate per day? Home Office, Parliament, King, Constitution will find that they have now, if they will continue in this world long, got a quite immense new question and continually-recurring set of questions. That huge question of the Irish Giant, with his Scotch and English Giant-Progeny advancing open-mouthed upon us, will, as I calculate, change from top to bottom not the Home Office only but all manner of Offices and Institutions whatsoever, and gradually the structure of Society itself. I perceive, it will make us a new Society, if we are to continue a Society at all. For the alternative is not, Stay where we are, or change? But Change, with new wise effort fit for the new time, to true and wider nobler National Life; or Change, by indolent folding of the arms, as we are now doing, in horrible anarchies and convulsions to Dissolution, to National

Death, or Suspended-animation ? Suspended-animation itself is a frightful possibility for Britain : this Anarchy whither all Europe has preceded us, where all Europe is now weltering, would suit us as ill as any ! The question for the British Nation is : Can we work our course pacifically, on firm land, into the New Era ; or must it be, for us too, as for all the others, through black abysses of Anarchy, hardly escaping, if we do with all our struggles escape, the jaws of eternal Death ?

For Pauperism, though it now absorbs its high figure of millions annually, is by no means a question of money only, but of infinitely higher and greater than all conceivable money. If our Chancellor of the Exchequer had a Fortunatus' purse, and miraculous sacks of Indian meal that would stand scooping from forever,—I say, even on these terms Pauperism could not be endured ; and it would vitally concern all British Citizens to abate Pauperism, and never rest till they had ended it again. Pauperism is the general leakage through every joint of the ship that is rotten. Were all men doing their duty, or even seriously trying to do it, there would be no Pauper. Were the pretended Captains of the world at all in the habit of commanding ; were the pretended Teachers of the world at all in the habit of teaching,—of admonishing said Captains among others, and with sacred zeal apprising them to what *place* such neglect was leading,—how could Pauperism exist ? Pauperism would lie far over the horizon ; we should be lamenting and denouncing quite inferior sins of men, which were only tending afar off towards Pauperism. A true Captaincy ; a true Teachership, either making all men and Captains know and devoutly recognise the eternal law of things, or else breaking its own heart, and going about with sackcloth round its loins, in testimony of continual sorrow and protest, and prophecy of God's vengeance upon such a course of things : either of these divine equipments would have saved us ; and it is because we have neither of them that we are come to such a pass !

We may depend upon it, where there is a Pauper, there is a sin ; to make one Pauper there go many sins. Pauperism is our Social Sin grown manifest ; developed from the state of a spiritual ignobleness, a practical impropriety and base oblivion of duty, to an affair of the ledger. Here is not now an unheeded sin against God ; here is a concrete ugly hulk of Beggary demanding that you should buy Indian meal for it. Men of re-

flection have long looked with a horror for which there was no response in the idle public, upon Pauperism ; but the quantity of meal it demands has now awakened men of no reflection to consider it. Pauperism is the poisonous dripping from all the sins, and putrid unveracities and godforgetting greedinesses and devil-serving cant and jesuitisms, that exist among us. Not one idle Sham lounging about Creation upon false pretences, upon means which he has not earned, upon theories which he does not practise, but yields his share of Pauperism somewhere or other. His sham-work oozes down ; finds at last its issue as human Pauperism,—in a human being that by those false pretences cannot live. The Idle Workhouse, now about to burst of overfilling, what is it but the scandalous poison-tank of drainage from the universal Stygian quagmire of our affairs ? Workhouse Paupers ; immortal sons of Adam rotted into that scandalous condition, subter-slavish, demanding that you would make slaves of them as an unattainable blessing ! My friends, I perceive the quagmire must be drained, or we cannot live. And farther, I perceive, this of Pauperism is the corner where we must *begin*,—the levels all pointing thitherward, the possibilities lying all clearly there. On that Problem we shall find that innumerable things, that all things whatsoever hang. By courageous steadfast persistence in that, I can foresee Society itself regenerated. In the course of long strenuous centuries, I can see the State become what it is actually bound to be, the keystone of a most real ‘Organisation of Labour,’—and on this Earth a world of some veracity, and some heroism, once more worth living in !

The State in all European countries, and in England first of all, as I hope, will discover that its functions are now, and have long been, very wide of what the State in old pedant Downing Streets has aimed at ; that the State is, for the present, not a reality but in great part a dramatic speciosity, expending its strength in practices and objects fallen many of them quite obsolete ; that it must come a little nearer the true aim again, or it cannot continue in this world. The ‘Champion of England’ cased in iron or tin, and ‘able to mount his horse with little assistance,’—this Champion and the thousand-fold cousinry of Phantasms he has, nearly all dead now but still walking as ghosts, must positively take himself away : who

can endure him, and his solemn trumpeting and obsolete gesticulations, in a Time that is full of deadly realities, coming open-mouthed upon us? At Drury Lane let him play his part, him and his thousandfold cousinry; and welcome, so long as any public will pay a shilling to see him: but on the solid earth, under the extremely earnest stars, we dare not palter with him, or accept his tomfooleries any more. Ridiculous they seem to some; horrible they seem to me: all lies, if one look whence they come and whither they go, are horrible.

Alas, it will be found, I doubt, that in England more than in any country, our Public Life and our Private, our State and our Religion, and all that we do and speak (and the most even of what we *think*), is a tissue of half-truths and whole-lies; of hypocrisies, conventionalisms, worn-out traditionary rags and cobwebs; such a life-garment of beggarly incredible and uncredited falsities as no honest souls of Adam's Posterity were ever enveloped in before. And we walk about in it with a stately gesture, as if it were some priestly stole or imperial mantle; not the foulest beggar's-gabardine that ever was. 'No Englishman dare believe the truth,' says one: 'he stands, for these two-hundred years, enveloped in lies of every kind; from nadir to zenith an ocean of traditionary cant surrounds him as his life-element. He really thinks the truth dangerous. Poor wretch, you see him everywhere endeavouring to temper the truth by taking the falsity along with it, and welding them together; this he calls "safe course," "moderate course," and other fine names; there, balanced between God and the Devil, he thinks he *can* serve two masters, and that things will go well with him.'

In the cotton-spinning and similar departments our English friend knows well that truth or God will have nothing to do with the Devil or falsehood, but will ravel all the web to pieces if you introduce the Devil or Non-veracity in any form into it: in this department, therefore, our English friend avoids falsehood. But in the religious, political, social, moral, and all other spiritual departments he freely introduces falsehood, nothing doubting; and has long done so, with a profuseness not elsewhere met with in the world. The unhappy creature, does he not know, then, that every lie is accursed, and the parent of mere curses? That he must *think* the truth; much more speak it? That, above all things, by the oldest law of Hea-

ven and Earth which no man violates with impunity, he must not and shall not wag the tongue of him except to utter his thought? That there is not a grin or beautiful acceptable grimace he can execute upon his poor countenance, but is either an express veracity, the image of what passes within him; or else is a bit of Devil-worship which he and the rest of us will have to pay for yet? Alas, the grins he executes upon his poor *mind* (which is all tortured into St. Vitus dances, and ghastly merry-andrewisms, by the practice) are the most extraordinary this sun ever saw.

We have Puseyisms, black-and-white surplice controversies:—do not, officially and otherwise, the select of the longest heads in England sit with intense application and iron gravity, in open forum, judging of ‘prevenient grace’? Not a head of them suspects that it can be improper so to sit, or of the nature of treason against the Power who gave an Intellect to man;—that it can be other than the duty of a good citizen to use his godgiven intellect in investigating prevenient grace, supervenient moonshine, or the colour of the Bishop’s nightmare, if that happened to turn up. I consider them far ahead of Cicero’s Roman Augurs with their chicken-bowels: “Behold these divine chicken-bowels, O Senate and Roman People; the midriff has fallen eastward!” solemnly intimates one Augur. “By Proserpina and the triple Hecate!” exclaims the other, “I say the midriff has fallen to the west!” And they look at one another with the seriousness of men prepared to die in their opinion,—the authentic seriousness of men betting at Tattersall’s, or about to receive judgment in Chancery. There is in the Englishman something great, beyond all Roman greatness, in whatever line you meet him; even as a Latter-Day Augur he seeks his fellow!—Poor devil, I believe it is his intense love of peace, and hatred of breeding discussions which lead nowhither, that has led him into this sad practice of amalgamating true and false.

He has been at it these two-hundred years; and has now carried it to a terrible length. He couldn’t follow Oliver Cromwell in the Puritan path heavenward, so steep was it, and beset with thorns,—and becoming uncertain withal. He much preferred, at that juncture, to go heavenward with his Charles Second and merry Nell Gwynns, and old decent formularies and good respectable aristocratic company, for escort; sore

he tried, by glorious restorations, glorious revolutions and so forth, to perfect this desirable amalgam; hoped always it might be possible;—is only just now, if even now, beginning to give up the hope; and to see with wide-eyed horror that it is not at Heaven he is arriving, but at the Stygian marshes, with their thirty-thousand Needlewomen, cannibal Connaughts, rivers of lamentation, continual wail of infants, and the yellow-burning gleam of a Hell-on-Earth!—Bull, my friend, you must strip that astonishing pontiff-stole, imperial mantle, or whatever you imagine it to be, which I discern to be a garment of curses, and poisoned Nessus'-shirt now at last about to take fire upon you; you must strip that off your poor body, my friend; and, were it only in a soul's suit of Utilitarian buff, and such belief as that a big loaf is better than a small one, come forth into contact with your world, under *true* professions again, and not false. You wretched man, you ought to weep for half a century on discovering what lies you have believed, and what every lie leads to and proceeds from. O my friend, no honest fellow in this Planet was ever so served by his cooks before; or has eaten such quantities and qualities of dirt as you have been made to do, for these two centuries past. Arise, my horribly maltreated yet still beloved Bull; steep yourself in running water for a long while, my friend; and begin forthwith in every conceivable direction, physical and spiritual, the long-expected *Scavenger Age*.

Many doctors have you had, my poor friend; but I perceive it is the Water-Cure alone that will help you: a complete course of *scavengerism* is the thing you need! A new and veritable heart-divorce of England from the Babylonish woman, who is Jesuitism and Unveracity, and dwells not at Rome now, but under your own nose and everywhere; whom, and her foul worship of Phantasms and Devils, poor England *had* once divorced, with a divine heroism not forgotten yet, and well worth remembering now: a clearing-out of Church and State from the unblest host of Phantasms which have too long nestled thick there, under those astonishing 'Defenders of the Faith,'—Defenders of the Hypocrisies, the spiritual Vampires and obscene Nightmares, under which England lies in syncope;—this is what you need; and if you cannot get it, you must die, my poor friend!

Like people, like priest. Priest, King, Home Office, all

manner of establishments and offices among a people bear a striking resemblance to the people itself. It is because Bull has been eating so much dirt that his Home Offices have got into such a shockingly dirty condition,—the old pavements of them quite gone out of sight and out of memory, and nothing but mountains of long-accumulated dung in which the poor cattle are sprawling and tumbling. Had his own life been pure, had his own daily conduct been grounding itself on the clear pavements or actual beliefs and veracities, would he have let his Home Offices come to such a pass? Not in Downing Street only, but in all other thoroughfares and arenas and spiritual or physical departments of his existence, running water and Herculean scavengerism have become indispensable, unless the poor man is to choke in his own exuviae, and die the sorrowfulest death.

If the State could once get back to the real sight of its essential function, and with religious resolution begin doing that, and putting away its multifarious imaginary functions, and indignantly casting out these as mere dung and insalubrious horror and abomination (which they are), what a promise of reform were there! The British Home Office, surely this and its kindred Offices exist, if they will think of it, that life and work may continue possible, and may not become impossible, for British men. If honourable existence, or existence on human terms at all, have become impossible for millions of British men, how can the Home Office or any other Office long exist? With Thirty-thousand Needlewomen, a Connaught fallen into potential cannibalism, and the Idle Workhouse everywhere bursting, and declaring itself an *inhumanity* and stupid ruinous brutality not much longer to be tolerated among rational human creatures, it is time the State were bethinking itself.

So soon as the State attacks that tremendous cloaca of Pauperism, which will choke the world if it be not attacked, the State will find its real functions very different indeed from what it had long supposed them! The State is a reality, and not a dramaturgy; it exists here to render existence possible, existence desirable and noble, for the State's subjects. The State, as it gets into the track of its real work, will find that same expand into whole continents of new unexpected, most blessed activity; as its dramatic functions, declared superfluous, more

and more fall inert, and go rushing like huge torrents of extinct exuviae, dung and rubbish, down to the Abyss forever. O Heaven, to see a State that knew a little why it was there, and on what ground, in this Year 1850, it could pretend to exist, in so extremely earnest a world as ours is growing! The British State, if it will be the crown and keystone of our British Social Existence, must get to recognise, with a veracity very long unknown to it, what the real objects and indispensable necessities of our Social Existence are. Good Heavens, it is not convenient grace, or the colour of the Bishop's nightmare, that is pinching us; it is the impossibility to get along any farther for mountains of accumulated dung and falsity and horror; the total closing-up of noble aims from every man,—of any aim at all, from many men, except that of rotting-out in Idle Workhouses an existence below that of beasts!

Suppose the State to have fairly started its 'Industrial Regiments of the New Era,' which alas, are yet only beginning to be talked of,—what continents of new real work opened out, for the Home and all other Public Offices among us! Suppose the Home Office looking out, as for life and salvation, for proper men to command these 'Regiments.' Suppose the announcement were practically made to all British souls that the want of wants, more indispensable than any jewel in the crown, was that of men *able to command men* in ways of industrial and moral welldoing; that the State would give its very life for such men; that such men *were* the State; that the quantity of them to be found in England, lamentably small at present, was the exact measure of England's worth,—what a new dawn of everlasting day for all British souls! Noble British soul, to whom the gods have given faculty and heroism, what men call genius, here at last is a career for thee. It will not be needful now to swear fealty to the Incredible, and traitorously cramp thyself into a cowardly canting play-actor in God's Universe; or, solemnly forswearing that, into a mutinous rebel and waste bandit in thy generation: here is an aim that is clear and credible, a course fit for a man. No need to become a tormenting and self-tormenting mutineer, banded with rebellious souls, if thou wouldst live; no need to rot in suicidal idleness; or take to platform preaching, and writing in Radical Newspapers, to pull asunder the great Falsity in which thou and all of us are choking. The great Falsity, behold it

has become, in the very heart of it, a great Truth of Truths ; and invites thee and all brave men to coöperate with it in transforming all the body and the joints into the noble likeness of that heart ! Thrice-blessed change. The State aims, once more, with a true aim ; and has loadstars in the eternal Heaven. Struggle faithfully for it ; noble is *this* struggle ; thou too, according to thy faculty, shalt reap in due time, if thou faint not. Thou shalt have a wise command of men, thou shalt be wisely commanded by men,—the summary of all blessedness for a social creature here below. The sore struggle, never to be relaxed, and not forgiven to any son of man, is once more a noble one ; glory to the Highest, it is now once more a true and noble one, wherein a man can afford to die ! Our path is now again Heavenward. Forward, with steady pace, with drawn weapons, and unconquerable hearts, in the name of God that made us all !—

Wise obedience and wise command, I foresee that the regimenting of Pauper Banditti into Soldiers of Industry is but the beginning of this blessed process, which will extend to the topmost heights of our Society ; and, in the course of generations, make us all once more a Governed Commonwealth, and *Civitas Dei*, if it please God ! Waste-land Industrials succeeding, other kinds of Industry, as cloth-making, shoe-making, plough-making, spade-making, house-building,—in the end, all kinds of Industry whatsoever, will be found capable of regimenting. Mill-operatives, all manner of free operatives, as yet unregimented, nomadic under private masters, they, seeing such example and its blessedness, will say : “ Masters, you “ must regiment us a little ; make our interests with you permanent a little, instead of temporary and nomadic ; we will “ enlist with the State otherwise ! ” This will go on, on the one hand, while the State-operation goes on, on the other : thus will all Masters of Workmen, private Captains of Industry, be forced to incessantly coöperate with the State and its public Captains ; they regimenting in their way, the State in its way, with ever-widening field ; till their fields *meet* (so to speak) and coalesce, and there be no unregimented worker, or such only as are fit to remain unregimented, any more.—O my friends, I clearly perceive this horrible cloaca of Pauperism, wearing nearly bottomless now, is the point where we must begin. Here, in this plainly unendurable portion of the general quag-

mire, the lowest point of all, and hateful even to M'Croudy, must our main drain begin : steadily prosecuting that, tearing that along with Herculean labour and divine fidelity, we shall gradually drain the entire Stygian swamp, and make it all once more a fruitful field !

For the State, I perceive, looking out with right sacred earnestness for persons able to command, will straightway also come upon the question : " What kind of schools and seminaries, and teaching and also preaching establishments have " I, for the training of young souls to take command and to " yield obedience ? Wise command, wise obedience : the capability of these two is the net measure of culture, and human " virtue, in every man ; all good lies in the possession of these " two capabilities ; all evil, wretchedness and ill-success in the " want of these. He is a good man that can command and " obey ; he that cannot is a bad. If my teachers and my " preachers, with their seminaries, high schools and cathedrals, " do train men to these gifts, the thing they are teaching and " preaching must be true ; if they do not, not true ! "

The State, once brought to its veracities by the thumbscrew in this manner, what *will* it think of these same seminaries and cathedrals ! I foresee that our Etons and Oxfords with their nonsense-verses, college-logics, and broken crumbs of mere *speech*,—which is not even English or Teutonic speech, but old Grecian and Italian speech, dead and buried and much lying out of our way these two thousand years last past,—will be found a most astonishing seminary for the training of young English souls to take command in human Industries, and act a valiant part under the sun ! The State does not want vocables, but manly wisdoms and virtues : the State, does it want parliamentary orators, first of all, and men capable of writing books ? What a ragfair of extinct monkeries, high-piled here in the very shrine of our existence, fit to smite the generations with atrophy and beggarly paralysis,—as we see it do ! The Minister of Education will not want for work, I think, in the New Downing Street !

How it will go with Souls'-Overseers, and what the *new* kind will be, we do not prophesy just now. Clear it is, however, that the last finish of the State's efforts, in this operation of regimenting, will be to get the *true* Souls'-Overseers set over men's souls, to regiment, as the consummate flower of all, and

constitute into some Sacred Corporation, bearing authority and dignity in their generation, the Chosen of the Wise, of the Spiritual and Devout-minded, the Reverent who deserve reverence, who are as the Salt of the Earth ;—that not till this is done can the State consider its edifice to have reached the first story, to be safe for a moment, to be other than an arch without the keystones, and supported hitherto on mere wood. How will this be done ? Ask not ; let the second or the third generation after this begin to ask ! Alas, wise men do exist, born duly into the world in every current generation ; but the getting of *them* regimented is the highest pitch of human Polity, and the feat of all feats in political engineering :—impossible for us, in this poor age, as the building of St. Paul's would be for Canadian Beavers, acquainted only with the architecture of fish-dams, and with no trowel but their tail.

Literature, the strange entity so-called,—that indeed is here. If Literature continue to be the haven of expatriated spiritualisms, and have its Johnsons, Goethes and *true* Archbishops of the World, to show for itself as heretofore, there may be hope in Literature. If Literature dwindle, as is probable, into mere merry-andrewism, windy twaddle, and feats of spiritual legerdemain, analogous to rope-dancing, opera-dancing, and street-fiddling with a hat carried round for halfpence or for guineas, there will be no hope in Literature. What if our next set of Souls'-Overseers were to be *silent* ones very mainly ?—Alas, alas, why gaze into the blessed continents and delectable mountains of a Future based on *truth*, while as yet we struggle far down, nigh suffocated in a slough of lies, uncertain whether or how we shall be able to climb at all !—

Who will begin the long steep journey with us ; who of living statesmen will snatch the standard, and say, like a hero on the forlorn-hope for his country, Forward ! Or is there none ; no one that can and dare ? And our lot too, then, is Anarchy by barricade or ballot-box, and Social Death ?—We will not think so.

Whether Sir Robert Peel will undertake the Reform of Downing Street for us, or any Ministry or Reform farther, is not known. He, they say, is getting old, does himself recoil from it, and shudder at it ; which is possible enough. The

clubs and coteries appear to have settled that he surely will not ; that this melancholy wriggling seesaw of redtape Trojans and Protectionist Greeks must continue its course till—what *can* happen, my friends, if this go on continuing?

And yet, perhaps, England has by no means so settled it. Quit the clubs and coteries, you do not hear two rational men speak long together upon politics, without pointing their inquiries towards this man. A Minister that will attack the Augias Stable of Downing Street, and begin producing a real Management, no longer an imaginary one, of our affairs ; *he*, or else in few years Chartist Parliament and the Deluge come : that seems the alternative. As I read the omens, there was no man in my time more authentically called to a post of difficulty, of danger, and of honour than this man. The enterprise is ready for him, if he is ready for it. He has but to lift his finger in this enterprise, and whatsoever is wise and manful in England will rally round him. If the faculty and heart for it be in him, he, strangely and almost tragically if we look upon his history, is to have leave to try it ; he now, at the eleventh hour, has the opportunity for such a feat in reform as has not, in these late generations, been attempted by all our reformers put together.

As for Protectionist jargon, who in these earnest days would occupy many moments of his time with that ? ‘ A Costermonger ‘ in this street,’ says Crabbe, ‘ finding lately that his rope of ‘ onions, which he hoped would have brought a shilling, was ‘ to go for only sevenpence henceforth, burst forth into lament- ‘ ation, execration and the most pathetic tears. Throwing up ‘ the window, I perceived the other costermongers preparing ‘ impatiently to pack this one out of their company as a dis- ‘ grace to it, if he would not hold his peace and take the mar- ‘ ket rate for his onions. I looked better at this Costermonger. ‘ To my astonished imagination, a star-and-garter dawned upon ‘ the dim figure of the man ; and I perceived that here was no ‘ Costermonger to be expelled with ignominy, but a sublime ‘ goddess-born Ducal Individual, whom I forbear to name at ‘ this moment ! What an omen ;—nay to my astonished ima- ‘ gination, there dawned still fataler omens. Surely, of all hu- ‘ man trades ever heard of, the trade of Owning Land in Eng- ‘ land ought *not* to bully us for drinkmoney just now !—

‘ Hansard’s Debates,’ continues Crabbe farther on, ‘ pre-

' sent many inconsistencies of speech ; lamentable unveracities
 ' uttered in Parliament, by one and indeed by all ; in which
 ' sad list Sir Robert Peel stands for his share among others.
 ' Unveracities not a few were spoken in Parliament ; in fact,
 ' to one with a sense of what is called God's truth, it seemed
 ' all one unverity, a talking from the teeth outward, not as
 ' the convictions but as the expediencies and inward astucities
 ' directed ; and, in the sense of God's *truth*, I have heard no
 ' true word uttered in Parliament at all. Most lamentable
 ' unveracities continually *spoken* in Parliament, by almost every
 ' one that had to open his mouth there. But the largest vera-
 ' city ever *done* in Parliament in our time, as we all know, was
 ' of this man's doing ;—and that, you will find, is a very con-
 ' siderable item in the calculation !

Yes, and I believe England in her dumb way remembers
 that too. And 'the Traitor Peel' can very well afford to let in-
 numerable Ducal Costermongers, parliamentary Adventurers,
 and lincal representatives of the Impenitent Thier, say all their
 say about him, and do all their do. With a virtual England
 at his back, and an actual eternal sky above him, there is not
 much in the total net-amount of that. When the master of the
 horse rides abroad, many dogs in the village bark ; but he pur-
 sues his journey all the same.

No. V. STUMP-ORATOR.

[1st May 1850.]

It lies deep in our habits, confirmed by all manner of educational and other arrangements for several centuries back, to consider human talent as best of all evincing itself by the faculty of eloquent speech. Our earliest schoolmasters teach us, as the one gift of culture they have, the art of spelling and pronouncing, the rules of correct speech; rhetorics, logics follow, sublime mysteries of grammar, whereby we may not only speak but write. And onward to the last of our schoolmasters in the highest university, it is still intrinsically grammar, under various figures grammar. To speak in various languages, on various things, but on all of them to speak, and appropriately deliver ourselves by tongue or pen,—this is the sublime goal towards which all manner of beneficent preceptors and learned professors, from the lowest hornbook upwards, are continually urging and guiding us. Preceptor or professor, looking over his miraculous seedplot, seminary as he well calls it, or crop of young human souls, watches with attentive view one organ of his delightful little seedlings growing to be men,—the tongue. He hopes we shall all get to speak yet, if it please Heaven. “Some of you shall be book-writers, eloquent review-writers, and astonish mankind, my young friends: “others in white neckcloths shall do sermons by Blair and “Lindley Murray, nay by Jeremy Taylor and judicious “Hooker, and be priests to guide men heavenward by skillfully brandished handkerchief and the torch of rhetoric. “For others there is Parliament and the election beerbarrel, “and a course that leads men very high indeed; these shall “shake the senate-house, the Morning Newspapers, shake the “very spheres, and by dextrous wagging of the tongue disenthral mankind, and lead our afflicted country and us on “the way we are to go. The way it not where noble deeds

"are done, yet where noble words are spoken,—leading us
"if not to the real Home of the Gods, at least to something
"which shall more or less deceptively resemble it!"

So fares it with the son of Adam, in these bewildered epochs; so, from the first opening of his eyes in this world, to his last closing of them, and departure hence. Speak, speak, O speak;—if thou have any faculty, speak it, or thou diest and it is no faculty! So in universities, and all manner of dames' and other schools, of the very highest class as of the very lowest; and Society at large, when we enter there, confirms with all its brilliant review-articles, successful publications, intellectual tea-circles, literary gazettes, parliamentary eloquences, the grand lesson we had. Other lesson in fact we have none, in these times. If there be a human talent, let it get into the tongue, and make melody with that organ. The talent that can say nothing for itself, what is it? Nothing; or a thing that can do mere drudgeries, and at best make money *by railways*.

All this is deep-rooted in our habits, in our social, educational and other arrangements; and all this, when we look at it impartially, is astonishing. Directly in the teeth of all this it may be asserted that speaking is by no means the chief faculty a human being can attain to; that his excellence therein is by no means the best test of his general human excellence, or availability in this world; nay that, unless we look well, it is liable to become the very worst test ever devised for said availability. The matter extends very far, down to the very roots of the world, whither the British reader cannot conveniently follow me just now; but I will venture to assert the three following things, and invite him to consider well what truth he can gradually find in them:

First, that excellent speech, even speech *really* excellent, is not, and never was, the chief test of human faculty, or the measure of a man's ability, for any true function whatsoever; on the contrary, that excellent *silence* needed always to accompany excellent speech, and was and is a much rarer and more difficult gift.

Secondly, that really excellent speech,—which I, being possessed of the Hebrew Bible or Book, as well as of other books in my own and foreign languages, and having occasionally heard a wise man's word among the crowd of unwise, do al-

most unspeakably esteem, as a human gift,—is terribly apt to get confounded with its counterfeit, sham-excellent speech! And furthermore, that if really excellent human speech is among the best of human things, then sham-excellent ditto deserves to be ranked with the very worst. False speech,—capable of becoming, as some one has said, the falsest and basest of all human things:—put the case, one were listening to *that* as to the truest and noblest! Which, little as we are conscious of it, I take to be the sad lot of many excellent souls among us just now. So many as admire parliamentary eloquence, divine popular literature, and suchlike, are dreadfully liable to it just now: and whole nations and generations seem as if getting themselves *asphyxiated*, constitutionally, into their last sleep, by means of it just now!

For alas, much as we worship speech on all hands, here is a *third* assertion which a man may venture to make, and invite considerate men to reflect upon: That in these times, and for several generations back, there has been, strictly considered, no really excellent speech at all, but sham-excellent merely; that is to say, false or quasi-false speech getting itself admired and worshipped, instead of detested and suppressed. A truly alarming predicament; and not the less so if we find it a quite pleasant one for the time being, and welcome the advent of *asphyxia*, as we would that of comfortable natural sleep;—as, in so many senses, we are doing! Surly judges there have been who did not much admire the ‘Bible of Modern Literature,’ or anything you could distil from it, in contrast with the ancient Bibles; and found that in the matter of speaking, our far best excellence, where that could be obtained, was excellent silence, which means endurance and exertion, and good *work* with lips closed; and that our tolerablest speech was of the nature of honest commonplace introduced where indispensable, which only set-up for being brief and true, and could not be mistaken for excellent.

These are hard sayings for many a British reader, unconscious of any damage, nay joyfully conscious to himself of much profit, from that side of his possessions. Surely on this side, if on no other, matters stood not ill with him? The ingenuous arts had softened his manners; the parliamentary eloquences supplied him with a succedaneum for government, the popular literatures with the finer sensibilities of the heart:

surely on this *windward* side of things the British reader was not ill off?—Unhappy British reader!

In fact, the spiritual detriment we unconsciously suffer, in every province of our affairs, from this our prostrate respect to power of speech is incalculable. For indeed it is the natural consummation of an epoch such as ours. Given a general insincerity of mind for several generations, you will certainly find the Talker established in the place of honour; and the Doer, hidden in the obscure crowd, with activity lamed, or working sorrowfully forward on paths unworthy of him. All men are devoutly prostrate, worshipping the eloquent talker; and no man knows what a scandalous idol he is. Out of whom in the mildest manner, like comfortable natural rest, comes mere asphyxia and death everlasting! Probably there is not in Nature a more distracted phantasm than your commonplace eloquent speaker, as he is found on platforms, in parliaments, on Kentucky stumps, at tavern-dinners, in windy, empty, insincere times like ours. The 'excellent Stump-Orator,' as our admiring Yankee friends define him, he who in any occurrent set of circumstances can start forth, mount upon his 'stump,' his rostrum, tribune, place in parliament, or other ready elevation, and pour forth from him his appropriate 'excellent speech,' his interpretation of the said circumstances, in such manner as poor windy mortals round him shall cry bravo to,—he is not an artist I can much admire, as matters go! Alas, he is in general merely the windiest mortal of them all; and is admired for being so, into the bargain. Not a windy blockhead there who kept silent but is better off than this excellent stump-orator. Better off, for a great many reasons; for this reason, were there no other: the silent one is *not* admired; the silent suspects, perhaps partly admits, that he is a kind of blockhead, from which salutary self-knowledge the excellent stump-orator is debarred. A mouthpiece of Chaos to poor benighted mortals that lend ear to him as to a voice from Cosmos, this excellent stump-orator fills me with amazement. Not empty these musical wind-utterances of his; they are big with prophecy; they announce, too audibly to me, that the end of many things is drawing nigh!

Let the British reader consider it a little; he too is not a little interested in it. Nay he, and the European reader in general, but he chiefly in these days, will require to consider

it a great deal,—and to take important steps in consequence by and by, if I mistake not. And in the mean while, sunk as he himself is in that bad element, and like a jaundiced man struggling to discriminate yellow colours,—he will have to meditate long before he in any measure get the immense meanings of the thing brought home to him; and discern, with astonishment, alarm, and almost terror and despair, towards what fatal issues, in our Collective Wisdom and elsewhere, this notion of talent meaning eloquent speech, so obstinately entertained this long while, has been leading us! Whosoever shall look well into origins and issues, will find this of eloquence and the part it now plays in our affairs, to be one of the gravest phenomena; and the excellent stump-orator of these days to be not only a ridiculous but still more a highly tragical personage. While the many listen to him, the few are used to pass rapidly, with some gust of scornful laughter, some growl of impatient malediction; but he deserves from this latter class a much more serious attention.

In the old Ages, when Universities and Schools were first instituted, this function of the schoolmaster, to teach mere speaking, was the natural one. In those healthy times, guided by silent instincts and the monition of Nature, men had from of old been used to teach themselves what it was essential to learn, by the one sure method of learning anything, practical apprenticeship to it. This was the rule for all classes; as it now is the rule, unluckily, for only one class. The Working Man as yet sought only to know his craft; and educated himself sufficiently by ploughing and hammering, under the conditions given, and in fit relation to the persons given: a course of education, then as now and ever, really opulent in manful culture and instruction to him; teaching him many solid virtues, and most indubitably useful knowledges; developing in him valuable faculties not a few both to do and to endure,—among which the faculty of elaborate grammatical utterance, seeing he had so little of extraordinary to utter, or to learn from spoken or written utterances, was not bargained for; the grammar of Nature, which he learned from his mother, being still amply sufficient for him. This was, as it still is, the grand education of the Working Man.

As for the Priest, though his trade was clearly of a reading

and speaking nature, he knew also in those veracious times that grammar, if needful, was by no means the one thing needful, or the chief thing. By far the chief thing needful, and indeed the one thing then as now, was, That there should be in him the feeling and the practice of reverence to God and to men; that in his life's core there should dwell, spoken or silent, a ray of pious wisdom fit for illuminating dark human destinies;—not so much that he should possess the art of speech, as that he should have something to speak! And for that latter requisite the Priest also trained himself by apprenticeship, by actual attempt to practise, by manifold long-continued trial, of a devout and painful nature, such as his superiors prescribed to him. This, when once judged satisfactory, procured him ordination; and his grammar-learning, in the good times of priesthood, was very much of a parergon with him, as indeed in all times it is intrinsically quite insignificant in comparison.

The young Noble again, for whom grammar schoolmasters were first hired and high seminaries founded, he too without these, or over and above these, had from immemorial time been used to learn his business by apprenticeship. The young Noble, before the schoolmaster as after him, went apprentice to some elder noble; entered himself as page with some distinguished earl or duke; and here, serving upwards from step to step, under wise monition, learned his chivalries, his practice of arms and of courtesies, his baronial duties and manners, and what it would beseem him to do and to be in the world,—by practical attempt of his own, and example of one whose life was a daily concrete pattern for him. To such a one, already filled with intellectual substance, and possessing what we may call the practical gold-bullion of human culture, it was an obvious improvement that he should be taught to speak it out of him on occasion; that he should carry a spiritual banknote producible on demand for what of 'gold-bullion' he had, not so negotiable otherwise, stored in the cellars of his mind. A man, with wisdom, insight and heroic worth already acquired for him, naturally demanded of the schoolmaster this one new faculty, the faculty of uttering in fit words what he had. A valuable super-addition or faculty :—and yet we are to remember it was scarcely a new faculty; it was but the tangible sign of what other faculties the man had in the silent state: and many a rugged inarticulate chief of men, I can believe, was most enviably 'educated,'

who had not a Book on his premises; whose signature, a true sign-*manual*, was the stamp of his iron hand duly inked and clapt upon the parchment; and whose speech in Parliament, like the growl of lions, did indeed convey his meaning, but would have torn Lindley Murray's nerves to pieces! To such a one the schoolmaster adjusted himself very naturally in that manner; as a man wanted for teaching grammatical utterance; the thing to utter being already there. The thing to utter, here was the grand point! And perhaps this is the reason why among earnest nations, as among the Romans for example, the craft of the schoolmaster was held in little regard; for indeed as mere teacher of grammar, of ciphering on the abacus and suchlike, how did he differ much from the dancing-master or fencing-master, or deserve much regard?—Such was the rule in the ancient healthy times.

Can it be doubtful that this is still the rule of human education; that the human creature needs first of all to be educated not that he may speak, but that he may have something weighty and valuable to say! If speech is the banknote for an inward capital of culture, of insight and noble human worth, then speech is precious, and the art of speech shall be honoured. But if there *is* no inward capital; if speech represent no real culture of the mind, but an imaginary culture; no bullion, but the fatal and now almost hopeless deficit of such? Alas, alas, said banknote is then a *forged* one; passing freely current in the market; but bringing damages to the receiver, to the payer, and to all the world, which are in sad truth infallible, and of amount incalculable. Few think of it at present; but the truth remains forever so. In parliaments and other loud assemblages, your eloquent talk, *disunited* from Nature and her facts, is taken as wisdom and the correct image of said facts: but Nature well knows what it is, Nature will not have it as such, and will reject your forged note one day, with huge costs. The foolish traders in the market pass it freely, nothing doubting, and rejoice in the dextrous execution of the piece: and so it circulates from hand to hand, and from class to class; gravitating ever downwards towards the *practical* class; till at last it reaches some poor *working* hand, who can pass it no farther, but must take it to the bank to get bread with it, and there the answer is, “Unhappy caitiff, this note is forged. It does

"not mean performance and reality, in parliaments and elsewhere, for thy behoof; it means fallacious semblance of performance; and thou, poor dupe, art thrown into the stocks on offering it here!"

Alas, alas, looking abroad over Irish difficulties, Mosaic sweating-establishments, French barricades, and an anarchic Europe, is it not as if all the populations of the world were rising or had risen into incendiary madness; unable longer to endure such an avalanche of forgeries, and of penalties in consequence, as had accumulated upon them? The speaker is 'excellent;' the notes he does are beautiful? Beautifully fit for the market, yes; *he* is an excellent artist in his business;—and the more excellent he is, the more is my desire to lay him by the heels, and fling *him* into the treadmill, that I might save the poor sweating tailors, French Sansculottes, and Irish Sanspotatoes from bearing the smart!

For the smart must be borne; some one must bear it, as sure as God lives. Every word of man is either a note or a forged-note:—have these eternal skies forgotten to be in earnest, think you, because men go grinning like enchanted apes? Foolish souls, this now as of old is the unalterable law of your existence. If you know the truth and do it, the Universe itself seconds you, bears you on to sure victory everywhere:—and, observe, to sure defeat everywhere if you do *not* do the truth. And alas, if you *know* only the eloquent fallacious semblance of the truth, what chance is there of your ever doing it? You will do something very different from *it*, I think!—He who well considers, will find this same 'art of speech,' as we moderns have it, to be a truly astonishing product of the Ages; and the longer he considers it, the more astonishing and alarming. I reckon it the saddest of all the curses that now lie heavy on us. With horror and amazement, one perceives that this much-celebrated 'art,' so diligently practised in all corners of the world just now, is the chief destroyer of whatever good is born to us (softly, swiftly shutting-up all nascent good, as if under exhausted glass-receivers, there to choke and die); and the grand parent-manufactory of evil to us,—as it were, the last finishing and varnishing workshop of all the Devil's ware that circulates under the sun. No Devil's sham is fit for the market till it have been polished and enamelled here; this is the general assaying-house for such, where

the artists examine and answer, "Fit for the market; not fit!" Words will not express what mischiefs the misuse of words has done, and is doing, in these heavyladen generations.

Do you want a man *not* to practise what he believes, then encourage him to keep often speaking it in words. Every time he speaks it, the tendency to do it will grow less. His empty speech of what he believes, will be a weariness and an affliction to the wise man. But do you wish his empty speech of what he believes, to become farther an insincere speech of what he does not believe? Celebrate to him his gift of speech; assure him that he shall rise in Parliament by means of it, and achieve great things without any performance; that eloquent speech, whether performed or not, is admirable. My friends, eloquent unperformed speech, in Parliament or elsewhere, is horrible! The eloquent man that delivers, in Parliament or elsewhere, a beautiful speech, and will perform nothing of it, but leaves it as if already performed,—what can you make of that man? He has enrolled himself among the *Ignes Fatui* and Children of the Wind; means to serve, as beautifully illuminated Chinese Lantern, in that corps henceforth. I think, the servicable thing you could do to that man, if permissible, would be a severe one: To *clip-off* a bit of his eloquent tongue by way of penance and warning; another bit, if he again spoke without performing; and so again, till you had clipt the whole tongue away from him,—and were delivered, you and he, from at least one miserable mockery: "There, eloquent friend, see now in silence if there be any redeeming deed in thee; of blasphemous wind-eloquence, at least, we shall have no more!" How many pretty men have gone this road, escorted by the beautifullest marching music from all the 'public organs;' and have found at last that it ended—where? It is the *broad* road, that leads direct to Limbo and the Kingdom of the Inane. Gifted men, and once valiant nations, and as it were the whole world with one accord, are marching thither, in melodious triumph, all the drums and hautboys giving out their cheerfulest *Ça-ira*. It is the universal humour of the world just now. My friends, I am very sure you will *arrive*, unless you halt!—

Considered as the last finish of education, or of human culture, worth and acquirement, the art of speech is noble, and

even divine ; it is like the kindling of a Heaven's light to *show* us what a glorious world exists, and has perfected itself, in a man. But if no world exist in the man ; if nothing but continents of empty vapour, of greedy self-conceits, commonplace hearsays, and indistinct loomings of a sordid *chaos* exist in him, what will be the use of 'light' to show us that ? Better a thousand times that such a man do not speak ; but keep his empty vapour and his sordid chaos to himself, hidden to the utmost from all beholders. To look on that, can be good for no human beholder ; to look away from that, must be good. And if, by delusive semblances of rhetoric, logic, first-class degrees, and the aid of elocution-masters and parliamentary reporters, the poor proprietor of said chaos should be led to persuade himself, and get others persuaded,—which it is the nature of his sad task to do, and which, in certain eras of the world, it is fatally possible to do,—that this is a *cosmos* which he owns ; that *he*, being so perfect in tongue-exercise and full of college-honours, is an 'educated' man, and pearl of great price in his generation ; that round him, and his parliament emulously listening to him, as round some divine apple of gold set in a picture of silver, all the world should gather to adore : what is likely to become of him and the gathering world ? An apple of Sodom set in the clusters of Gomorrah : that, little as he suspects it, is the definition of the poor chaotically eloquent man, with his emulous parliament and miserable adoring world ! —Considered as the whole of education, or human culture, which it now is in our modern manners ; all apprenticeship except to mere handicraft having fallen obsolete, and the 'educated man' being with us emphatically and exclusively the man that can speak well with tongue or pen, and astonish men by the quantities of speech he has *heard* ('tremendous reader,' 'walking encyclopædia,' and suchlike),—the Art of Speech is probably definable in that case as the short summary of all the Black Arts put together.

But the Schoolmaster is secondary, an effect rather than a cause in this matter : what the Schoolmaster with his universities shall manage or attempt to teach will be ruled by what the Society with its practical industries is continually demanding that men should learn. We spoke once of vital *lungs* 101

Society : and in fact this question always rises as the alpha and omega of social questions, What methods the Society has of summoning aloft into the high places, for its help and governance, the wisdom that is born to it in all places, and of course is born chiefly in the more populous or lower places ? For this, if you will consider it, expresses the ultimate available result, and net sum-total, of all the efforts, struggles and confused activities that go on in the Society ; and determines whether they are true and wise efforts, certain to be victorious, or false and foolish, certain to be futile, and to fall captive and caitiff. How do men rise in your Society ? In all Societies, Turkey included, and I suppose Dahomey included, men do rise ; but the question of questions always is, What kind of men ? Men of noble gifts, or men of ignoble ? It is the one or the other ; and a life-and-death inquiry which ! For in all places and all times, little as you may heed it, Nature most silently but most inexorably demands that it be the one and *not* the other. And you need not try to palm an ignoble sham upon her, and call it noble ; for she is a judge. And her penalties, as quiet as she looks, are terrible ; amounting to world-earthquakes, to anarchy and death everlasting ; and admit of no appeal !—

Surely England still flatters herself that she has *lungs* ; that she can still breathe a little ? Or is it that the poor creature, driven into mere blind industrialisms ; and as it were, gone pearl-diving this long while many fathoms deep, and tearing-up the oyster-beds so as never creature did before, hardly knows, —so busy in the belly of the oyster-chaos, where is no thought of ‘breathing,’—whether she has lungs or not ? Nations of a robust habit, and fine deep chest, can sometimes take-in a deal of breath *before* diving ; and live long, in the muddy deeps, without new breath : but they too come to need it at last, and will die if they cannot get it !

To the gifted soul that is born in England, what is the career, then, that will carry him, amid noble Olympic dust, up to the immortal gods ? For his country’s sake, that it may not lose the service he was born capable of doing it ; for his own sake, that his life be not choked and perverted, and his light from Heaven be not changed into lightning from the Other Place,—it is essential that there be such a career. The country that can offer no career in that case, is a doomed country ;

may it is already a dead country : it has secured the ban of Heaven upon it ; will not have Heaven's light, will have the Other Place's lightning ; and may consider itself as appointed to expire, in frightful coughings of street musketry or otherwise, on a set day, and to be in the eye of law dead. In no country is there not some career, inviting to it either the noble Hero, or the tough Greek of the Lower Empire : which of the two do your careers invite ? There is no question more important. The kind of careers you offer in countries still living, determines with perfect exactness the kind of the life that is in them, —whether it is natural blessed life, or galvanic accursed ditto, and likewise what degree of strength is in the same.

Our English careers to born genius are twofold. There is the silent or unlearned career of the Industrialisms, which are very many among us ; and there is the articulate or learned career of the three professions, Medicine, Law (under which we may include Politics), and the Church. Your born genius, therefore, will first have to ask himself, Whether he can hold his tongue or cannot ? True, all human talent, especially all deep talent, is a talent to *do*, and is intrinsically of silent nature ; inaudible, like the Sphere Harmonies and Eternal Melodies, of which it is an incarnated fraction. All real talent, I fancy, would much rather, if it listened only to Nature's monitions, express itself in rhythmic facts than in melodious words, which latter at best, where they are good for anything, are only a feeble echo and shadow or foreshadow of the former. But talents differ much in this of power to be silent ; and circumstances, of position, opportunity and suchlike, modify them still more ;—and Nature's monitions, oftenest quite drowned in foreign hearsays, are by no means the only ones listened to in deciding !—The Industrialisms are all of silent nature ; and some of them are heroic and eminently human ; others, again, we may call unheroic, not eminently human : *beaverish* rather, but still honest ; some are even *vulpine*, altogether inhuman and dishonest. Your born genius must make his choice.

If a soul is born with divine intelligence, and has its lips touched with hallowed fire, in consecration for high enterprises under the sun, this young soul will find the question asked of him by England every hour and moment : “ Canst thou turn
“ thy human intelligence into the beaver sort, and make hon-
“ est contrivance, and accumulation of capital by it ? If so,

"do it ; and avoid the vulpine kind, which I don't recommend.
 "Honest triumphs in engineering and machinery await thee ;
 "scrip awaits thee, commercial successes, kingship in the
 "counting-room, on the stock-exchange ;—thou shalt be the
 "envy of surrounding flunkies, and collect into a heap more gold
 "than a dray-horse can draw."—"Gold, so much gold ?" answers
 the ingenuous soul, with visions of the envy of surrounding
 flunkies dawning on him ; and in very many cases decides
 that he will contract himself into beaverism, and with such a
 horse-draught of gold, emblem of a never-imagined success in
 beaver heroism, strike the surrounding flunkies yellow.

This is our common course ; this is in some sort open to
 every creature, what we call the beaver career ; perhaps more
 open in England, taking in America too, than it ever was in
 any country before. And, truly, good consequences follow out
 of it : who can be blind to them ? Half of a most excellent
 and opulent result is realised to us in this way ; baleful only
 when it sets-up (as too often now) for being the whole result.
 A half-result which will be blessed and heavenly so soon as the
 other half is had,—namely wisdom to guide the first half. Let
 us honour all honest human power of contrivance in its degree.
 The beaver intellect, so long as it stedfastly refuses to be vul-
 pine, and answers the tempter pointing out short routes to it
 with an honest "No, no," is truly respectable to me ; and many
 a highflying speaker and singer whom I have known, has ap-
 peared to me much less of a developed man than certain of my
 mill-owning, agricultural, commercial, mechanical, or otherwise
 industrial friends, who have held their peace all their days and
 gone on in the silent state. If a man *can* keep his intellect
 silent, and make it even into honest beaverism, several very
 manful moralities, in danger of wreck on other courses, may
 comport well with that, and give it a genuine and partly human
 character ; and I will tell him, in these days he may do far
 worse with himself and his intellect than change it into beaver-
 ism, and make honest money with it. If indeed he could be-
 come a *heroic* industrial, and have a life 'eminently human' !
 But that is not easy at present. Probably some ninety-nine out
 of every hundred of our gifted souls, who have to seek a career
 for themselves, go this beaver road. Whereby the first half-re-
 sult, national wealth namely, is plentifully realised ; and only the
 second half, or wisdom to guide it, is dreadfully behindhand.

But now if the gifted soul be not of taciturn nature, be of vivid, impatient, rapidly-productive nature, and aspire much to give itself sensible utterance,—I find that, in this case, the field it has in England is narrow to an extreme; is perhaps narrower than ever offered itself, for the like object, in this world before. Parliament, Church, Law: let the young vivid soul turn whither he will for a career, he finds among variable conditions one condition invariable, and extremely surprising, That the proof of excellence is to be done by the tongue. For heroism that will not speak, but only act, there is no account kept:—The English Nation does not need that silent kind, then, but only the talking kind? Most astonishing. Of all the organs a man has, there is none held in account, it would appear, but the tongue he uses for talking. Premiership, woollack, mitre, and quasi-crown: all is attainable if you can talk with due ability. Everywhere your proof-shot is to be a well fired volley of talk. Contrive to talk well, you will get to Heaven, the modern Heaven of the English. Do not talk well, only work well, and heroically hold your peace, you have no chance whatever to get thither; with your utmost industry you may get to Threadneedle Street, and accumulate more gold than a drayhorse can draw. Is not this a very wonderful arrangement?

I have heard of races done by mortals tied in sacks; of human competitors, high aspirants, climbing heavenward on the soaped pole; seizing the soaped pig; and clutching with deft fist, at full gallop, the fated goose tied aloft by its foot;—which feats do prove agility, toughness and other useful faculties in man: but this of dextrous talk is probably as strange a competition as any. And the question rises, Whether certain of these other feats, or perhaps an alternation of all of them, relieved now and then by a bout of grinning through the collar, might not be profitably substituted for the solitary proof-feat of talk, now getting rather monotonous by its long continuance? Alas, Mr. Bull, I do find it is all little other than a proof of toughness, which is a quality I respect, with more or less expenditure of falsity and astucy superadded, which I entirely condemn. Toughness *plus* astucy:—perhaps a simple wooden mast set up in Palace-Yard, well soaped and duly presided over, might be the honester method? Such a method as this by trial of talk, for filling your chief offices in Church and State, was perhaps never heard of in the solar system before. You are quite used to it,

my poor friend; and nearly dead by the consequences of it: but in the other Planets, as in other epochs of your own Planet it would have done had you proposed it, the thing awakens incredulous amazement, world-wide Olympic laughter, which ends in tempestuous hootings, in tears and horror! My friend, if you can, as heretofore this good while, find nobody to take care of your affairs but the expertest talker, it is all over with your affairs and you. Talk never yet could guide any man's or nation's affairs; nor will it yours, except towards the *Limbus Patrum*, where all talk, except a very select kind of it, lodges at last.

Medicine, guarded too by preliminary impediments, and frightful medusa-heads of quackery, which deter many generous souls from entering, is of the *half-articulate* professions, and does not much invite the ardent kinds of ambition. The intellect required for medicine might be wholly human, and indeed should by all rules be, — the profession of the Human Healer being radically a sacred one and connected with the highest priesthoods, or rather being itself the outcome and acme of all priesthoods, and divinest conquests of intellect here below. As will appear one day, when men take off their old monastic and ecclesiastic spectacles, and look with eyes again! In essence the Physician's task is always heroic, eminently human: but in practice most unluckily at present we find it too become in good part *beaverish*; yielding a money-result alone. And what of it is not beaverish,—does not that too go mainly to ingenious talking, publishing of yourself, ingratiating of yourself; a partly human exercise or waste of intellect, and alas a partly vulpine ditto;—making the once sacred *Ἱατρὸς*, or Human Healer more impossible for us than ever!

Angry basilisks watch at the gates of Law and Church just now; and strike a sad damp into the nobler of the young aspirants. Hard bonds are offered you to sign; as it were, a solemn engagement to constitute yourself an impostor, before ever entering; to declare your belief in incredibilities,—your determination, in short, to take Chaos for Cosmos, and Satan for the Lord of things, if he come with money in his pockets, and horsehair and bombazeen decently wrapped about him. Fatal preliminaries, which deter many an ingenuous young soul, and send him back from the threshold, and I hope will deter

ever more. But if you do enter, the condition is well known: "Talk; who can talk best here? His shall be the mouth of gold, and the purse of gold; and with my *μίτρα* (once the head-dress of unfortunate-females, I am told) shall his sacred temples be begirt."

Ingenuous souls, unless forced to it, do now much shudder at the threshold of both these careers, and not a few desperately turn back into the wilderness rather, to front a very rude fortune, and be devoured by wild-beasts as is likeliest. But as to Parliament, again, and its eligibility if attainable, there is yet no question anywhere; the ingenuous soul, if possessed of money-capital enough, is predestined by the parental and all manner of monitors to that career of talk; and accepts it with alacrity and clearness of heart, doubtful only whether he shall be *able* to make a speech. Courage, my brave young fellow. If you can climb a soaped pole of any kind, you will certainly be able to make a speech. All mortals have a tongue; and carry on some jumble, if not of thought, yet of stuff which they could talk. The weakest of animals has got a cry in it, and can give voice before dying. If you are tough enough, bent upon it desperately enough, I engage you shall make a speech;—but whether that will be the way to Heaven for you, I do not engage.

These, then, are our two careers for genius: mute Industrialism, which can seldom become very human, but remains beaverish mainly: and the three Professions named learned,—that is to say, able to talk. For the heroic or higher kinds of human intellect, in the silent state, there is not the smallest inquiry anywhere; apparently a thing not wanted in this country at present. What the supply may be, I cannot inform M^r Croudy; but the market-demand, he may himself see, is *nil*. These are our three professions that require human intellect in part or whole, not able to do with mere beaverish; and such a part does the gift of talk play in one and all of them. Whatsoever is not beaverish seems to go forth in the shape of talk. To such length is human intellect wasted or suppressed in this world!

If the young aspirant is not rich enough for Parliament, and is deterred by the basilisks or otherwise from entering on Law or Church, and cannot altogether reduce his human intellect to the beaverish condition, or satisfy himself with the pro-

spect of making money,—what becomes of him in such case, which is naturally the case of very many, and ever of more? In such case there remains but one outlet for him, and notably enough that too is a talking one: the outlet of Literature, of trying to write Books. Since, owing to preliminary basilisks, want of cash, or superiority to cash, he cannot mount aloft by eloquent talking, let him try it by dextrous eloquent writing. Here happily, having three fingers, and capital to buy a quire of paper, he can try it to all lengths and in spite of all mortals: in this career there is happily no public impediment that can turn him back; nothing but private starvation,—which is itself a *finis* or kind of goal,—can pretend to hinder a British man from prosecuting Literature to the very utmost, and wringing the final secret from her: “A talent is in thee; No talent is in thee.” To the British subject who fancies genius may be lodged in him, this liberty remains; and truly it is, if well computed, almost the only one he has.

A crowded portal this of Literature, accordingly! The haven of expatriated spiritualisms, and alas also of expatriated vanities and prurient imbecilities: here do the windy aspirations, foiled activities, foolish ambitions, and frustrate human energies reduced to the vocable condition, fly as to the one refuge left; and the Republic of Letters increases in population at a faster rate than even the Republic of America. The strangest regiment in her Majesty’s service, this of the Soldiers of Literature:—would your Lordship much like to march through Coventry with them? The immortal gods are there (quite irre-cognisable under these disguises), and also the lowest broken valets;—an extremely miscellaneous regiment. In fact the regiment, superficially viewed, looks like an immeasurable motley flood of discharged playactors, funambulists, false prophets, drunken ballad-singers; and marches not as a regiment, but as a boundless canaille,—without drill, uniform, captaincy or billet; with huge *over*-proportion of drummers; you would say, a regiment gone wholly to the drum, with hardly a good musket to be seen in it,—more a canaille than a regiment. Canaille of all the loud-sounding levities, and general winnowings of Chaos, marching through the world in a most ominous manner; proclaiming, audibly if you have ears: “Twelfth hour of the Night; ancient graves yawning; pale clammy Puseyisms screeching in their winding-sheets; owls busy in the City

"regions; many goblins abroad! Awake, ye living; dream no more; arise to judgment! Chaos and Gehenna are broken loose; the Devil with his Bedlams must be flung in chains again, and the Last of the Days is about to dawn!" Such is Literature to the reflective soul at this moment.

But what now concerns us most is the circumstance that here too the demand is, Vocables, still vocables. In all appointed courses of activity and paved careers for human genius, and in this unpaved, unappointed, broadest career of Literature, broad way that leadeth to destruction for so many, the one duty laid upon you is still, Talk, talk. Talk well with pen or tongue, and it shall be well with you; do not talk well, it shall be ill with you. To wag the tongue with dextrous acceptability, there is for human worth and faculty, in our England of the Nineteenth Century, that one method of emergence and no other. Silence, you would say, means annihilation for the Englishman of the Nineteenth Century. The worth that has not spoken itself, is not; or is potentially only, and as if it were not. Vox is the God of this Universe. If you have human intellect, it avails nothing unless you either make it into beaverism, or talk with it. Make it into beaverism, and gather money; or else make talk with it, and gather what you can. Such is everywhere the demand for talk among us; to which, of course, the supply is proportionate.

From dinners up to woolsacks and divine mitres, here in England, much may be gathered by talk; without talk, of the human sort nothing. Is Society become wholly a bag of wind, then, ballasted by guineas? Are our interests in it as a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal?—In Army or Navy, when unhappily we have war on hand, there is, almost against our will, some kind of demand for certain of the silent talents. But in peace, that too passes into mere demand of the ostentations, of the pipeclays and the blank cartridges; and,—except that Naval men are occasionally, on long voyages, forced to hold their tongue, and converse with the dumb elements, and illimitable oceans, that moan and rave there without you and within you, which is a great advantage to the Naval man,—our poor United Services have to make conversational windbags and ostentational paper-lanterns of themselves, or do worse, even as the others.

My friends, must I assert, then, what surely all men know, though all men seem to have forgotten it, That in the learned professions as in the unlearned, and in human things throughout, in every place and in every time, the true function of intellect is *not* that of talking, but of understanding and discerning with a view to performing ! An intellect may easily talk too much, and perform too little. Gradually, if it get into the noxious habit of talk, there will less and less performance come of it, talk being so delightfully handy in comparison with work ; and at last there will no work, or thought of work, be got from it at all. Talk, except as the preparation for work, is worth almost nothing ;—sometimes it is worth infinitely less than nothing ; and becomes, little conscious of playing such a fatal part, the general summary of pretentious nothingnesses, and the chief of all the curses the Posterity of Adam are liable to in this sublunary world ! Would you discover the Atropos of Human Virtue ; the sure Destroyer, ‘by painless extinction,’ of Human Veracities, Performances, and Capabilities to perform or to be veracious,—it is this, you have it here.

Unwise talk is matchless in un wisdom. Unwise work, if it but persist, is everywhere struggling towards correction, and restoration to health ; for it is still in contact with Nature, and all Nature incessantly contradicts it, and will heal it or annihilate it : not so with unwise talk, which addresses itself, regardless of veridical Nature, to the universal suffrages ; and can if it be dextrous, find harbour there till all the suffrages are bankrupt and gone to Houndsditch, Nature not interfering with her protest till then. False speech, definable as the acme of unwise speech, is capable, as we already said, of becoming the falsest of all things. Falsest of all things :—and whither will the general deluge of that, in Parliament and Synagogue, in Book and Broadside, carry you and your affairs, my friend, when once they are embarked on it as now ?

Parliament, *Parliamentum*, is by express appointment the Talking Apparatus ; yet not in Parliament either is the essential function, by any means, talk. Not to speak your opinion well, but to have a good and just opinion worth speaking,—for every Parliament, as for every man, this latter is the point. Contrive to have a true opinion, you will get it told in some

way, better or worse; and it will be a blessing to all creatures. Have a false opinion, and tell it with the tongue of Angels, what can that profit? The better you *tell* it, the worse it will be!

In Parliament and out of Parliament, and everywhere in this Universe, your one salvation is, That you can discern with just insight, and follow with noble valour, what the law of the case before you is, what the appointment of the Maker in regard to it has been. Get this out of one man, you are saved; fail to get this out of the most August Parliament wrapt in the sheepskins of a thousand years, you are lost,—your Parliament, and you, and all your sheepskins are lost. Beautiful talk is by no means the most pressing want in Parliament! We have had some reasonable modicum of talk in Parliament! What talk has done for us in Parliament, and is now doing, the dullest of us at length begins to see!

Much has been said of Parliament's breeding men to business; of the training an Official Man gets in this school of argument and talk. He is here inured to patience, tolerance; sees what is what in the Nation and in the Nation's Government; attains official knowledge, official courtesy and manners;—in short, is polished at all points into official articulation, and here better than elsewhere qualifies himself to be a Governor of men. So it is said.—Doubtless, I think, he will see and suffer much in Parliament, and inure himself to several things;—he will, with what eyes he has, gradually *see* Parliament itself, for one thing; what a high-soaring, helplessly floundering, ever babbling yet inarticulate dark dumb Entity it is (certainly one of the strangest under the sun just now): which doubtless, if he have in view to get measures voted there one day, will be an important acquisition for him. But as to breeding himself for a Doer of Work, much more for a King, or Chief of Doers, here in this element of talk; as to that I confess the fatalest doubts, or rather, alas, I have no doubt! Alas, it is our fatalest misery just now, not easily alterable, and yet urgently requiring to be altered, That no British man can attain to be a Statesman, or Chief of *Workers*, till he has first proved himself a Chief of *Talkers*: which mode of trial for a Worker, is it not precisely, of all the trials you could set him upon, the falsest and unfairest?

Nay, I doubt much you are not likely ever to meet the fittest material for a Statesman, or Chief of *Workers*, in such

an element as that. Your Potential Chief of Workers, will he come there at all, to try whether he can talk? Your poor ten-pound franchisers and electoral world generally, in love with eloquent talk, are they the likeliest to discern what man it is that has worlds of silent work in him? No. Or is such a man, even if born in the due rank for it, the likeliest to present himself, and court their most sweet voices? Again, no.

The Age that admires talk so much can have little discernment for inarticulate work, or for anything that is deep and genuine. Nobody, or hardly anybody, having in himself an earnest sense for truth, how can anybody recognise an inarticulate Veracity, or Nature-fact of any kind; a Human *Doer* especially, who is the most complex, profound, and inarticulate of all Nature's Facts? Nobody can recognise him: till once he is patented, get some public stamp of authenticity, and has been articulately proclaimed, and asserted to be a Doer. To the worshipper of talk, such a one is a sealed book. An excellent human soul, direct from Heaven,—how shall any excellence of man become recognisable to this unfortunate? Not except by announcing and placarding itself as excellent,—which, I reckon, it above other things will probably be in no great haste to do.

Wisdom, the divine message which every soul of man brings into this world; the divine prophecy of what the new man has got the new and peculiar capability to do, is intrinsically of silent nature. It cannot at once, or completely at all, be read-off in words; for it is written in abstruse facts, of endowment, position, desire, opportunity, granted to the man;—interprets itself in presentiments, vague struggles, passionate endeavours; and is only legible in whole when his work is *done*. Not by the noble monitions of Nature, but by the ignoble, is a man much tempted to publish the secret of his soul in words. Words, if he have a secret, will be forever inadequate to it. Words do but disturb the real answer of fact which could be given to it; disturb, obstruct, and will in the end abolish, and render impossible, said answer. No grand Doer in this world can be a copious speaker about his doings. William the Silent spoke himself best in a country liberated; Oliver Cromwell did not shine in rhetoric; Goethe, when he had but a book in view, found that he must say nothing even of that, if it was to succeed with him.

Then as to politeness, and breeding to business. An official man must be bred to business ; of course he must : and not for essence only, but even for the manners of office he requires breeding. Besides his intrinsic faculty, whatever that may be, he must be cautious, vigilant, discreet,—above all things, he must be reticent, patient, polite. Certain of these qualities are by nature imposed upon men of station ; and they are trained from birth to some exercise of them : this constitutes their one intrinsic qualification for office ;—this is their one advantage in the New Downing Street projected for this New Era ; and it will not go for much in that Institution. One advantage, or temporary advantage ; against which there are so many counterbalances. It is the indispensable preliminary for office, but by no means the complete outfit,—a miserable outfit where there is nothing farther.

Will your Lordship give me leave to say that, practically, the intrinsic qualities will presuppose these preliminaries too, but by no means *vice versâ*. That, on the whole, if you have got the intrinsic qualities, you have got everything, and the preliminaries will prove attainable ; but that if you have got only the preliminaries, you have yet got nothing. A man of real dignity will not find it impossible to bear himself in a dignified manner ; a man of real understanding and insight will get to know, as the fruit of his very first study, what the laws of his situation are, and will conform to these. Rough old Samuel Johnson, blustering Boreas and rugged Arctic Bear as he often was, defined himself, justly withal, as a polite man : a noble manful attitude of soul is his ; a clear, true and loyal sense of what others are, and what he himself is, shines through the rugged coating of him ; comes out as grave deep rhythmus when his King honours him, and he will not ‘bandy compliments with his King ;’—is traceable too in his indignant tramping-down of the Chesterfield patronages, tailor-made insolences, and contradictions of sinners ; which may be called his *revolutionary* movements, hard and peremptory by the law of them ; these could not be soft like his *constitutional* ones, when men and kings took him for somewhat like the thing he was. Given a noble man, I think your Lordship may expect by and by a polite man. No ‘politer’ man was to be found in Britain than the rustic Robert Burns : high duchesses were captivated with the chivalrous ways of the man ; recognised that here was the

true chivalry, and divine nobleness of bearing,—as indeed they well might, now when the Peasant God and Norse Thor had come down among them again ! Chivalry this, if not as they do chivalry in Drury Lane or West-End drawing-rooms, yet as they do it in Valhalla and the General Assembly of the Gods.

For indeed, who *invented* chivalry, politeness, or anything that is noble and melodious and beautiful among us, except precisely the like of Johnson and of Burns ? The select few who in the generations of this world were wise and valiant, they, in spite of all the tremendous majority of blockheads and slothful belly-worshippers, and noisy ugly persons, have devised whatsoever is noble in the manners of man to man. I expect they will learn to be polite, your Lordship, when you give them a chance !—Nor is it as a school of human culture, for this or for any other grace or gift, that Parliament will be found first-rate or indispensable. As experience in the river is indispensable to the ferryman, so is knowledge of his Parliament to the British Peel or Chatham ;—so was knowledge of the *Œil-de-Bœuf* to the French Choiseul. Where and how said river, whether Parliament with Wilkeses, or *Œil-de-Bœuf* with Pompadours, can be waded, boated, swum ; how the miscellaneous cargoes, ‘measures’ so-called, can be got across it, according to their kinds, and landed alive on the hither side as facts :—we have all of us our *ferries* in this world ; and must know the river and its ways, or get drowned some day ! In that sense, practice in Parliament is indispensable to the British Statesman ; but not in any other sense.

A school, too, of manners and of several other things, the Parliament will doubtless be to the aspirant Statesman ; a school better or worse ;—as the *Œil-de-Bœuf* likewise was, and as all scenes where men work or live are sure to be. Especially where many men work together, the very rubbing against one another will grind and polish off their angularities into roundness, into ‘politeness’ after a sort ; and the official man, place him how you may, will never want for schooling, of extremely various kinds. A first-rate school one cannot call this Parliament for him ;—I fear to say what rate at present ! In so far as it teaches him vigilance, patience, courage, toughness of lungs or of soul, and skill in any kind of swimming, it is a good school. In so far as it forces him to speak where Nature orders silence ; and even, lest all the world should learn his

secret (which often enough would kill his secret, and little profit the world), forces him to speak falsities, vague ambiguities, and the froth-dialect usual in Parliaments in these times, it may be considered one of the worst schools ever devised by man; and, I think, may almost challenge the *Œil-de-Bœuf* to match it in badness.

Parliament will train your men to the manners required of a statesman; but in a much less degree to the intrinsic functions of one. To these latter, it is capable of *mistraining* as nothing else can. Parliament will train you to talk; and above all things to hear, with patience, unlimited quantities of foolish talk. To tell a good story for yourself, and to make it *appear* that you have done your work: this, especially in constitutional countries, is something;—and yet in all countries, constitutional ones too, it is intrinsically nothing, probably even less. For it is not the function of any mortal, in Downing Street or elsewhere here below, to wag the tongue of him, and make it appear that he has done work; but to wag some quite other organs of him, and to do work; there is no danger of his work's appearing by and by. Such an accomplishment, even in constitutional countries, I grieve to say, may become much *less* than nothing. Have you at all computed how much less? The human creature who has once given way to satisfying himself with 'appearances,' to seeking his salvation in 'appearances,' the moral life of such human creature is rapidly bleeding out of him. Depend upon it, Beelzebub, Satan, or however you may name the too authentic Genius of Eternal Death, has got that human creature in his claws. By and by you will have a dead parliamentary bagpipe, and your living man fled away without return!

Such parliamentary bagpipes I myself have heard play tunes, much to the satisfaction of the people. Every tune lies within their compass; and their mind (for they still call it *mind*) is ready as a hurdygurdy on turning of the handle: "My Lords, this question now before the House"——Ye Heavens, O ye divine Silences, was there in the womb of Chaos, then, such a product, liable to be evoked by human art, as that same? While the galleries were all applausive of heart, and the Fourth Estate looked with eyes enlightened, as if you had touched its lips with a staff dipped in honey,—I have sat with reflections too ghastly to be uttered. A poor human creature

and learned friend, once possessed of many fine gifts, possessed of intellect, veracity, and manful conviction on a variety of objects, has he now lost all that;—converted all that into a glistening phosphorescence which can show itself on the outside; while within, all is dead, chaotic, dark; a painted sepulchre full of dead-men's bones! Discernment, knowledge, intellect, in the human sense of the words, this man has now none. His opinion you do not ask on any matter: on the *matter* he has no opinion, judgment, or insight; only on what may be said about the matter, how it may be argued of, what tune may be played upon it to enlighten the eyes of the Fourth Estate.

Such a soul, though to the eye he still keeps tumbling about in the Parliamentary element, and makes 'motions,' and passes bills, for aught I know,—are we to define him as a *living* one, or as a dead? Partridge the Almanac-maker, whose 'publications' still regularly appear, is known to be dead! The dog that was drowned last summer, and that floats up and down the Thames with ebb and flood ever since,—is it not dead? Alas, in the hot months, you meet here and there such a floating dog; and at length, if you often use the river steamers, get to know him by sight. "There he is again, still astir there in his quasi-stygian element!" you dejectedly exclaim (perhaps reading your Morning Newspaper at the moment); and reflect, with a painful oppression of nose and imagination, on certain completed professors of parliamentary eloquence in modern times. Dead long since, but *not* resting; daily doing motions in that Westminster region still,—daily from Vauxhall to Blackfriars, and back again; and cannot get away at all! Daily (from Newspaper or river steamer) you may see him at some point of his fated course, hovering in the eddies, stranded in the ooze, or rapidly progressing with flood or ebb; and daily the odour of him is getting more intolerable; daily the condition of him appeals more tragically to gods and men.

Nature admits no lie; most men profess to be aware of this, but few in any measure lay it to heart. Except in the departments of mere material manipulation, it seems to be taken practically as if this grand truth were merely a polite flourish of rhetoric. What is a lie? The question is worth asking, once and away, by the practical English mind.

A voluntary spoken divergence from the fact as it stands, as it has occurred and will proceed to develop itself : this clearly, if adopted by any man, will so far forth *mislead* him in all practical dealing with the fact ; till he cast that statement out of him, and reject it as an unclean poisonous thing, he can have no success in dealing with the fact. If such spoken divergence from the truth be involuntary, we lament it as a misfortune ; and are entitled, at least the speaker of it is, to lament it extremely as the most palpable of all misfortunes, as the indubitablest losing of his way, and turning aside from the goal instead of pressing towards it, in the race set before him. If the divergence is voluntary,—there superadds itself to our sorrow a just indignation : we call the voluntary spoken divergence a lie, and justly abhor it as the essence of human treason and baseness, the desertion of a man to the Enemy of men against himself and his brethren. A lost deserter ; who has gone over to the Enemy, called Satan ; and cannot *but* be lost in the adventure ! Such is every liar with the tongue ; and such in all nations is he, at all epochs, considered. Men pull his nose, and kick him out of doors ; and by peremptory expressive methods signify that they can and will have no trade with him. Such is spoken divergence from the fact ; so fares it with the practiser of that sad art.

But have we well considered a divergence *in thought* from what is the fact ? Have we considered the man whose very thought is a lie to him and to us ! He too is a frightful man ; repeating about this Universe on every hand what is not, and driven to repeat it ; the sure herald of ruin to all that follow him, that know with *his* knowledge ! And would you learn how to get a mendacious thought, there is no surer recipe than carrying a loose tongue. The lying thought, you already either have it, or will soon get it by that method. He who lies with his very tongue, *he* clearly enough has long ceased to think truly in his mind. Does he, in any sense, ‘think’ ? All his thoughts and imaginations, if they extend beyond mere beaverisms, astucities and sensualisms, are false, incomplete, perverse, untrue even to himself. He has become a false mirror of this Universe ; not a small mirror only, but a crooked, bedimmed and utterly deranged one. But all loose tongues too are akin to lying ones ; are insincere at the best, and go rattling with little meaning ; the thought lying languid at a

great distance behind them, if thought there be behind them at all. Gradually there will be none or little! How can the thought of such a man, what he calls thought, be other than false?

Alas, the palpable liar with his tongue does at least know that he is lying, and has or might have some faint vestige of remorse and chance of amendment; but the impalpable liar, whose tongue articulates mere accepted commonplaces, cants and babblement, which means only, "Admire me, call me an excellent stump-orator!"—of him what hope is there? His thought, what thought he had, lies dormant, inspired only to invent vocables and plausibilities; while the tongue goes so glib, the thought is absent, gone a-woolgathering; getting itself drugged with the applausive 'Hear, hear!'—what will become of such a man? His idle thought has run all to seed, and grown false and the giver of falsities; the inner light of his mind is gone out; all his light is mere putridity and phosphorescence henceforth. Whosoever is in quest of ruin, let him with assurance follow that man; he or no one is on the right road to it.

Good Heavens, from the wisest Thought of a man to the actual truth of a Thing as it lies in Nature, there is, one would suppose, a sufficient interval! Consider it,—and what other intervals we introduce! The faithfulest, most glowing word of a man is but an imperfect image of the thought, such as it is, that dwells within him; his best word will never but with error convey his thought to other minds: and then between *his* poor thought and Nature's Fact, which is the Thought of the Eternal, there may be supposed to lie some discrepancies, some shortcomings! Speak your sincerest, think your wisest, there is still a great gulf between you and the fact. And now, do *not* speak your sincerest, and, what will inevitably follow out of that, do not think your wisest, but think only your plausiblest, your showiest for parliamentary purposes, where will you land with that guidance?—I invite the British Parliament, and all the Parliamentary and other Electors of Great Britain, to reflect on this till they have well understood it; and then to ask, each of himself, What probably the horoscopes of the British Parliament, at this epoch of World-History, may be?—

Fail, by any sin or any misfortune, to discover what the

truth of the fact is, you are lost so far as that fact goes ! If your thought do not image truly but do image falsely the fact, you will vainly try to work upon the fact. The fact will not obey you, the fact will silently resist you ; and ever, with silent invincibility, will go on resisting you, till you do get to image it truly instead of falsely. No help for you whatever, except in attaining to a true image of the fact. Needless to vote a false image true ; vote it, revote it by overwhelming majorities, by jubilant unanimities and universalities ; read it thrice or three hundred times, pass acts of parliament upon it till the Statute-book can hold no more,—it helps not a whit : the thing is not so, the thing is otherwise than so ; and Adam's whole Posterity, voting daily on it till the world finish, will not alter it a jot. Can the sublimest sanhedrim, constitutional parliament, or other Collective Wisdom of the world, persuade fire not to burn, sulphuric acid to be sweet milk, or the Moon to become green cheese ? The fact is much the reverse :—and even the Constitutional British Parliament abstains from such arduous attempts as these latter in the voting line ; and leaves the multiplication-table, the chemical, mechanical and other qualities of material substances to take their own course ; being aware that voting and perorating, and reporting in Hansard, will not in the least alter any of these. Which is indisputably wise of the British Parliament.

Unfortunately the British Parliament does not, at present, quite know that *all* manner of things and relations of things, spiritual equally with material, all manner of qualities, entities, existences whatsoever, in this strange visible and invisible Universe, are equally inflexible of nature ; that they will, one and all, with precisely the same obstinacy, continue to obey their own law, not our law ; deaf as the adder to all charm of parliamentary eloquence, and of voting never so often repeated ; silently, but inflexibly and forevermore, declining to change themselves, even as sulphuric acid declines to become sweet milk, though you vote so to the end of the world. This, it sometimes seems to me, is not quite sufficiently laid hold of by the British and other Parliaments just at present. Which surely is a great misfortune to said Parliaments ! For, it would appear, the grand point, after all constitutional improvements, and such wagging of wigs in Westminster as there has been, is precisely what it was before any constitution was yet heard of, or the

first official wig had budded out of nothing: namely, to ascertain what the truth of your question, in Nature, really is! Verily so. In this time and place, as in all past and in all future times and places. Today in St. Stephen's, where constitutional, philanthropical, and other great things lie in the mortarkit; even as on the Plain of Shinar long ago, where a certain Tower, likewise of a very philanthropic nature, indeed one of the desirable towers I ever heard of, was to be built,—but couldn't! My friends, I do not laugh; truly I am more inclined to weep.

Get, by six-hundred and fifty-eight votes, or by no vote at all, by the silent intimation of your own eyesight and understanding given you direct out of Heaven, and more sacred to you than anything earthly, and than all things earthly,—a correct image of the fact in question, as God and Nature have made it: that is the one thing needful; with that it shall be well with you in whatsoever you have to do with said fact. Get, by the sublimest constitutional methods, belauded by all the world, an *incorrect* image of the fact: so shall it be other than well with you; so shall you have laud from able-editors and vociferous masses of mistaken human creatures; and from the Nature's Fact, continuing quite silently the same as it was, contradiction, and that only. What else? Will Nature change, or sulphuric acid become sweet milk, for the noise of vociferous blockheads? Surely not. Nature, I assure you, has not the smallest intention of doing so.

On the contrary, Nature keeps silently a most exact Savings-bank, and official register, correct to the most evanescent item, Debtor and Creditor, in respect to one and all of us; silently marks down, Creditor by such and such an unseen act of veracity and heroism; Debtor to such a loud blustery blunder, twenty-seven million strong or one unit strong, and to all acts and words and thoughts executed in consequence of that,—Debtor, Debtor, Debtor, day after day, rigorously as Fate (for this *is* Fate that is writing); and at the end of the account you will have it all to pay, my friend; there is the rub! Not the infinitesimalist fraction of a farthing but will be found marked there, for you and against you; and with the due rate of interest you will have to pay it, neatly, completely, as sure as you are alive. You will have to pay it even in money if you live:—and, poor slave, do you think there is no payment but

in money? There is a payment which Nature rigorously exacts of men, and also of Nations, and this I think when her wrath is sternest, in the shape of dooming you to possess money. To possess it; to have your bloated vanities fostered into monstrosity by it, your foul passions blown into explosion by it, your heart and perhaps your very stomach ruined with intoxication by it; your poor life and all its manful activities stunned into frenzy and comatose sleep by it,—in one word, as the old Prophets said, your soul forever lost by it. Your soul; so that, through the Eternities, *you* shall have no soul, or manful trace of ever having had a soul; but only, for certain fleeting moments, shall have had a moneybag, and have given soul and heart and (frightfuler still) stomach itself in fatal exchange for the same. You wretched mortal, stumbling about in a God's Temple, and thinking it a brutal Cookery-shop! Nature, when her scorn of a slave is divinest, and blazes like the blinding lightning against his slavehood, often enough flings him a bag of money, silently saying: "That! Away; thy doom is that!"—

For no man, and for no body or biggest multitude of men, has Nature favour, if they part company with her facts and her. Excellent stump-orator; eloquent parliamentary dead-dog, making motions, passing bills; reported in the Morning Newspapers, and reputed the 'best speaker going'? From the Universe of Fact he has turned himself away; he is gone into partnership with the Universe of Phantasm; finds it profitablest to deal in forged-notes, while the foolish shopkeepers will accept them. Nature for such a man, and for Nations that follow such, has her patibulary forks, and prisons of death everlasting;—dost thou doubt it? Unhappy mortal, Nature otherwise were herself a Chaos and no Cosmos. Nature was not made by an Impostor; not she, I think, rife as they are!—In fact, by money or otherwise, to the uttermost fraction of a calculable and incalculable value, we have, each one of us, to settle the exact balance in the abovesaid Savings-bank, or official register kept by Nature: Creditor by the quantity of veracities we have done, Debtor by the quantity of falsities and errors; there is not, by any conceivable device, the faintest hope of escape from that issue for one of us, nor for all of us.

This used to be a well-known fact; and daily still, in certain edifices, steeple-houses, joss-houses, temples sacred or other, everywhere spread over the world, we hear some dim

mumblement of an assertion that such is still, what it was always and will forever be, the fact : but meseems it has terribly fallen out of memory nevertheless ; and, from Dan to Beer-sheba, one in vain looks out for a man that really in his heart believes it. In his heart he believes, as we perceive, that scrip will yield dividends : but that Heaven too has an office of account, and unerringly marks down, against us or for us, whatsoever thing we do or say or think, and treasures up the same in regard to every creature,—this I do not so well perceive that he believes. Poor blockhead, no : he reckons that all payment is in money, or approximately representable by money ; finds money go a strange course ; disbelieves the parson and his Day of Judgment ; discerns not that there is any judgment except in the small or big debt court ; and lives (for the present) on that strange footing in this Universe. The unhappy mortal, what is the use of his ‘civilisations’ and his ‘useful knowledges,’ if he have forgotten that beginning of human knowledge ; the earliest perception of the awakened human soul in this world ; the first dictate of Heaven’s inspiration to all men ? I cannot account him a man any more ; but only a kind of human beaver, who has acquired the art of ciphering. He lives without rushing hourly towards suicide, because his soul, with all its noble aspirations and imaginations, is sunk at the bottom of his stomach, and lies torpid there, unaspiring, unimagining, unconsidering, as if it were the vital principle of a mere *four-footed* beaver. A soul of a man, appointed for spinning cotton and making money, or, alas, for merely shooting grouse and gathering rent ; to whom Eternity and Immortality, and all human Noblenesses and divine Facts that did not tell upon the stock-exchange, were meaningless fables, empty as the inarticulate wind. He will recover out of that persuasion one day, or be ground to powder, I believe !—

To such a pass, by our beaverisms and our mammonisms ; by canting of ‘prevenient grace’ everywhere, and so boarding and lodging our poor souls upon supervenient moonshine everywhere, for centuries long ; by our sordid stupidities and our idle babblings ; through faith in the divine Stump-Orator, and Constitutional Palaver, or august Sanhedrim of Orators,—have men and Nations been reduced, in this sad epoch ! I cannot call them happy Nations ; I must call them Nations like to perish ; Nations that will either begin to recover, or else soon die. Re-

covery is to be hoped ;—yes, since there is in Nature an Almighty Beneficence, and His voice, divinely terrible, can be heard in the world-whirlwind now, even as from of old and forevermore. Recovery, or else destruction and annihilation, is very certain ; and the crisis, too, comes rapidly on : but by Stump-Orator and Constitutional Palaver, however perfected, my hopes of *recovery* have long vanished. Not by them, I should imagine, but by something far the reverse of them, shall we return to truth and God !—

I tell you, the ignoble intellect cannot think the *truth*, even within its own limits, and when it seriously tries ! And of the ignoble intellect that does not seriously try, and has even reached the ‘ignobleness’ of seriously trying the reverse, and of lying with its very tongue, what are we to expect ? It is frightful to consider. Sincere wise speech is but an imperfect corollary, and insignificant outer manifestation, of sincere wise thought. He whose very tongue utters falsities, what has his heart long been doing ? The thought of his heart is not its wisest, not even *its* wisest ; it is its foolishest ;—and even of that we have a false and foolish copy. And it is Nature’s Fact, or the Thought of the Eternal, which we want to arrive at in regard to the matter,—which if we do *not* arrive at, we shall not save the matter, we shall drive the matter into shipwreck !

The practice of modern Parliaments, with reporters sitting among them, and twenty-seven millions mostly fools listening to them, fills me with amazement. In regard to no *thing*, or fact as God and Nature have made it, can you get so much as the real thought of any honourable head,—even so far as *it*, the said honourable head, still has capacity of thought. What the honourable gentleman’s wisest thought is or would have been, had he led from birth a life of piety and earnest veracity and heroic virtue, you, and he himself poor deep-sunk creature, vainly conjecture as from immense dim distances far in the rear of what he is led to *say*. And again, far in the rear of what his thought is,—surely long infinitudes beyond all *he* could ever think,—lies the Thought of God Almighty, the Image itself of the Fact, the thing you are in quest of, and must find or do worse ! Even his, the honourable gentleman’s, actual bewildered, falsified, vague surmise or quasi-thought, even this is not given you ; but only some falsified copy of this, such as he fancies may suit the reporters and twenty-seven millions mostly

fools. And upon that latter you are to act ; — — with what success, do you expect ? That is the thought you are to take for the Thought of the Eternal Mind,—that double-distilled falsity of a blockheadism from one who is false even as a block-head !

Do I make myself plain to Mr. Peter's understanding ? Perhaps it will surprise him less that parliamentary eloquence excites more wonder than admiration in me ; that the fate of countries governed by that sublime alchemy does not appear the hopefulest just now. Not by that method, I should apprehend, will the Heavens be scaled and the Earth vanquished ; not by that, but by another.

A benevolent man once proposed to me, but without pointing out the methods how, this plan of reform for our benighted world : To cut from one generation, whether the current one or the next, all the tongues away, prohibiting Literature too ; and appoint at least one generation to pass its life in silence. " There, thou one blessed generation, from the vain jargon of " babble thou art beneficently freed. Whatsoever of truth, " traditionary or original, thy own god-given intellect shall point- " out to thee as true, that thou wilt go and *do*. In doing of " it there will be a verdict for thee ; if a verdict of True, thou " wilt hold by it, and ever again do it ; if of Untrue, thou wilt " never try it more, but be eternally delivered from it. To do " aught because the vain hearsays order thee, and the big " clamours of the sanhedrim of fools, is not thy lot,—what " worlds of misery are spared thee ! Nature's voice heard in " thy own inner being, and the sacred Commandment of thy " Maker : these shall be thy guidances, thou happy tongueless " generation. What is good and beautiful thou shalt know ; " not merely what is said to be so. Not to talk of thy doings, " and become the envy of surrounding flunkies, but to taste of " the fruit of thy doings themselves, is thine. What the Eter- " nal Laws will sanction for thee, do ; what the Froth Gospels " and multitudinous long-eared Hearsays never so loudly bid, " all this is already chaff for thee,—drifting rapidly along, thou " knowest whitherward, on the eternal winds."

Good Heavens, if such a plan were practicable, how the chaff might be winnowed out of every man, and out of all human things ; and ninety-nine hundredths of our whole big

Universe, spiritual and practical, might blow itself away, as mere torrents of chaff;—whole trade-winds of chaff, many miles deep, rushing continually with the voice of whirlwinds towards a certain FIRE, which knows how to deal with it! Ninety-nine hundredths blown away; all the lies blown away, and some skeleton of a spiritual and practical Universe left standing for us which were *true*: O Heavens, is it forever impossible, then? By a generation that had no *tongue* it really might be done; but not so easily by one that had. Tongues, platforms, parliaments, and fourth-estates; unfettered presses, periodical and stationary literatures: we are nearly all gone to tongue, I think; and our fate is very questionable!

Truly, it is little known at present, and ought forthwith to become better known, what ruin to all nobleness and fruitfulness and blessedness in the genius of a poor mortal you generally bring about, by ordering him to speak, to do all things with a view to their being seen! Few good and fruitful things ever were done, or could be done, on those terms. Silence, silence; and be distant ye profane, with your jargonings and superficial babblements, when a man has anything to *do*! Eye-service,—dost thou know what that is, poor England?—eye-service is all the man can do in these sad circumstances; grows to be all he has the idea of doing, of his or any other man's ever doing, or ever having done, in any circumstances. Sad enough. Alas, it is our saddest woe of all;—too sad for being spoken of at present, while all or nearly all men consider it an imaginary sorrow on my part!

Let the young English soul, in whatever logic-shop and nonsense-verse establishment of an Eton, Oxford, Edinburgh, Halle, Salamanca, or other High Finishing-School, he may be getting his young idea taught how to speak and spout, and print sermons and review-articles, and thereby show himself and fond patrons that it *is* an idea,—lay this solemnly to heart; this is my deepest counsel to him! The idea you have once spoken, if it even were an idea, is no longer yours; it is gone from you, so much life and virtue is gone, and the vital circulations of your self and your destiny and activity are henceforth deprived of it. If you could not get it spoken, if you could still constrain it into silence, so much the richer are you. Better keep your idea while you can: let it still circulate in

your blood, and there fructify ; inarticulately inciting you to good activities ; giving to your whole spiritual life a ruddier health. When the time does come for speaking it, you will speak it all the more concisely, the more expressively, appropriately ; and if such a time should never come, have you not already acted it, and uttered it as no words can ? Think of this, my young friend ; for there is nothing truer, nothing more forgotten in these shabby gold-laced days. Incontinence is half of all the sins of man. And among the many kinds of that base vice, I know none baser, or at present half so fell and fatal, as that same Incontinence of Tongue. ‘ Public speaking,’ ‘ parliamentary eloquence :’ it is a Moloch, before whom young souls are made to pass through the fire. They enter, weeping or rejoicing, fond parents consecrating them to the red-hot Idol, as to the Highest God : and they come out spiritually *dead*. Dead enough ; to live thenceforth a galvanic life of mere Stump-Oratory ; screeching and gibbering, words without wisdom, without veracity, without conviction more than skin-deep. A divine gift, that ? It is a thing admired by the vulgar, and rewarded with seats in the Cabinet and other preciosities ; but to the wise, it is a thing not admirable, not adorable ; unmelodious rather, and ghastly and bodeful, as the speech of sheeted spectres in the streets at midnight !

Be not a Public Orator, thou brave young British man, thou that art now growing to be something : not a Stump-Orator, if thou canst help it. Appeal not to the vulgar, with its long ears and its seats in the Cabinet ; not by spoken words to the vulgar ; *hate* the profane vulgar, and bid it begone. Appeal by silent work, by silent suffering if there be no work, to the gods, who have nobler than seats in the Cabinet for thee ! Talent for Literature, thou hast such a talent ? Believe it not, be slow to believe it ! To speak, or to write, Nature did not peremptorily order thee ; but to work she did. And know this : there never was a talent even for real Literature, not to speak of talents lost and damned in doing sham Literature, but was primarily a talent for something infinitely better of the silent kind. Of Literature, in all ways, be shy rather than otherwise, at present ! There where thou art, work, work ; whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it,—with the hand of a man, not of a phantasm ; be that thy unnoticed blessedness and ex-

ceeding great reward. Thy words, let them be few, and well-ordered. Love silence rather than speech in these tragic days, when, for very speaking, the voice of man has fallen inarticulate to man ; and hearts, in this loud babbling, sit dark and dumb towards one another. Witty,—above all, O be not witty : none of us is bound to be witty, under penalties ; to be wise and true we all are, under the terriblest penalties !

Brave young friend, dear to me, and *known* too in a sense, though never seen, nor to be seen by me,—you are, what I am not, in the happy case to learn to *be* something and to *do* something, instead of eloquently talking about what has been and was done and may be ! The old are what they are, and will not alter ; our hope is in you. England's hope, and the world's, is that there may once more be millions such, instead of units as now. *Mactè ; i fausto pede*. And may future generations, acquainted again with the silences, and once more cognisant of what is noble and faithful and divine, look back on *us* with pity and incredulous astonishment !

No. VI. PARLIAMENTS.

[1st June 1850.]

By this time it is sufficiently apparent the present Editor is not one of those who expect to see the Country saved by farther 'reforming' the reformed Parliament we have got. On the contrary, he has the sad conviction that from such Parliament never so ingeniously reformed, there can no salvation come, but only a speedy finale far different from salvation. It is his effort and desire to teach this and the other thinking British man that said finale, the advent namely of actual open Anarchy, cannot be distant, now when virtual disguised Anarchy, long-continued and waxing daily, has got to such a height; and that the one method of staving-off that fatal consummation, and steering towards the Continents of the Future, lies not in the direction of reforming Parliament, but of what he calls reforming Downing Street; a thing infinitely urgent to be begun, and to be strenuously carried on. To find a Parliament more and more the express image of the People, could, unless the People chanced to be wise as well as miserable, give him no satisfaction. Not this at all; but to find some sort of *King*, made in the image of God, who could a little achieve for the People, if not their spoken wishes, yet their dumb wants, and what they would at last find to have been their instinctive *will*,—which is a far different matter usually, in this babbling world of ours.

Qualification movement, universal-suffrage movement, Reform Association, and suchlike, this Editor does not enjoin upon his readers;—his readers whom (as every crow is known to think her own eggs whitest) he considers to be a select class, the true Aristocracy of England, capable of far better things than these. Which better things, and not the worse, it is his heart's wish to urge them upon doing. And yet, alas, how can he forbid any reader of his, or of other people's, to join such

suffrage movement, or still more distracted Chartism of Six Points, if it seem hopeful? Where we are, is no continuing. Men say: "The finale must come, ought to come; perhaps the sooner it comes, it will be the lighter to bear. If the foul universal boil is to go on ripening, under mere Leave-alone and Premiers of the Phantasm order, perhaps the sooner it bursts, and declares itself as universal gangrene and social death, the better!" Good Heavens, have men computed what the bursting-out of virtual disguised Anarchy into open undeniable Anarchy, such as they have in the Continental countries just now, amounts to in human affairs; what a game that or trying for cure in the Medea's-cauldron of Revolution is! Must we also front the Apotheosis of Attorneyism; and know what the blackest of terrestrial curses means?

But if the captains of the ship are of that scandalous class who refuse to be warned *except* by iceberg counsellors nudging them, what are the miserable crew to do? Yes, the crew had better consider of that; they have greatly too little considered it of late. They will find that in Nature there is no such alarming creature as a Chief Governor of that humour, in getting round a Cape Horn like this of ours; that, if pity did not check our rage, there is no such traitor in the ship as this unconscious one! Who, placidly assured, nothing doubting but he is the friend of gods and men, can stand with imperturbable attitude, quietly steering, by his old Whig and other charts of the British Channel (as if we were still *there* or thereabouts), into the yawning mouth of Chaos, on the other side of the world; and call it passing the Forelands in rough weather, or getting into Cowes, by constitutional methods, and 'remedial measures suited to the occasion.' Our heart's prayer in those circumstances is: From such Chief Governors, good Lord deliver us! And if masses of the desperate common men before the mast do invoke Chartism rather, and *invite* the iceberg counsellors to nudge him,—cannot we too well understand it? I hope, in other quarters of the ship there are men who know wiser courses, and instead of inviting the iceberg counsellors and Six Points, will direct all their strength to fling the Phantasm Captain under hatches. It is with the view of aiding and encouraging these latter that we now institute a few considerations upon Parliaments generally.

Dryasdust in his lumber-masses, which he calls treatises and histories, has not been explicit about Parliaments: but we need not doubt, the English Parliament, as windy a palaver-ing and imaginary entity as it has now grown to be, was at one time a quite solid serious actuality, met for earnest dispatch of work which, on the King's part and the Commonwealth's, needed absolutely to be done. Reading in *Eadmerus* and the dim old Books, one finds gradually that the Parliament was at first a most simple Assemblage, quite cognate to the situation; that Red William, or whoever had taken on him the terrible task of being King in England, was wont to invite, oftenest about Christmas time, his subordinate Kinglets, Barons as he called them, to give him the pleasure of their company for a week or two: there, in earnest conference all morning, in freer talk over Christmas cheer all evening, in some big royal Hall of Westminster, Winchester, or wherever it might be, with log-fires, huge rounds of roast and boiled, not lacking malmsey and other generous liquor, they took counsel concerning the arduous matters of the kingdom. "You Taillebois, what have you to propose in this arduous matter?—Frontdebœuf has another view; thinks, in his southern counties, they will go with the Protectionist movement, and repeal the malt-tax, the African Squadron, and the window-duty itself.—Potdevin, what is your opinion of the measure; will it hold in your parts? So, Fitzurse disagrees, then!—Tête-d'étoupes, speak out. And first, the pleasure of a glass of wine, my infant?"—Thus, for a fortnight's space, they carried on, after a human manner, their grand National Consult or *Parliamentum*; intermingling Dinner with it (as is still the modern method); debating everything, as Tacitus describes the Ancient Germans to have done, two times: once sober, and once what he calls 'drunk,'—not dead-drunk, but jolly round their big table;—that so both sides of the matter might be seen; and, midway between rash hope and unreasonable apprehension, the true decision of it might be hit. To this hour no public matter, with whatever serious argument, can be settled in England till it have been dined upon, perhaps repeatedly dined upon.

To King Rufus there could no more natural method present itself, of getting his affairs of sovereignty transacted, than this same. To assemble all his working Sub-kings about him; and gather in a human manner, by the aid of sad speech and

of cheerful, what their real notions, opinions and determinations were. No way of making a law, or of getting one executed when made, except by even such a General Consult in one form or another.—Naturally too, as in all places where men meet, there established themselves modes of proceeding in this Christmas *Parliamentum*: secretaries from the first were needed there, strict record of the results arrived-at being indispensable: and the methods of arriving, marginally noted or otherwise, would not be forgotten: such methods, with trials of ever new methods, accumulating, and in the course of continual practice getting sifted, rejected, adopted, and committed to record,—the vast elaboration, now called Law of Parliament, Privilege, Practice of Parliament, and that huge sheepskin quarry, in which Dryasdust bores and grovels as if the world's or England's secret lay there, grew to be what we see.

So likewise in the time of the Edwards, when Parliament gradually split itself into Two Houses; and Borough Members and Knights of the Shire were summoned up to answer, Whether they could stand such and such an impost? and took upon them to answer, "Yes, your Majesty; but we have such and such grievances greatly in need of redress first,"—nothing could be more natural and human than such a Parliament still was. And so, granting subsidies, stating grievances, and notably widening its field in that latter direction, accumulating new modes, and practices of Parliament greatly important in world-history, the old Parliament continued an eminently human, veracious, and indispensable entity, achieving real work in the Centuries. Down, we may say, to the Century of Charles First, when being constrained by unforeseen necessity to do so, it took suddenly, like water at the boiling point, a quite immense development of function; and performed that new function too, to the world's and its own amazement, in an eminently human, authentic and effectual manner,—the 'supply' it granted his Majesty, this time (in front of Whitehall, as it ultimately proved), being of a very unexpected yet by no means unessential nature; and the 'grievance' it now stated for redress being the transcendent one of Compulsion towards Spiritual Nightmare, towards Canting Idolatry, and Death Eternal,—which I do not wonder that they couldn't endure, and wouldn't! Which transcendent grievance, it is well known, they did get redressed, in a most conspicuous manner, they, for the time being;—and

so have since set all the world upon similar but far less hopeful attempts, by methods which *appear* the same, and are not the same but different.

This Long Parliament which conquered its King, and even extinguished him, since he would in no way be quiet when conquered; and which thus, the first of such Assemblages, declared that it was Sovereign in the Nation, and more royal than any King who could be there,—has set a flaming pattern to all the world, which now after centuries all the world is fruitlessly bent to emulate. This ever-memorable Long Parliament is definable, both in regard to its destinies in History, and to its intrinsic collective and individual worth among Deliberative Assemblies, as the Acme of Parliaments; the highest that it lay in them to be, or to do, in human affairs. The consummation, this, and slow cactus-flowerage of the parliamentary tree among mankind, which blossoms only in thousands of years, and is seen only once by men: the Father, this, of all Congresses, National Conventions and sublunary Parliaments that have since been.

But what I had to remark of this Long Parliament, and of its English predecessors generally from the times of Rufus downwards, is their perfect veracity of purpose, their exact adaptation to getting the business done that was in hand. Supplies did, in some way, need to be granted; grievances, such as never fail, did in some way need to be stated and redressed. The silent Peoples had their *Parliamentum*; and spake by it to their Kings who governed them. In all human Government, wherever a man will attempt to govern men, this is a function necessary as the breath of life: and it must be said the old European Populations, and the fortunate English best of all, did this function *well*. The old Parliaments were authentic entities; came upon indispensable work; and were in earnest to their very finger-ends about getting it done. No conclave of railway directors, met with closed doors upon the sacred cause of scrip and dividends, could be more intent upon the business necessary, or be more appropriate for it, than those old Parliaments were.

In modern Parliaments, again, indeed ever down from the Long Parliament, I note a sad gradual falling-off in this matter of 'veracity,'—which, alas, means a falling-off in all real

use, or possible advantage, there can be to mankind in such Institutions. The Parliament, if we examine well, has irrevocably lost certain of its old functions, which it still pretends to do ; and has got certain new functions, which it never can do, and yet pretends to be doing : a doubly fatal predicament for the Parliament. Its functions growing ever more confused in this twofold way, the position of the Parliament has become a false, and has gradually been becoming an impossible one, in modern affairs. While on the other hand, the poor Parliament, little conscious of all that, and long dimly struggling to remedy all that, and exist amidst it ; or in later years, still more fatally admitting all that, and quietly consenting to exist beside it *without* remedy,—has had to distort and pervert its poor activity in all manner of ways ; and at length has diffused itself into oceans of windy talk reported in *Hansard* ; has grown, in short, a National Palaver ; and is, as I said lately, one of the strangest entities this sun ever looked down upon. For, I think, a National Palaver recognised as Sovereign, a solemn Convocation of all the Stump-Orators in the Nation to come and govern us, was not seen in the earth till recently. I consider it has been reserved for these our Latter Generations ; a product long ripening for us from afar ;—and would fain hope that, like the Long Parliament, or acme and consummate flower in any kind, it can only be a transient phenomenon !

Some functions that are and continue real the Parliament still has ;—and these it becomes infinitely necessary to dis sever, and extricate alive, from the ocean of unreality in which they swim. Unreality is death, to Parliaments and to all things. The real functions whatsoever they are, these, most certainly, are all the good we shall ever get of Parliament ; and the question now is, Shall said good be drowned, or not be drowned, in the immeasurable accompaniment of imaginary functions which are evil and falsity, and that only ?

In the way of changed times I note two grand modern facts, omitting many minor, which have, one of them irrevocably, and the other hopelessly for the present, altered from top to bottom the function and position of all Parliaments ; and which do now fatally vitiate their procedure everywhere, rendering much of what they do a superfluity, a mere hypocrisy,

or noxious grimace ; and thus infecting even what is real in their function with a windy falsity, lamentable to behold and greatly requiring to be altered : Fact *first*, the existence of an Unfettered Press, with its perennial ever-increasing torrent of morning newspapers, pamphlets, books : fact *second*, that there is now no King present in Parliament ; no King now there, the *King* having vanished,—in front of Whitehall, long since ! Fact first I take to be unalterable. Complete alteration of fact second I discern to be distant, but likewise to be indispensable and inevitable ; and to require urgently here and now (by *New Downing Streets* or otherwise) a strenuous beginning, from all good citizens who would do any reform in their generation. Both facts together have dislocated every joint of the old arrangement, and made the modern Parliament a new creature ; and whosoever means to work reform there, will either open his eyes, and keep them open, to both these facts, or work only mischief and ruin.

In countries that can stand a Free Press,—which many cannot, but which England, thanks to her long good training, still can,—it is evident the National Consult or *real* Parliamentary Debate goes on of itself, everywhere, continually. Is not the *Times* newspaper an open Forum, open as never Forum was before, where all mortals vent their opinion, state their grievance,—all manner of grievances, from loss of your umbrella in a railway, to loss of your honour and fortune by unjust sovereign persons ? One grand branch of the Parliament's trade is evidently dead forever ! And the beautiful Elective Parliament itself is nothing like so living as it used to be. If we will consider it, the essential truth of the matter is, every British man can now elect *himself* to Parliament without consulting the hustings at all. If there be any vote, idea or notion in him, on any earthly or heavenly thing, cannot he take a pen, and therewith autocratically pour forth the same into the ears and hearts of all people, so far as it will go ? Precisely so far ; and, what is a great advantage too, no farther. The discussion of questions goes on, not in St. Stephen's now, but from Dan to Beersheba by able-editors and articulate-speaking creatures that *can* get others to listen to them. This is the fact ; and it demands to be attended to as such,—and will produce changes, I think, by and by.

What is the good of men collected, with effort, to debate on the benches of St. Stephen's, now when there is a *Times* Newspaper? Not the discussion of questions; only the ultimate voting of them (a very brief process, I should think!) requires to go on, or can veritably go on, in St. Stephen's now. The honourable gentleman is oftenest very wearisome in St. Stephen's now: his and his Constituency's *Aye* or *No*, is all we want of the honourable gentleman there; all we are ever like to get of him there,—could it but be had without admixtures! If your Lordship will reflect on it, you will find it an obsolete function, this debating one of his; useless in these new times, as a set of riding postboys would be, along the line of the Great Western Railway. Loving my life, and time which is the stuff of life, I read no Parliamentary Debates, rarely any Parliamentary Speech; but I am told there is not, once in the seven years, the smallest gleam of new intelligence thrown on any matter, earthly or divine, by an honourable gentleman on his legs in Parliament. Nothing offered you but wearisome, dreary, thrice-boiled colewort;—a bad article at first, and served and again served in Newspapers and Periodical and other Literatures, till even the inferior animals would recoil from it. Honourable gentlemen have complained to myself that under the sky there was not such a bore. What is or can be the use of this, your Lordship?

Let an honourable gentleman who has colewort, or stump-oratory of that kind, send it direct to the *Times*; perhaps they will print it for him, and then all persons can read it there who hope instruction from it. If the *Times* refuse to print it, let the honourable gentleman, if still so minded, print it at his own expense; let him advertise it at a penny the gross, distribute it gratis as handbill, or even offer a small reward per head to any citizen that will read it: but if, after all, no body of citizens will read it even for a reward, then let the honourable gentleman retire into himself, and consider what such omens mean! So much I take to be fair, or at least unavoidable in a free country: Let every creature try to get his opinion listened to; and let honourable gentlemen who can print their own stump-oratory, and offer the public a reward for using it, by all means do so. But that, when no human being will incline or even consent to have their said oratory, they can get upon their legs in Parliament and pour it out still, to the bur-

dening of many Newspapers, to the boring of their fellow-creatures, and generally to the despair of all thinking citizens in the community: this is and remains, I must crave to say, an infatuation, and, whatever respectable old coat you put upon it, is fast growing a nuisance which must be abated.

Still more important for a Parliament is the question: King present there, or no King? Certain it always is, and if forgotten, it much requires to be brought to mind, that a Parliament acting in the character of a body to be consulted by the sovereign ruler, or executive King of a Nation, differs immensely from a Parliament which is itself to enact the sovereign ruler, and to be supreme over all things; not merely giving its advice, its remonstrance, dissent or assent, and leaving the ruler still to decide with that new illumination; but deciding of itself, and by its Yes or its No peremptorily ordering all things to be or not to be. These, I say, are two extremely different characters for a Parliament to enact; and they necessitate all manner of distinctions, of the most vital nature, in our idea of a Parliament; so that what applies with full force to a Parliament acting the former character, will not apply at all to one enacting the latter: nay what is of the highest benefit in the former kind of Parliament, may not only in the latter kind be of no benefit, but be even of the fatalest detriment, and bring destruction to the poor Parliament itself and to all that depends thereon.

It is first of all, therefore, to be inquired, Whether your Parliament is actually in practice the Adviser of the Sovereign; or is the Sovereign itself? For the distinction is profound; goes down to the very roots of Parliament and of the Body Politic: and if you confound the two kinds of Parliaments, and apply to the one the psalmodyings and celebratings of constitutional doctors (very rife through the eighteenth century), which were meant for the other, and were partly true of the other, but are altogether false of this,—you will set forth in a radically wrong course, and will advance incessantly, with whatever psalmodyings of your own or of the world's, to a goal you are like to be much surprised at!—Under which of these two descriptions the British Parliament of our time falls, no one can need to be informed. Apart from certain thin fictions, and constitutional cobwebs which it is not expected any one should not see through, our Parliament is the sovereign ruler and real

executive King of this Empire; and constitutional men, who for a century past have been singing praises to that sublime Institution in its old character, are requested to look at it in this new one, and see what praises it has earned for itself there. Hitherto, in these last fifteen years since it has worked without shackle in that new character, one does not find its praises mount very high! The exercise of English Sovereignty, if that mean governance of the Twenty-seven million British souls and guidance of their temporal and eternal interests towards a good issue, does not seem to stand on the very best footing just at present! Not as a Sovereign Ruler of the Twenty-seven million British men, or heroic guide of their temporal or their eternal interests, has the reformed Parliament distinguished itself as yet, but otherwise only if at all.

In fact, there rises universally the complaint, and expression of surprise, That our reformed Parliament cannot get on with any kind of work, except that of talking, which does not serve much; and the Chief Minister has been heard lamenting, in a pathetic manner, that the Business of the Nation (meaning thereby the voting of the supplies) was dreadfully obstructed; and that it would be difficult for him to accomplish the Business of the Nation (meaning thereby the voting of the supplies), if honourable gentlemen would not please to hold their tongues a little. It is really pathetic, after a sort; and unless parliamentary eloquence will suffice the British Nation, and its businesses and wants, one sees not what is to become of us in that direction. For, in fine, the tragic experience is dimly but irrepressibly forcing itself on all the world, that our British Parliament does not shine as Sovereign Ruler of the British Nation; that it was excellent only as Adviser of the Sovereign Ruler; and has not, somehow or other, the art of getting work done; but produces talk merely, not of the most instructive sort for most part, and in vortexes of talk is not unlike to submerge itself and the whole of us, if help come not!

My own private notion, which I invite all reformed British citizens to reflect on, is and has for a long time been, That this dim universal experience, which points towards very tragic facts, will more and more rapidly become a clear universal experience, and disclose a tragic law of Nature little dreamt of by constitutional men of these times. That a Parliament, especially a Parliament with Newspaper Reporters firmly established

in it, is an entity which by its very nature cannot do work, but can do talk only,—which at times may be needed, and at other times again may be very needless. Consider, in fact, a body of Six-hundred and fifty-eight miscellaneous persons set to consult about ‘business’ with Twenty-seven millions mostly fools assiduously listening to them, and checking and criticising them:—was there ever since the world began, will there ever be till the world end, any ‘business’ accomplished in these circumstances? The beginning of all business everywhere, as all practical persons testify, is decidedly this, That every man *shut* his mouth, and do not open it again till his thinking and contriving faculty have elaborated something worth articulating. Which rule will much abridge the flow of speech in such assemblies! This, however, is the preliminary fundamental rule for business; and this, alas, is precisely the rule which cannot be attended to in constitutional Parliaments.

Add now another most unfortunate condition, That your Parliamentary Assembly is *not* very much in earnest, not at all ‘dreadfully in earnest,’ to do even the best it can; that in general the Nation it represents is no longer an earnest Nation, but a light, sceptical, epicurean one, which for a century has gone along smirking, grimacing, cutting jokes about all things, and has not been bent with dreadful earnestness on anything at all, except on making money each member of it for himself: here, certainly enough, is a Parliament that will do no business except such as can be done in sport; and unfortunately, it is well known, almost none can be done in that way. To which Parliament, in the centre of such a Nation, introduce now assiduous Newspaper Reporters, and six yards of small type laid on all breakfast-tables every morning: alas, are not the Six-hundred and fifty-eight miscellaneous gentlemen, who sit to do sovereign business in such circumstances, verily a self-contradiction, a solecism in Nature,—Nature having appointed that business shall *not* be done in that way? Incapable they of doing business; capable of speech only, and this none of the best. Speech which, as we can too well see, whether it be speech to the question and to the wise men near, or ‘speech to Buncombe’ (as the Americans call it), to the distant constituencies and the twenty-seven millions mostly fools, will yearly grow more worthless as speech, and threaten to finish by becoming burdensome to gods and men!

So that the sad conclusion, which all experience, wherever it has been tried, is fatally making good, appears to be, That Parliaments, admirable as Advising Bodies, and likely to be in future universally useful in that capacity, are, as Ruling and Sovereign Bodies, not useful, but useless or worse. That a Sovereign with nine-hundred or with six-hundred and fifty-eight heads, all set to talk against each other in the presence of thirty-four or twenty-seven or eighteen millions, cannot do the work of sovereignty at all; but is smitten with eternal incompetence for that function by the law of Nature itself. Such, alas, is the sad conclusion; and in England, and wherever else it is tried, a sad experience will rapidly make it good.

Only perhaps in the United States, which alone of countries can do *without* governing,—every man being at least able to live, and move-off into the wilderness, let Congress jargon as it will,—can such a form of so-called ‘Government’ continue, for any length of time, to torment men with the semblance, when the indispensable substance is not there. For America, as the citizens well know, is an “unparalleled country,”—with mud soil enough and fierce sun enough in the Mississippi Valley alone to grow Indian corn for all the extant Posterity of Adam at this time;—what other country ever stood in such a case? ‘Speeches to Buncombe,’ and a constitutional battle of the Kilkenny cats, which in other countries are becoming tragical and unendurable, may there still fall under the comical category. If indeed America should ever experience a higher call, as is likely, and begin to feel diviner wants than that of Indian corn with abundant bacon and molasses, and unlimited scope for all citizens to hunt dollars,—America too will find that caucuses, division-lists, stump-oratory and speeches to Buncombe will *not* carry men to the immortal gods; that the Washington Congress, and constitutional battle of Kilkenny cats is, there as here, naught for such objects; quite incompetent for such; and, in fine, that said sublime constitutional arrangement will require to be (with terrible throes, and travail such as few expect yet) remodelled, abridged, extended, suppressed; torn asunder, put together again;—not without heroic labour, and effort quite other than that of the Stump-Orator and the Revival Preacher, one day!

Thus if the first grand branch of parliamentary business, that of stating grievances, has fallen to the Untettered Presses,

and become quite dead for Parliaments, infecting them with mere hypocrisy when they now try it,—the second or new grand branch of business intrusted to them, and passionately expected and demanded of them, is one which they cannot do; the attempt and pretence to do which can only still farther involve them in hypocrisy, in fatal cecity, stump-oratory, futility, and the faster accelerate their doom, and ours if we depend on them.

We may take it as a fact, and should lay it to heart everywhere, That no Sovereign Ruler with six-hundred and fifty-eight heads, set to rule twenty-seven millions, by continually talking in the hearing of them all, can for the life of it make a good figure in that vocation; but must by nature make a bad figure, and ever a worse and worse, till, some good day, by soft recession or by rude propulsion, as the Omnipotent Beneficence may direct, it—get relieved from said vocation.

In the whole course of History I have heard of only two Parliaments of the sovereign sort, that did the work of sovereignty with some effect: the National Convention, in Paris, during the French Revolution; and the Long Parliament, here at London, during our own. Not that the work, in either case, was perfect; far enough from that; but with all imperfections it was got done; and neither of these two workers proved to be quite futile, or a solecism in its place in the world. These two Parliaments succeeded, and did not fail. The conditions, however, were peculiar; not likely to be soon seen again.

In the first place, of both these Parliaments it can be said that they *were* 'dreadfully in earnest;' in earnest as no Parliaments before or since ever were. Nay indeed, in the end, it had become a matter of life or death with them. But apart from that latter consideration, in the Long Parliament especially, nothing so astonishes a modern man as the serious, solemn, nay devout, religiously earnest spirit in which almost every member had come up to his task. For the English was yet a serious devout Nation,—as in fact it intrinsically still is, and ever tends and strives to be; this its poor modern levity, sceptical knowingness, and sniffing grinning humour, being forced on it, and sitting it very ill:—ever a devout Nation, I say; and the Divine Presence yet irradiated this poor Earth and its business to most men; and to all Englishmen the Par-

liament, we can observe, was still what their Temple was to the ancient Hebrews; the most august of terrestrial objects, into which when a man entered, he felt that he was standing on holy ground. Literally so; and much is the modern man surprised at it; and only after much reluctance can he admit it to be credible, to be certain and visible among our old fathers there.—In which temper alone, is there not sure promise of work being done, under any circumstances whatsoever? Given any lamest Talking Parliament, with its Chartisms or its starving Irish, and a starving world getting all into pike-points round it; given the saddest natural solecism discoverable in the Earth or under the Earth;—inform it with this noble spirit, it will from the first hour become a *less* sad solecism; it will, if such divine spirit hold in it, and nerve its continual efforts, cease at last to be a solecism, and by self-sacrifice or otherwise become a veracity, and get itself *adopted* by Nature.

But secondly, what likewise is of immense significance, the Long Parliament had no Reporters. Very far from that; no Member himself durst so much as whisper to any extraneous mortal, without leave given, what went on within those sacred walls. Solemn reprimand from the Speaker, austere lodgment in the Tower, if he did. If a patriot stranger, coming up on express pilgrimage from the country, chance to gaze in from the Lobby too curiously on the august Assemblage (as once or twice happens), he is instantly seized by the fit usher; led, pale as his shirt, into the floor of the honourable House, Speaker Lenthall's and four hundred other pairs of Olympian eyes transfixing him, that it be there ascertained, Whether the Tower, the Tarpeian rock, or what in Nature or out of it, shall be the doom of such a man! A silent place withal, though a talking one; hermetically sealed; no whisper to be published of it, except what the honourable House itself directs. Let a modern honourable member, with his reporters' gallery, his strangers' gallery, his female ventilator, and twenty-seven millions mostly fools listening to him at Buncombe, while all at hand are asleep, consider what a fact is that old one!

But thirdly, what also is a most important fact in this question, the Long Parliament, after not many months of private debating, split itself fairly into two parties; and the Opposition party fairly rode away, designing to *debate* in another manner thenceforth. What an abatement of parliamentary eloquence

in that one fact by itself, is evident enough! The Long Parliament, for all manner of reasons, for these three and for others that could be given, was an unexampled Parliament—properly indeed, as I sometimes define it, the Father of all Parliaments which have sat since in this world!

The French Convention did its work, too; and this under circumstances intrinsically similar, much as they differed outwardly. No Parliament more 'in earnest' ever sat in any country or time; and indeed it was the Parliament of a Nation all in deadly earnest; gambling against the world for life or for death. The Convention had indeed Reporters; and encountered much parliamentary eloquence at its starting, and underwent strange handlings and destinies in consequence; but we know how *it* managed with its parliamentary eloquence, and got that reduced to limits, when once business did behove to be done! The Convention, its Girondins and opposition parties once thrown out, had its Committee of *Salut Publique*, consisting of Twelve, of Nine, or even properly of Three; in whose hands lay all sovereign business, and the whole terrible task of ascertaining what was to be done. Of which latter, the latter being itself so immense, so swift and imperatively needful, all parliamentary eloquence was to be the enforcement and publisher and recorder merely. And whatever eloquent heads chose to obstruct this sovereign Committee, the Convention had its guillotine, and swiftly rid itself of these and of their eloquence. Whereby business went on, without let on that side; and actually got itself done!

These are the only instances I know, of Parliaments that succeeded in the business of Government; and these I think are *not* inviting instances to the British reformer of this day. Rather what we may call paroxysms of parliamentary life, than instances of what could be continuously expected of any Parliament,—or perhaps even transiently wished of any. They were the appropriate, and as it proved, the effectual organism for Periods of a quite transcendent character in National Life; such as it is not either likely or desirable that we should see, except at very long intervals, in human affairs.

The fact is, Parliaments have had two great blows, in modern times; and are now in a manner quite shorn of their real

strength, and what is still worse, invested with an imaginary. Faust of Mentz, when he invented 'movable types,' inflicted a terrible blow on Parliaments; suddenly, though yet afar off, reducing them to a mere scantling of their former self, and taking all the best business out of their hands. Then again John Bradshaw, when he ordered the hereditary *King* to vanish, in front of Whitehall, and proclaimed that Parliament itself was King,—John, little conscious of it, inflicted a still more terrible blow on Parliaments; appointing them to do (especially with *Faust* too, or the Morning Newspaper, gradually getting in) what Nature and Fact had decided they could never do. In which doubly fatal state, with Faust busier than ever among them, they continue at this moment,—working towards strange issues, I do believe!

Or, speaking in less figurative language, our conclusion is, *first*, That Parliaments, while they continued, as our English ones long did, mere Advisers of the Sovereign Ruler, were invaluable institutions; and did, especially in periods when there was no *Times* Newspaper, or other general Forum free to every citizen who had three fingers and a smattering of grammar,—deserve well of mankind, and achieve services for which we should be always grateful. This is conclusion *first*. But then, alas, equally irrefragable comes conclusion *second*, That Parliaments when they get to try, as our poor British one now does, the art of governing by themselves as the Supreme Body in the Nation, make no figure in that capacity, and can make none, but by the very nature of the case are unable to do it. Only two instances are on record of Parliaments having, in any circumstances, succeeded as Governing Bodies; and it is even *hoped*, or ought to be, by men generally, that there may not for another thousand years be a third!

As not only our poor British Parliament of those years and decades, but all the sudden European Parliaments at Paris, Frankfort, Erfurt and elsewhere, are Parliaments which undertake that second or impossible function of governing as Parliaments, and must either do it, or sink in black anarchy one knows not whitherward,—the horoscope of Parliaments is by no means cheering at present; and good citizens may justly shudder, if their anticipations point that way, at the prospect of a Chartist Parliament here. For your Chartist Parliament is properly the consummation of that fatal tendency, towards

the above-mentioned impossible function, on the part of Parliaments. A tendency not yet consummated with us ; for we still have other fragments of old Authority lodged elsewhere than in the Parliament, which still struggle here and there to accomplish a little governing, though under strange conditions : and to instal a Parliament of the Six Points would be precisely to extinguish with the utmost rapidity all such fragments, and solemnly by National Charter and Six Points to bid the Parliament, "Be supreme King over us, thou, in all respects ; and rule us, thou,—since it is impossible for thee !"

These are serious considerations, sufficient to create alarm and astonishment in any constitutional man. But really it grows late in the day with constitutional men ; and it is time for them to look up from their Delolme. If the constitutional man will take the old Delolme-Bentham spectacles off his nose, and look abroad into the Fact itself with such eyes as he may have, I consider he will find that reform in matters social does *not* now mean, as he has long sleepily fancied, reform in Parliament alone or chiefly or perhaps at all. My alarming message to him is, that the thing we vitally need is not a more and more perfectly elected Parliament, but some reality of a Ruling Sovereign to preside over Parliament ; that we have already got the former entity in some measure, but that we are farther than ever from the road towards the latter ; and that if the latter be missed and not got, there is no life possible for us. A New Downing Street, an infinitely reformed Governing Apparatus ; there some hope might lie. A Parliament, any conceivable Parliament, continuing to attempt the function of Governor, can lead us only into No-Government which is called Anarchy ; and the more 'reformed' or Democratic you make it, the swifter will such consummation be.

Men's hopes from a Democratic or otherwise reformed Parliament are various, and rather vague at present ; but surely this, as the ultimate essence, lies and has always lain in the heart of them all : That hereby we shall succeed better in doing the commandment of Heaven, instead of everywhere violating or ignoring Heaven's commandment, and incurring Hea-

ven's curse, as now. To ascertain better and better what the will of the Eternal was and is with us, what the Laws of the Eternal are, all Parliaments, Ecumenic Councils, Congresses, and other Collective Wisdoms, have had this for their object. This or else nothing easily conceivable,—except to merit damnation for themselves, and to get it too! Nevertheless, in the inexplicable universal votings and debates of these Ages, an idea or rather a dumb presumption to the contrary has gone idly abroad; and at this day, over extensive tracts of the world, poor human beings are to be found, whose practical belief it is that if we 'vote' this or that, so this or that will thenceforth *be*. "Who's to decide it?" they all ask, as if the whole or chief question lay there. "Who's to decide it?" asks the irritated British citizen, with a sneer in his tone. "Who's to decide it?" asks he, oftener than any other question of me. Decide it, O irritated British citizen? Why, thou, and I, and each man into whose living soul the Almighty has breathed a gleam of understanding; we are all, and each of us for his own self, to decide it; and woe will befall us, each and all, if we don't decide it *aright*; according as the Almighty has already 'decided' it, as it has been appointed to be and to continue, before all human deciding and after them all!—

Practically men have come to imagine that the Laws of this Universe, like the laws of constitutional countries, are decided by voting; that it is all a study of division-lists, and for the Universe too, depends a little on the activity of the whipper-in. It is an idle fancy. The Laws of this Universe, of which if the Laws of England are not an exact transcript, they should passionately study to become such, are fixed by the everlasting congruity of things, and are not fixable or changeable by voting! Neither properly, we say, are the Laws of England, or those of any other land never so republican or red-republican, fixable or changeable by that poor foolish process; not at all, O constitutional Peter, much as it may astonish you! Voting is a method we have agreed upon for settling temporary discrepancies of opinion as to what is law or not law, in this small section of the Universe called England: a good temporary method, possessing some advantages; which does settle the discrepancy for the moment. Nay, if the votings were sincere and loyal, we might have some chance withal of being *right* as to the question, and of settling it blessedly

forever ;—though again, if the votings are insincere, selfish, almost professedly *disloyal*, and given under the influence of beer and balderdash, we have the proportionate sad chance of being *wrong*, and so settling it under curses, to be fearfully unsettled again !

For I must remark to you, and reiterate to you, that a continued series of votings transacted incessantly for sessions long, with three-times-three readings, and royal assents as many as you like, cannot make a law the thing which *is* no law. No, that lies beyond them. They can make it a *sheepskin Act* of Parliament ; and even hang men (though now with difficulty) for not obeying it :—and this they reckon enough ; the idle fools ! I tell you and them, it is a miserable blunder, this self-styled ‘law’ of theirs ; and I for one will study either to have no concern with it, or else by all judicious methods to *disobey* said blundering impious pretended ‘law.’ In which sad course of conduct, very unpleasant to my feelings, but needful at such times, the gods and all good men, and virtually these idle fools themselves, will be on my side ; and so I shall succeed at length, in spite of obstacles ; and the pretended ‘law’ will take down its gibbet-ropes, and abrogate itself, and march, with the town-drum beating in the rear of it, and beadles scourging the back of it, and ignominious idle clamour escorting it, to Chaos, one day ; and the Prince of Darkness, Father of Delusions, Devil, or whatever his name be, who is and was always *its* true proprietor, will again hold possession of it,—much good may it do him !

My friend, do you think had the united Posterity of Adam voted, and since the Creation done nothing but vote, that three and three were seven,—would this have altered the laws of arithmetic ; or put to the blush the solitary Cocker who continued to assert privately that three and three were six ? I consider, not. And is arithmetic, think you, a thing more fixed by the Eternal, than the laws of justice are, and what the right is of man towards man ? The builder of this world was Wisdom and Divine Foresight, not Folly and Chaotic Accident. Eternal Law is silently present, everywhere and everywhen. By Law the Planets gyrate in their orbits ;—by some approach to Law the Street-Cabs ply in their thoroughfares. No pin’s point can you mark within the wide circle of the All where God’s Laws are not. Unknown to you, or known (you had

better try to know them a little !)—inflexible, righteous, eternal ; not to be questioned by the sons of men. Wretched being, do you hope to prosper by assembling six-hundred and fifty-eight poor creatures in a certain apartment, and getting them, after debate, and “ Divide,—’vide,—’vide,” and report in the *Times*, to vote that what is *not* is ? You will carry it, you, by your voting and your eloquencing and babbling ; and the adamantine basis of the Universe shall bend to your third reading, and paltry bit of engrossed sheepskin and dog-latin ? What will become of you ?

Unless perhaps the Almighty Maker has forgotten this miserable anthill of a Westminster, of an England ; and has no Laws in force here which are of moment to him ? Not here and now ; only in Judea, and distant countries at remote periods of time ? Confess it, Peter, you have some cowardly notion to that effect, though ashamed to say so ! Miserable soul ! Don’t you notice gravitation here, the law of birth and of death, and other laws ? Peter, do you know why the Age of Miracles is past ? Because you are become an enchanted human ass (I grieve to say it) ; and merely bray parliamentary eloquence ; rejoice in chewed gorse, scrip coupons, or the like ; and have no discernible ‘ Religion,’ except a degraded species of Phallus-Worship, whose liturgy is in the Circulating Libraries !

In Parliaments, Constitutional Conclaves and Collective Wisdoms, it is too fatally certain there have been many things approved of, which it was found on trial Nature did not approve but disapprove. Nature told the individual trying to lead his life by such rule, No ; the Nation of individuals, No. “ Not “ this way, my children, though the wigs that prescribed it “ were of great size, and the bowowing they enforced it with “ was loud ; not by this way is victory and blessedness attain- “ able ; by other ways than this. Only stagnation, degrada- “ tion, choked sewers, want of potatoes, uncultivated heaths, “ overturned mud-cabins, and at length Chartism, street-barri- “ cades, Red Republic, and Chaos come again, will prove at- “ tainable by this !”

Here below there is but one thing needful ; one thing ;— and that one will in nowise consent to be dispensed with ! He that can ascertain, in England or elsewhere, what the laws of

the Eternal are and walk by them voted for or unvoted, with him it will be well; with him that misses said laws, and only gets himself voted for, not well. Voting, in fact, O Peter, is a thing I value but little in any time, and almost at zero in this. Not a divine thing at all, my poor friend, but a human; and in the beer-and-balderdash case, whatever constitutional doctors may say, almost a brutal. Voting, never a divine Apollo, was once a human Bottom the Weaver; and, so long as he continued in the sane and sincere state, was worth consulting about several things. But alas, enveloped now in mere stump-oratory, cecity, mutinous imbecility, and sin and misery, he is now an enchanted Weaver,—wooed by the fatuous Queen of constitutional Faëry,—and feels his cheek hairy to the scratch. Beer rules him, and the Infinite of Balderdash; and except as a horse might vote for tares or hard beans, he had better, till he grow wise again, hardly vote at all. I will thank thee to take him away, into his own place, which is very low down indeed; and to put in the upper place something infinitely worthier. You ask what thing; in a triumphant manner, with erect ear and curved tail, O hapless quadruped? How can I tell *you* what thing? I myself know it, and every soul still human knows it, or may know; but to the soul that has fallen asinine, and thinks the Laws of God are to be voted for, it is unknowable.

‘If of ten men nine are recognisable as fools, which is a ‘common calculation,’ says our *Intermittent* Friend, ‘how, in ‘the name of wonder, will you ever get a ballot-box to grind ‘you out a wisdom from the votes of these ten men? Never ‘by any conceivable ballot-box, nor by all the machinery in ‘Bromwicham or out of it, will you attain such a result. Not ‘by any method under Heaven, except by suppressing, and in ‘some good way reducing to zero, nine of those votes, can ‘wisdom ever issue from your ten.

‘Why men have got so universally into such a fond expectation? The reason might lead us far. The reason, alas, is, ‘men have, to a degree never before exemplified, forgotten that ‘there is fixed eternal law in this Universe; that except by ‘coming upon the dictates of that, no success is possible for ‘any nation or creature. That we should have forgotten this, ‘—alas, here is an abyss of vacuity in our much-admired opu-

‘lence, which the more it is looked at saddens the thinking heart the more.

‘And yet,’ continues he elsewhere, ‘it is unavoidable and indispensable at present. With voting and ballot-boxing who can quarrel, as the matter stands? I pass it without quarrel; nay say respectfully, “Good speed to you, poor friends: Heaven send you not only a good voting-box, but something worth voting for! Sad function yours, giving plumpers or split-votes for or against such a pair of human beings, and such a set of human causes. Adieu!”’

And yet surely, not in England only, where the Institution is like a second nature to us, but in all countries where men have attained any civilisation, it is good that there be a Parliament. Morning Newspapers, and other temporary or permanent changes of circumstances, may much change and almost infinitely abridge its function, but they never can abolish it. Under whatever reformed Downing Street, or indispensable new King, of these New Eras, England be governed, its Parliament too will continue indispensable. And it is much to be desired that all men saw clearly what the Parliament's real function, in these changed times of newspaper reporters and imaginary kings, had grown to be. We must set it to its real function; and, at our peril and its, restrict it to that! Its real function is the maximum of all we shall be able to get out of it. Wrap it in never so many sheepskins, and venerabilities of use-and-wont, you will not get it persuaded to do what its real function is *not*. Endless derangement, spreading into futility on every side, and ultimate ruin even to its real function, will result to you from setting it to work against what Nature and Fact have appointed for it. Your Dray-wagon, excellent for carting beer along the streets,—start not with it from the chimney-tops, as Chariot of the Sun; for it will not act in that capacity!—

As a ‘Collective *Wisdom*’ of Nations the talking Parliament, I discern too well, can never more serve. Wisdom dwells not with stump-oratory; to the stump-orator Wisdom has waved her sad and peremptory farewell. A Parliament, speaking through reporters to Buncombe and the Twenty-seven millions mostly fools, has properly given up that function;

that is not now the function it attempts. But even as the Condensed Folly of Nations; Folly bound up into articulate masses, and able to say Yes and No for itself, it will much avail the Governing Man! To know at what pitch the widespread Folly of the Nation now stands, what may safely be attempted with said Folly, and what not safely: this too is very indispensable for the Governing Man. Below *this* function, in the maddest times and with Faust of Mentz reverberating every madness *ad infinitum*, no Parliament can fall.

Votes of men are worth collecting, if convenient. True, their opinions are generally of little wisdom, and can on occasion reach to all conceivable and inconceivable degrees of folly; but their instincts, where these can be deciphered, are wise and human; these, hidden under the noisy utterance of what they call their opinions, are the unspoken sense of man's heart, and well deserve attending to. Know well what the people inarticulately feel, for the Law of Heaven itself is dimly written there; nay do not neglect, if you have opportunity, to ascertain what they vote and say. One thing the stupidest multitude at a hustings can do, provided only it be sincere: Inform you how *it* likes this man or that, this proposed law or that. "I do not like thee, Dr. Fell; the reason why I cannot tell,"—and perhaps indeed there is no reason; nevertheless let the Governor too be thankful to know the fact, 'full well;' for it may be useful to him. Nay the multitude, even when its nonsense is not sincere, but produced in great part by beer and stump-oratory, will yet by the very act of voting feel itself bound in honour; and so even in that case it apprises you, "Such a man, such a law, will I accept, being persuaded thereto by beer and stump-oratory, and having polled at "hustings for the same."

Beyond doubt it will be useful, will be indispensable, for the King or Governor to know what the mass of men think upon public questions legislative and administrative; what they will assent to willingly, what unwillingly; what they will resist with superficial discontents and remonstrances, what with obstinate determination, with riot, perhaps with armed rebellion. No Governor otherwise can go along with clear illumination on his path, however plain the loadstar and ulterior goal be to him; but at every step he must be liable to fall into the ditch; to awaken he knows not what nests of hornets,

what sleeping dogkennels, better to be avoided. By all manner of means let the Governor inform himself of all this. To which end, Parliaments, Free Presses, and suchlike are excellent ; they keep the Governor fully aware of what the People, wisely or foolishly, think. Without in some way knowing it with moderate exactitude, he has not a possibility to govern at all. For example, the Chief Governor of Constantinople, having no Parliament to tell it him, knows it only by the frequency of incendiary fires in his capital, the frequency of bakers hanged at their shop-lintels ; a most inferior *ex-postfacto* method !—Profitable indisputably, essential in all cases where practicable, to know clearly what and where the obstacles are. Marching with noble aim, with the heavenly loadstars ever in your eye, you will thus choose your path with the prudence which is also noble, and reach your aim surely, if more slowly.

With the real or seeming slowness we do not quarrel. The winding route, on uneven surfaces, may often be the swiftest ; that is a point for your own prudences, practical sagacities, and qualities as a King : the indispensable point, for both you and us, is that you do always advance, unresting if unbounding, and know in every fibre of you that arrive you must. Rigidly straight routes find some admiration with the vulgar, and are rather apt to please at hustings ; but we know well enough they are no clear sign of strength of purpose. The Leming-rat, I have been told, travelling in myriads seaward from the hills of Norway, turns not to the right or the left : if these rats meet a haystack, they eat their way through it ; if a stone house, they try the same feat, and not being equal to eating the house, climb the walls of it, pour over the roof of it, and push forward on the old line, swimming or ferrying rivers, scaling or rounding precipices ; most consistent Leming-rats. And what is strange, too, their errand seaward is properly none. They all perish, before reaching the sea, or of hunger on the sand-beach ; their consistent rigidly straight journey was a journey no-whither ! I do not ask your Lordship to imitate the Leming-rat.

But as to universal suffrage, again,—can it be proved that, since the beginning of the world, there was ever given a universal vote in favour of the worthiest man or thing ? I have always understood that true worth, in any department, was

difficult to recognise ; that the worthiest, if he appealed to universal suffrage, would have but a poor chance. John Milton, inquiring of universal England what the worth of *Paradise Lost* was, received for answer, Five Pounds Sterling. George Hudson, inquiring in like manner what his services on the railways might be worth, received for answer (prompt temporary answer), Fifteen Hundred Thousand ditto. Alas, Jesus Christ asking the Jews what *he* deserved, was not the answer, Death on the gallows !—Will your Lordship believe me, I feel it almost a shame to insist on such truisms. Surely the doctrine of judgment by vote of hustings has sunk now, or should be fast sinking, to the condition of obsolete with all but the commonest of human intelligences. With me, I must own, it has never had any existence. The mass of men consulted at hustings, upon any high matter whatsoever, is as ugly an exhibition of human stupidity as this world sees.

Universal suffrage assembled at hustings,—I will consult it about the quality of New-Orleans pork, or the coarser kinds of Irish butter ; but as to the character of men, I will if possible ask it no question : or if the question be asked and the answer given, I will generally consider, in cases of any importance, that the said answer is likely to be wrong,—that I have to listen to the said answer and receive it as authentic, and for my own share to go, and with whatever strength may lie in me, do the reverse of the same. Even so, your Lordship ; for how should I follow a multitude to do evil ? There are such things as multitudes all full of beer and nonsense, even of insincere factitious nonsense, who by hypothesis cannot but be wrong. Or what safety will there be in a thousand or ten thousand brawling potwallopers, or blockheads of any rank whatever, if the Fact, namely the whole Universe and the Eternal Destinies, be against me ? These latter I for my share will try to follow, even if alone in doing so. It will be better for me.

Your Lordship, there are fools, cowards, knaves, and glutinous traitors true only to their own appetite, in immense majority, in every rank of life ; and there is nothing frightfuler than to see these voting and deciding ! “ Not your way, my “ unhappy brothers, shall it be decided ; no, not while I, and “ ‘ a company of poor men ’ you may have heard of, live in this “ world. Vote it as you please,” my friend Oliver was wont to say or intimate ; “ vote it so, if you like ; there is a com-

“ pany of poor men that will spend all their blood before ‘hey see it settled so!’—Who, in such sad moments, but has to *hate* the profane vulgar, and feel that he must and will debar it from him! And alas, the vulgarest vulgar, I often find, are not those in ragged coats at this day; but those in fine, superfine, and superfine;—the more is the pity! Superfine coat symbolically indicates, like official stamp and signature, *Bank-of-England Thousand-Pound Note*; and blinkard owls, in city and country, accept it cheerfully as such: but look closer, you may find it mere *Bank of Elegance*; a flash-note travelling towards the eternal Fire;—and will have nothing to do with it, you, I hope!

Clearly enough, the King in constitutional countries would wish to ascertain all men’s votes, their opinions, volitions on all manner of matters; that so his whole scene of operations, to the last cranny of it, might be illuminated for him, and he, wherever he were working, might work with perfect knowledge of the circumstances and materials. But the King, New Downing Street, or whatever the Sovereign’s name is, will be a very poor King indeed if he *admit* all these votes into his system of procedure, and transform them into acts;—indeed I think, in that case, he will not be long for this world as a King! No: though immense acclamation attend him at the first outset in that course, every volition and opinion finding itself admitted into the poor King’s procedure,—yet unless the volitions and opinions are wise and not foolish, not the smallest ultimate prosperity can attend him; and all the acclamations of the world will not save him from the ignominious lot which Nature herself has appointed for all creatures that do *not* follow the Law which Nature has laid down.

You ask this and the other man what is his opinion, his notion, about varieties of things: and having ascertained what his notion is, and carried it off as a piece of information,—surely you are bound, many times, most times if you are a wise man, to go directly in the teeth of it, and for his sake and for yours to do directly the contrary of it. Any man’s opinion one would accept; all men’s opinion, could it be had absolutely without trouble, might be worth accepting. Nay on certain points I even ask my horse’s opinion:—as to whether beans will suit him at this juncture, or a truss of tares; on this and the like

points I carefully consult my horse ; gather, by such language as he has, what my horse's candid opinion as to beans or the truss of tares is, and unhesitatingly follow the same. As what prudent rider would not ? There is no foolishhest man but knows one and the other thing more clearly than any the wisest man does ; no glimmer of human or equine intelligence but can disclose something which even the intelligence of a Newton, *not* present in that exact juncture of circumstances, would not otherwise have ascertained. To such length you would gladly consult all equine, and much more all human intelligences :—to such length ; and, strictly speaking, not any farther.

Of what use towards the general result of finding out what it is wise to do,—which is the one thing needful to all men and nations,—can the fool's vote be ? It is either coincident with the wise man's vote, throwing no new light on the matter, and therefore superfluous ; or else it is contradictory, and therefore still more superfluous, throwing mere darkness on the matter, and imperatively demanding to be annihilated, and returned to the giver with protest. Woe to you if you leave that valid ! There are expressions of volition too, as well as of opinion, which you collect from foolish men, and even from inferior creatures : these can do you no harm, these it may be very beneficial for you to have and know ;—but these also, surely it is often imperative on you to contradict, and would be ruinous and baleful for you to *follow*. You have to apprise the unwise man, even as you do the unwiser horse : “ On the truss of tares “ I took your vote, and have cheerfully fulfilled it ; but in regard to choice of roads and the like, I regret to say you have “ no competency whatever. No, my unwise friend, we are for “ Hammersmith and the West, not for Highgate and the Northern parts, on this occasion : not by that left turn, by this turn “ to the right runs our road ; thither, for reasons too intricate “ to explain at this moment, it will behove thee and me to go : “ Along, therefore !”—

“ But how ?” your Lordship asks, and all the world with you : “ Are not two men stronger than one ; must not two votes “ carry it over one ?” I answer : No, nor two thousand nor two million. Many men vote ; but in the end, you will infallibly find, none counts except the few who were *in the right*. Unit of that class, against as many zeros as you like ! If the King's thought *is* according to the will of God, or to the law

appointed for this Universe, I can assure your Lordship the King will ultimately carry that, were he but one in it against the whole world.

It is not by rude force, either of muscle or of will, that one man can govern twenty men, much more twenty millions of men. For the moment, if all the twenty are stark against his resolution never so wise, the twenty for the moment must have their foolish way; the wise resolution, for the moment, cannot be carried. Let their votes be taken, or known (as is often possible) without taking; and once well taken, let them be weighed,—which latter operation, also an essential one for the King or Governor, is very difficult. If the weight be in favour of the Governor, let him in general proceed; cheerfully accepting adverse account of heads, and dealing wisely with that according to his means;—often enough, in pressing cases, flatly disregarding that, and walking through the heart of it; for in general it is but frothy folly and loud-blustering rant and wind.

I have known minorities, and even small ones by the account of heads, do grand national feats long memorable to all the world, in these circumstances. Witness Cromwell and his Puritans; a minority at all times, by account of heads; yet the authors or saviours, as it ultimately proved, of whatsoever is divinest in the things we can still reckon ours in England. Minority by tale of heads; but weighed in Heaven's balances, a most clear majority: this 'company of poor men that will spend their blood rather,' on occasion shown,—it has now become a noble army of heroes, whose conquests were appointed to endure forever. Indeed it is on such terms that grand national and other feats, by the sons of Adam, are generally done. Not without risk and labour to the doers of them; no surely, for it never was an easy matter to do the real will of a Nation, much more the real will of this Universe in respect to a Nation. No, that is difficult and heroic; easy as it is to count the voting heads of a Nation at any time, and do the behests of their beer and balderdash; empty behests, very different from even their 'will,' poor blockheads, to say nothing of the Nation's will and the Universe's will! Which two, especially which latter, are alone worth doing.

But if not only the number but the weight of votes preponderate against your Governor, he, never so much in the right, will find it wise to hold his hand; to delay, for a time, this his

beneficent execution, which is ultimately inevitable and indispensable, of Heaven's Decrees ; the Nation being still unprepared. He will leave the bedarkened Nation yet a while alone. What can he do for it, if not even a small minority will stand by him ? Let him strive to enlighten the Nation ; let him pray, and in all ways endeavour, that the Nation be enlightened,—that a small minority may open their eyes and hearts to the message of Heaven, which he, heavy-laden man and governor, *has* been commissioned to see done in this transitory earth, at his peril ! Heaven's message, sure enough, if it be true ; and Hell's if it be not, though voted for by innumerable two-legged animals without feathers or with !

On the whole, honour to small minorities, when they are genuine ones. Severe is their battle sometimes, but it is victorious always like that of gods. Tancred of Hauteville's sons, some eight centuries ago, conquered all Italy ; bound it up into organic masses, of vital order after a sort ; founded thrones and principalities upon the same, which have not yet entirely vanished,—which, the last dying wrecks of which, still wait for some worthier successor, it would appear. The Tancred Normans were some Four Thousand strong ; the Italy they conquered in open fight, and bound up into masses at their ordering will, might count Eight Millions, all as large of bone, as eupeptic and black-whiskered as they. How came the small minority of Normans to prevail in this so hopeless-looking debate ? Intrinsically, doubt it not, because they were in the right ; because, in a dim, instinctive, but most genuine manner, they were doing the commandment of Heaven, and so Heaven had decided that they were to prevail. But extrinsically also, I can see, it was because the Normans were *not* afraid to have their skin scratched ; and were prepared to die in their quarrel where needful. One man of that humour among a thousand of the other, consider it ! Let the small minority, backed by the whole Universe, and looked on by such a cloud of invisible witnesses, fall into no despair.

What is to become of Parliament in the New Era, is less a question with me than what is to become of Downing Street. With a reformed Downing Street strenuously bent on real and not imaginary management of our affairs, I could foresee all manner of reform to England and its Parliament ; and at length

in the gradual course of years, that highest acme of reform to Parliament and to England, a New Governing Authority, a real and not imaginary King set to preside there. With that, to my view, comes all blessedness whatsoever; without that comes, and can come, nothing but, with ever-accelerated pace, ANARCHY; or the *declaration* of the fact that we have no Governor, and have long had none.

For the rest, Anarchy advances as with seven-league boots, in these years. Either some New Downing Street and Incipency of a real Hero-Kingship again, or else Chartist Parliament, with Apotheosis of Attorneyism, and Anarchy very undeniable to all the world: one or else the other, it seems to me, we shall soon have. Under a real Kingship the Parliament, we may rest satisfied, would gradually, with whatever difficulty, get itself inducted to its real function, and restricted to that, and moulded to the form fittest for that. If there can be no reform of Downing Street, I care not much for the reform of Parliament. Our doom, I perceive, is the Apotheosis of Attorneyism; into that blackest of terrestrial curses we must plunge, and take our fate there like the others.

For the sake both of the New Downing Street and of whatever its New Parliament may be, let us add here, what will vitally concern both these Institutions, a few facts, much forgotten at present, on the general question of Enfranchisement;—and therewith end. Who is slave, and eternally appointed to be governed; who free, and eternally appointed to govern? It would much avail us all to settle this question.

Slave or free is settled in Heaven for a man; acts of parliament attempting to settle it on earth for him, sometimes make sad work of it. Now and then they correctly copy Heaven's settlement in regard to it; proclaim audibly what is the silent fact, "Here is a free man, let him be honoured!"—and so are of the nature of a God's Gospel to other men concerned. Far oftenest they quite miscopy Heaven's settlement, and copy merely the account of the Ledger, or some quite other settlement in regard to it; proclaiming with an air of discovery, "Here is a Ten-pounder; here is a Thousand-pounder; Heavens, here is a Three-million pounder,—is not he free?" Nay they are wont, here in England for some time back, to proclaim in the gross, as if it had become credible lately, all two-legged animals

without feathers to be 'free.' "Here is a distressed Nigger," they proclaim, "who much prefers idleness to work,—should not he be free to choose which? Is not he a man and brother? Clearly here are two legs and no feathers: let us vote him Twenty millions for enfranchisement, and so secure the "blessing of the gods!"—

My friends, I grieve to remind you, but it is eternally the fact: Whom Heaven has made a slave, no parliament of men nor power that exists on Earth can render free. No; he is chained by fetters which parliaments with their millions cannot reach. You can label him free; yes, and it is but labelling him a solecism,—bidding him be the parent of solecisms wheresoever he goes. You can give him pumpkins, houses of tenpound rent, houses of ten-thousand pound: the bigger candle you light within the slave-image of him, it will but show his slave-features on the larger and more hideous scale. Heroism, manful wisdom is not his: many things you can give him, but that thing never. Him the Supreme Powers marked in the making of him, *slave*; appointed him, at his and our peril, not to command but to obey, in this world. Him you cannot enfranchise, not him; to proclaim this man free is not a God's Gospel to other men; it is an alarming Devil's Gospel to himself and to us all. Devil's Gospel little feared in these days; but brewing for the whole of us its big oceans of destruction all the same. States are to be called happy and noble in so far as they settle rightly who is slave and who free; unhappy, ignoble, and doomed to destruction, as they settle it wrong.

We may depend on it, Heaven in the most constitutional countries knows well who is slave, who is not. And with regard to voting, I lay it down as a rule, No real *slave's* vote is other than a nuisance, whensoever or wheresoever or in what manner soever it be given. That is a truth, No slave's vote;—and, alas, here is another not quite so plain, though equally certain, That as Nature and severe Destiny, not mere act of Parliament and possession of money-capital, determine a man's slavehood,—so, by these latter, it has been, in innumerable instances, determined *wrong* just at present! Instances evident to everybody, and instances suspected by nobody but the more discerning:—the fact is, slaves are in a tremendous majority everywhere; and the voting of them (not to be got rid of just yet) is a nuisance in proportion. Nuisance of proportionally tremendous

magnitude, properly indeed the grand fountain of all other nuisances whatsoever.

For it is evident, could you entirely exclude the slave's vote, and admit only the heroic free man's vote,—folly, knavery, falsity, gluttonous imbecility, lowmindedness and cowardice had, if not disappeared from the earth, reduced themselves to a rigorous minimum in human affairs; the ultimate New Era, and best possible condition of human affairs, had actually come. This is what I always pray for; rejoicing in everything that furthers it, sorrowing for everything that furthers the reverse of it. And though I know it is yet a great way off, I know also either that it is inevitably coming, or that human society, and the possibility of man's living on this earth, has ended. And so for England too, nay I think for England most and soonest of all, it will be behooveful that we attain some rectification, innumerable rectifications, in regard to this essential matter; and contrive to bid our Heaven's free men vote, and our Heaven's slaves be silent, with infinitely more correctness than at present. Either on the hither brink of that black sea of Anarchy, wherein other Nations at present lie drowning and plunging, or after weltering through the same, if we can welter,—it will have to be attained. In some measure, in some manner, attained: life depends on that, death on the missing of that.

New definitions of slavery are pressingly wanted just now. The definition of a free man is difficult to find, so that all men could distinguish slave from free; found, it would be invaluable! The free man once universally recognised, we should know him who had the privilege to vote and assist in commanding, at least to go himself uncommanded. Men do not know his definition well at present; never knew it worse;—hence these innumerable sorrows.

The free man is he who is *loyal* to the Laws of this Universe; who in his heart sees and knows, across all contradictions, that injustice *cannot* befall him here; that except by sloth and cowardly falsity evil is not possible here. The first symptom of such a man is not that he resists and rebels, but that he obeys. As poor Henry Marten wrote in Chepstow Castle long ago,

“Reader, if thou an oft-told tale wilt trust,
Thou’lt gladly do and suffer what thou must.”

Gladly; he that will go gladly to his labour and his suffering, it is to him alone that the Upper Powers are favourable and the Field of Time will yield fruit. 'An oft-told tale,' friend Harry; all the noble of this world have known it, and in various dialects have striven to let us know it! The essence of all 'religion' that was and that will be, is to make men *free*. Who is he that, in this Life-pilgrimage, will consecrate himself at all hazards to obey God and God's servants, and to disobey the Devil and his? With pious valour this free man walks through the roaring tumults, invincibly the way whither he is bound. To him in the waste Saharas, through the grim solitudes peopled by galvanised corpses and doleful creatures, there is a loadstar; and his path, whatever those of others be, is towards the Eternal. A man well worth consulting, and taking the vote of, about matters temporal; and properly the only kind of man. Though always an exceptional, this was once a well-known man. He has become one of the rarest now;—but is not yet entirely extinct; and will become more plentiful, if the Gods intend to keep this Planet habitable long.

Him it were vain to try to find always without mistake; alas, if he were in the majority, this world would be all 'a school of virtue,' which it is far from being. Nevertheless to him, and in all times to him alone, belongs the rule of this world: that he be got to rule, that he be forbidden to rule and not got, means salvation or destruction to the world. Friend Peter, I am perfectly deliberate in calling this the truest doctrine of the constitution you have ever heard. And I recommend you to learn it gradually, and to lay it well to heart; for without it there is no salvation, and all other doctrines of the constitution are leather and prunella. Will any mass of Chancery parchments, think you, of respectablest traditions and Delolme philosophies, save a man or People that forgets this, from the eternal fire? There does burn such a *fire* everywhere under this green earth-rind of ours, and London pavements themselves (as Paris pavements have done) can start up into sea-ridges, with a horrible 'trough of the sea,' if the fire-flood urge!

To this man, I say, belongs eternally the government of the world. Where he reigns, all is blessed; and the gods rejoice, and only the wicked make wail. Where the contrary of

him reigns, all is accursed ; and the gods lament,—and will, by terrible methods, rectify the matter by and by ! Have you forbidden this man to rule ? Obey he cannot where the Devil and his servants rule ; how can he ? He must die thrice ruined, damned by the gods, if he do. He will retire rather, into deserts and rocky inaccessibilities, companion to wild-beasts, to the dumb granites and the eternal stars, far from you and your affairs. You and your affairs, once well quit of him, go by a swift and ever swifter road !

I would recommend your Lordship to attack straightway, by the *Industrial Regiments* or better otherwise, that huge Irish and British Pauper Question, which is evidently the father of questions for us, the *lowest* level in our ‘universal stygian quagmire ;’ and to try whether (without ballot-box) there are no ‘kings’ discoverable in England who would rally round you, in practical attempt towards draining said quagmire from that point. And to be swift about it ; for the time presses,—and if your Lordship is not ready, I think the ballot-boxes and the six points are fast getting ready !

NO. VII. HUDSON'S STATUE.

[1st July 1850.]

AT St. Ives in Huntingdonshire, where Oliver Cromwell farmed and resided for some years, the people have determined to attempt some kind of memorial to that memorable character. Other persons in other quarters seem to be, more or less languidly, taking up the question; in Country Papers I have read emphatic leading-articles, recommending and urging that there should be a 'People's Statue' of this great Oliver,—Statue furnished by universal contribution from the English People; and set up, if possible, in London, in Huntingdon, or failing both these places, in St. Ives, or Naseby Field. Indeed a considerable notion seems to exist in the English mind, that some brass or stone acknowledgment is due to Cromwell, and ought to be paid him. So that the vexed question, 'Shall Cromwell have a Statue?' appears to be resuscitating itself; and the weary Public must prepare to agitate it again.

Poor English Public, they really are exceedingly bewildered with Statues at present. They would fain do honour to somebody, if they did but know whom or how. Unfortunately they know neither whom nor how; they are, at present, the farthest in the world from knowing! They have raised a set of the ugliest Statues, and to the most extraordinary persons, ever seen under the sun before. Being myself questioned, in reference to the New Houses of Parliament some years ago, "Shall Cromwell have a Statue?" I had to answer, with sorrowful dubiety: "Cromwell? Side by side with a sacred Charles the Second, sacred George the Fourth, and the other sacred Charleses, Jameses, Georges, and Defenders of the Faith,—" "I am afraid he wouldn't like it! Let us decide provisionally, "No." And now again as to St. Ives and the People's Statue, is it not to be asked in like manner: "Who are the 'People'?" "Are they a People worthy to build Statues to Cromwell; or

“worthy only of doing it to Hudson?”—This latter is a consideration that will lead us into far deeper and more momentous than sculptural inquiries; and I will request the reader's excellent company into these for a little.

The truth is, dear Reader, nowhere, to an impartial observant person, does the deep-sunk condition of the English mind, in these sad epochs; and how, in all spiritual or moral provinces, it has long quitted company with fact, and ceased to have veracity of heart, and clearness or sincerity of purpose, in regard to such matters,—more signally manifest itself, than in this affair of Public Statues. Whom doth the king delight to honour? that is the question of questions concerning the king's own honour. Show me the man you honour; I know by that symptom, better than by any other, what kind of man you yourself are. For you show me there what your ideal of manhood is; what kind of man you long inexpressibly to be, and would thank the gods, with your whole soul, for being if you could.

In this point of view, it was always matter of regret with me that Hudson's Statue, among the other wonders of the present age, was not completed. The 25,000*l.* subscribed, or offered as oblation, by the Hero-worshippers of England to their Ideal of a Man, awoke many questions as to what outward figure it could most profitably take, under the eternal canopy; questions never finally settled; nor ever now to be settled, now when the universal Hudson *ragnarök*, or ‘twilight of the gods,’ has arrived, and it is too clear no statue or cast-metal image of that Incarnation of the English Vishnu will ever be molten now! Why was it not set up; that the whole world might see it; that our ‘Religion’ might be seen, mounted on some figure of a Locomotive, garnished with Scrip-rolls proper; and raised aloft in some conspicuous place,—for example, on the *other* arch at Hyde-Park Corner? By all opportunities, especially to all subscribers and pious sacrificers to the Hudson Testimonial, I have earnestly urged: Complete your Sin-Offering; buy, with the Five-and-twenty Thousand Pounds, what utmost amount of brazen metal and reasonable sculptural supervision it will cover,—say ten tons of brass, with a tolerable sculptor: model that, with what exactness Art can, into the enduring Brass Portrait and Express Image of King Hudson, as he receives the grandees of this country at his levees or soirees and couchees; mount him on the highest place

you can discover in the most crowded thoroughfare, on what you can consider the pinnacle of the English world : I assure you he will have beneficial effects there. To all men who are struggling for your approbation, and fretting their poor souls to fiddlestrings because you will not sufficiently give it, I will say, leading them to the foot of the Hudson mount of vision : " See, " my worthy Mr. Rigmarole ; consider this surprising Copper " Pyramid, in partly human form : did the celestial value of " men's approbation ever strike you so forcibly before ? The " *new* Apollo Belvidere this, or Ideal of the Scrip Ages. What " do you think of it ? *Allah Ilallah* ; there is still one God, " you see, in England ; and this is his Prophet. Let it be a " source of healing to you, my unhappy Mr. Rigmarole ; draw " from it ' uses of terror,' as the old divines said ; uses of amaze- " ment, of new wisdom, of unutterable reflection upon the pre- " sent epoch of the world ! "

For, in fact, there was more of real worship in the affair of Hudson than is usual in such. The practical English mind has its own notions as to the Supreme Excellence ; knows the real from the spurious Avatar of Vishnu ; and does not worship without its reasons. The practical English mind, contemplating its divine Hudson, says with what remainder of reverence is in it : " Yes, you are something like the Ideal of a Man ; " you are he I would give my right arm and leg, and accept a " potbelly, with gout, and an appetite for strong-waters, to be " like ! You out of nothing can make a world, or huge fortune " of gold. A divine intellect is in you, which Earth and Hea- " ven, and Capel Court itself acknowledge ; at the word of " which are done miracles. You find a dying railway ; you " say to it, Live, blossom anew with scrip ;—and it lives, and " blossoms into umbrageous flowery scrip, to enrich with golden " apples, surpassing those of the Hesperides, the hungry souls " of men. Diviner miracle what god ever did ? Hudson, " —though I mumble about my thirty-nine articles, and the " service of *other* divinities,—Hudson is my god, and to him " I will sacrifice this twenty-pound note : if perhaps he will be " propitious to me ? "

Object not that there was a mixed motive in this worship of Hudson ; that perhaps it was not worship at all. Undoubtedly there were two motives mixed, but both of them sincere, —as often happens in worship. ' Transcendent admiration ' is

defined as the origin of sacrifice ; but also the hope of profit joins itself. If by sacrificing a goat, or the like trifle, to Supreme Jove, you can get Supreme Jove's favour, will not that, for one, be a good investment ? Jove is sacrificed to, and worshipped, from transcendent admiration : but also, in part, men of practical nature worship him as pumps are primed,—give him a little water, that you may get from him a river. O god-like Hudson, O god-recognising England, why was not the partly anthropomorphous Pyramid of Copper cast, then, and set upon the pinnacle of England, that all men might have seen it, and the sooner got to understand these things ! The twenty-five-thousand-pound oblation lay upon the altar at the Bank ; this monstrous Copper Vishnu of the Scrip Ages might have been revealed to men, and was not. Unexpected obstacles occurred. In fact, there rose from the general English soul,—lying dumb and infinitely bewildered, but not yet altogether dead, poor wretch,—such a growl of inarticulate amazement, at this unexpected Hudson Apotheosis, as alarmed the pious worshippers ; and their Copper Pyramid remains unrealised ; not to be realised to all eternity now, or at least not till Chaos come again, and the ancient mud-gods have dominion ! The *Ne-plus-ultra* of Statue-building was within sight ; but it was not attained, it was to be forever unattainable.

If the world were not properly *anarchic*, this question 'Who shall have a Statue?' would be one of the greatest and most solemn for it. Who is to have a Statue? means, Whom shall we consecrate and set apart as one of our sacred men? Sacred ; that all men may see him, be reminded of him, and, by new example added to old perpetual precept, be taught what is real worth in man. Whom do you wish us to resemble? Him you set on a high column, that all men, looking on it, may be continually apprised of the duty you expect from them. What man to set there, and what man to refuse forevermore the leave to be set there : this, if a country were not anarchic as we say,—ruleless, given up to the rule of Chaos, in the primordial fibres of its being,—would be a great question for a country !

And to the parties themselves, lightly as they set about it, the question is rather great. Whom shall I honour, whom shall I refuse to honour ? If a man have any precious thing in him at all, certainly the most precious of all the gifts he can offer

is his approbation, his reverence to another man. This is his very soul, this fealty which he swears to another: his personality itself, with whatever it has of eternal and divine, he bends here in reverence before another. Not lightly will a man give this,—if he is still a man. If he is no longer a man, but a greedy blind two-footed animal, ‘without soul, except what ‘saves him the expense of salt and keeps his body with its ‘appetites from putrefying;’ alas, if he is nothing now but a human money-bag and meat-trough, it is different! In that case his ‘reverence’ is worth so many pounds sterling; and these, like a gentleman, he will give willingly. Hence the British Statues, such a populace of them as we see. British Statues, and some other more important things! Alas, of how many unveracities, of what a world of *ir*reverence, of sordid debasement, and death in ‘trespasses and sins,’ is this light unvarnished bestowal of one’s approbation the fatal outcome! Fatal in its origin; in its developments and thousandfold results so fatal. It is the poison of the universal Upas-tree, under which all human interests, in these bad ages, lie writhing as if in the last struggle of death. Street-barricades rise for that reason, and counterfeit kings have to shave-off their whiskers, and fly like coiners; and it is a world gone mad in misery, by bestowing its approbation wrong!

Give every man the meed of honour he has merited, you have the ideal world of poets; a hierarchy of beneficences, your noblest man at the summit of affairs, and in every place the due gradation of the fittest for that place: a maximum of wisdom works and administers, followed, as is inevitable, by a maximum of success. It is a world such as the idle poets dream of,—such as the active poets, the heroic and the true of men, are incessantly toiling to achieve, and more and more realise. Achieved, realised, it never can be; striven after and approximated to, it must forever be,—woe to us if at any time it be not! Other aim in this Earth we have none. Renounce such aim as vain and hopeless, reject it altogether, what more have you to reject? You have renounced fealty to Nature and its Almighty Maker; you have said practically, “We can flourish very well “without minding Nature and her ordinances; perhaps Nature and the Almighty—what are they? A Phantasm of the “brain of Priests, and of some chimerical persons that write “Books?”—“Hold!” shriek others wildly: “You incendiary

"infidels;—you should be quiet infidels, and believe! Haven't we a Church? Don't we keep a Church, this long while; best-behaved of Churches, which meddles with nobody, assiduously grinding its organs, reading its liturgies, homiletics, and excellent old moral horn-books, so patiently as Church never did? Can't we doff our hat to it: even look in upon it occasionally, on a wet Sunday; and so, at the trifling charge of a few millions annually, serve *both* God and the Devil? Fools, you should be quiet infidels, and believe!"

To give our approval aright,—alas, to do every one of us what lies in him, that the honourable man everywhere, and he only have honour, that the able man everywhere be put into the place which is fit for him, which is his by eternal right: is not this the sum of all social morality for every citizen of this world? This one duty perfectly done, what more *could* the world have done for it? The world in all departments and aspects of it were a perfect world; everywhere administered by the best wisdom discernible in it, everywhere enjoying the exact maximum of success and felicity possible for it. Imperfectly, and not perfectly done, we know this duty must always be. Not done at all; no longer remembered as a thing which God and Nature and the Eternal Voices do require to be done,—alas, we see too well what kind of a world that ultimately makes for us! A world no longer habitable for quiet persons; a world which in these sad days is bursting into street-barricades, and pretty rapidly turning-out its 'Honoured Men,' as intrusive dogs are turned out, with a kettle tied to their tail. To Kings, Kaisers, Spiritual Papas and Holy Fathers, there is universal "*Apage!* Depart thou; go thou to the—Father of thee!" in a huge world-voice of mob-musketry and sooty execration, uglier than any ever heard before.

Who's to have a Statue? The English, at present, answer this question in a very off-hand manner. So far as I can ascertain the method they have, it is somewhat as follows.

Of course, among the many idle persons to whom an unfortunate world has given money and no work to do, there must be, with or without wisdom (without, for most part), a most brisk demand for work. Work to do is very desirable, for those that have only money and not work. "Alas, one cannot buy *sleep* in the market!" said the rich Farmer-general. Alas, one

cannot buy work there; work, which is still more indispensable. One of these unfortunates with money and no work, whose haunts lie in the dilettante line, among Artists' Studios, Picture-Sales, and the like regions,—an inane kingdom much frequented by the inane in these times,—him it strikes, in some inspired moment, that if a public subscription for a Statue to somebody could be started, good results would follow. Perhaps some Artist, to whom he is Mæcenas, might be got to do the Statue; at all events there would be extensive work and stir going on,—whereby the inspired dilettante, for his own share, might get upon committees, see himself named in the newspapers; might assist in innumerable consultations, open utterances of speech and balderdash; and, on the whole, be comfortably present, for years to come, at something of the nature of 'a house on fire:' house innocuously, nay beneficently on fire: a very Goshen to an idle man with money in his pocket.

This is the germ of the idea; now make your idea an action. Think of a proper Somebody. Almost anybody much heard of in the newspapers, and never yet convicted of felony; a conspicuous commander-in-chief, duke no matter whether of Wellington or of York; successful stump-orator, political intriguer; lawyer that has made two hundred thousand pounds; scrip-dealer that has made two thousand thousand:—anybody of a large class, we are not particular, he will be your proper Somebody. You are then to get a brother idler or two to unite his twenty-pound note to yours: the fire is kindled, smoke rises through the editorial columns; the fire, if you blow it, will break into flame, and become a comfortable house on fire for you; solacing the general idle soul, for years to come; and issuing in a big hulk of Corinthian brass, and a notable instance of hero-worship, by and by.

Such I take to be the origin of that extraordinary population of Brazen and other Images which at present dominate the market-places of towns, and solicit worship from the English people. The ugliest images, and to the strangest class of persons, ever set-up in this world. Do you call these demigods? England must be dreadfully off for demigods! My friend, I will not do the smallest stroke of worship to them. One in the thousand I will snatch out of bad company, if I ever can; the other nine hundred and ninety-nine I will with pious joy, in the like case, reduce to the state of broken metal again, and

veil forever from all men. As warming-pans, as cheap brass-candlesticks, men will get good of this metal ; as devotional Images in such form, evil only. These are not heroes, gods, or demigods ; and it is a horrible idolatry, if you knew it, to set them up as such !

Are these your Pattern Men ? *Great Men* ? They are your lucky (or unlucky) Gamblers swollen *big*. Paltry Adventurers for most part ; worthy of no worship ; and incapable forever of getting any, except from the soul consecrated to flunkysm. Will a man's soul worship that, think you ? Never ; if you fashioned him of solid gold, big as Benlomond, no heart of a man would ever look upon him except with sorrow and despair. 'To the flunky heart alone is he, was he or can he at any time be, a thing to look upon with upturned eyes of 'transcendent admiration,' worship or worthship so-called. He, you unfortunate fools, he is not the one we want to be kept in mind of ; not he at all by any means ! To him and his memory,—if you had not been unfortunate and blockheads,—you would have sunk a coalshaft rather than raised a column. Deep coalshaft, there to *bury* him and his memory, that men might never speak or hear of him more ; not a high column to admonish all men that they should try to resemble him !

Of the sculptural talent manifest in these Brazen Images I say nothing, though much were to be said. For indeed, if there is no talent displayed in them but a perverse one, are not we to consider it a happiness, in that strange case ? This big swollen Gambler, and gluttonous hapless 'spiritual Daniel Lambert,' deserved a coalshaft from his brother mortals : let at least his column be ugly !—Nevertheless ugly columns and images are, in themselves, a real evil. They too preach ugliness after their sort ; and have a certain effect, the whole of which is bad. They sanction and consecrate artistic botching, pretentious futility, and the horrible doctrine that this Universe is a Cockney Nightmare,—which no creature ought for a moment to believe, or listen to ! In brief, they encourage an already-ugly Population to become in a thousand ways uglier. They too, for their ugliness,—did not the infinitely deeper ugliness of the thing they commemorate absorb all consideration of that,—would deserve, and do in fact incessantly solicit, abolition from the sight of men.

What good in the æsthetic, the moral, social or any human point of view, we are ever to get of these Brazen Images now peopling our chief cities and their market-places, it is impossible to specify. Evil enough we, consciously or unconsciously, get of them ; no soul looks upon them approvingly or even indifferently without damage, all the deadlier the less he knows of it. Simple souls they corrupt in the sources of their spiritual being : wise souls, obliged to look on them, look with some feeling of anger and just abhorrence ; which is itself a mischief to a peaceable man. Good will never be got of these Brazen Images in their present form. Of what use, till once broken-up and melted into warming-pans, they can ever be to gods or men, I own I cannot see. Gods and men demand that this, which is their sure ultimate destiny, should so soon as possible be realised.

It is tragically evident to me, our first want, which includes all wants, is that of a new real Aristocracy of fact, instead of the extinct imaginary one of title, which the anarchic world is everywhere rebelling against : but if it is from Popular Suffrage that we are to look for such a blessing, is not this extraordinary populace of British Statues, which now dominates our market-places, one of the saddest omens that ever was ? Suffrage announces to us, nothing doubting : " Here are your real " demigods and heroic men, ye famous British People ; here " are Brazen and other Images worthy once more of some " worship ; this is the New Aristocracy I have chosen, and " would choose, for you ! " That is Suffrage's opinion. To me this populace of British Statues rises aloft over the Chaos of our affairs like the living symbol and consummate flower of said Chaos, and silently speaks the mournfulest prophecy. Perhaps as strange a Pantheon of brass gods as was ever got together in this world. They stand there, poor wretches, gradually rusting in the sooty rain ; black and dismal,—when one thinks of them in some haggard mood of the imagination,—like a set of grisly undertakers come to bury the dead spiritualisms of mankind. There stand they, in all weathers, indicating to the British Population such a Heaven and such an Earth as probably no Population ever had before. In the social, political, religious, artistic, and other provinces of our affairs, they point towards depths of prostrate abasement which

no man's thought has yet sounded. Let us timidly glance thitherward a little ; gaze, for moments, into those abysses of spiritual death,—which, if we cannot one day sound them, and subdue them, will engulf us all !—And first as to this recipe of Popular Election.

Hudson the railway king, if Popular Election be the rule, seems to me by far the most authentic king extant in this world. Hudson has been 'elected by the people' so as almost none other is or was. Hudson solicited no vote ; his votes were silent voluntary ones, not liable to be false : he *did* a thing which men found, in their inarticulate hearts, to be worthy of paying money for ; and they paid it. What the desire of every heart was, Hudson had or seemed to have produced : Scrip out of which profit could be made. They 'voted' for him by purchasing his scrip with a profit to him. Every vote was the spontaneous product of those men's deepest insights and most practical convictions, about Hudson and themselves and this Universe : I say, it was not a spoken vote, but a silently-acted one ; a vote for once incapable of being insincere. What their appetites, intelligences, stupidities, and pruriances had taught these men, they authentically told you there. I beg you to mark that well. Not by all the ballot-boxes in Nature could you have hoped to get, with such exactness, from these men, what the deepest inarticulate voice of the gods and of the demons in them was, as by this their spontaneous purchase of scrip. It is the ultimate rectified quintessence of these men's 'votes : ' the distillation of their very souls ; the sincerest sincerity that was in them. Without gratitude to Hudson, or even without thought of him, they raised Hudson to his bad eminence, not by their voice given once at some hustings under the influence of balderdash and beer, but by the thought of their heart, by the inarticulate, indisputable dictate of their whole being. Hudson inquired of England : "What precious thing can I do for you, O enlightened Countrymen ; what may be the value to you, by popular election, of this stroke of work that lies in me ?" Popular election, with universal, with household and other suffrage, free as air, deep as life and death, free and deep as *spoken* suffrage never was or could be, has answered : "Pounds sterling to such and such amount ; " that is the apparent value of thy stroke of work to *us*,—

"blockheads as we are." Real value differs from apparent to a frightful extent in this world, try it by what suffrage you will!

Hudson's value as a demigod being what it was, his value as a maker of railways shall hardly concern us here. What Hudson's real worth to mankind in the matter of railways might be I cannot pretend to say. Fact knows it to the uttermost fraction, and will pay it him yet ; but men differ widely in opinion, and in general do not in the least know. From my own private observation and conjecture, I should say, Trifling if any worth.

Much as we love railways, there is one thing undeniable : Railways are shifting all Towns of Britain into new places ; no Town will stand where it did, and nobody can tell for a long while yet where it will stand. This is an unexpected, and indeed most disastrous result. I perceive, railways have set all the Towns of Britain a-dancing. Reading is coming up to London, Basingstoke is going down to Gosport or Southampton, Dumfries to Liverpool and Glasgow ; while at Crewe, and other points, I see new ganglions of human population establishing themselves, and the prophecy of metallurgic cities which were not heard of before. Reading, Basingstoke and the rest, the unfortunate Towns, subscribed money to get railways ; and it proves to be for cutting their own throats. Their business has gone elsewhither ; and they—cannot stay behind their business ! They are set a-dancing, as I said ; confusedly waltzing, in a state of progressive dissolution, towards the four winds ; and know not where the end of the death-dance will be for them, in what point of space they will be allowed to rebuild themselves. That is their sad case.

And what an affair it is in each of the shops and houses of those Towns, thus silently bleeding to death, or what we call dancing away to other points of the British territory : how Joplin of Reading, who had anchored himself in that pleasant place, and fondly hoping to live by upholstery and paperhanging, had wedded, and made friends there,—awakens some morning, and finds that his trade has flitted away ! Here it is not any longer ; it is gone to London, to Bristol : whither has it gone ? Joplin knows not whither ; knows and sees only that gone it is ; and that he by preternatural sagacity must scent it out again, follow it over the world, and catch it again, or else die. Sad news for Joplin :—indeed I fear, should his

sagacity be too inconsiderable, he is not unlikely to break his heart, or take to drinking, in these inextricable circumstances ! And it is the history, more or less, in every town, house, shop and industrial dwelling-place of the British Empire at this moment ;—and the cipher of afflicted Joplins ; and the amount of private distress, uncertainty, discontent ; and withal of 'revolutionary movement,' created hereby, is tragical to think of. This is 'revolutionary movement' with a witness ; revolution brought home to everybody's hearth and moneysafe and heart and stomach.—Which miserable result, with so many others from the same source, what method was there of avoiding or indefinitely mitigating ? This surely, as the beginning of all : that you had made your railways *not* in haste ; that, at least, you had spread the huge process, sure to alter all men's mutual position and relations, over a reasonable breadth of time !

For all manner of reasons, how much could one have wished that the making of our British railways had gone on with deliberation ; that these great works had made themselves not in five years but in fifty-and-five ! Hudson's 'worth' to railways, I think, will mainly resolve itself into this, That he carried them to completion within the former short limit of time ; that he got them made,—in extremely improper directions I am told, and surely with endless confusion to the innumerable passive Joplins, and likewise to the numerous active scrip-holders, a wide-spread class, once rich, now coinless,—hastily in five years, not deliberately in fifty-five. His worth to railways ? His *worth*, I take it, to English railways, much more to English men, will turn out to be extremely inconsiderable ; to be incalculable damage rather ! Foolish railway people gave him two millions, and thought it not enough without a Statue to boot. But Fact thought, and is now audibly saying, far otherwise ! Rhadamanthus, had you been able to consult him, would in nowise have given this man twenty-five thousand pounds for a Statue. What if Rhadamanthus doomed him rather, let us say, to ride in Express-trains, nowhither, for twenty-five æons, or to hang in Heaven as a Locomotive Constellation, and be a sign forever !

Fact and Suffrage : what a discrepancy ! Fact decided for some coalshaft such as we describe. Suffrage decides for such a column. Suffrage having money in its pocket, carries it hollow, for the moment. And so there is Rayless Majesty

exalted far above the chimney-pots, with a potential Copper Likeness, twenty-five thousand pounds worth of copper over and above ; and a King properly belonging only to *this* epoch. —That there are greedy blockheads in huge majority, in all epochs, is certain ; but that any sane mortal should think of counting *their* heads to ascertain who or what is to be King, this is a little peculiar. All Democratic men, and members of the Suffrage Movement, it appears to me, are called upon to think seriously, with a seriousness approaching to despair, of these things.

Jefferson Brick, the American Editor, twitted me with the multifarious patented anomalies of overgrown worthless Dukes, Bishops of Durham &c., which poor English Society at present labours under, and is made a solecism by. To which what answer could I make, except, that surely our patented anomalies were some of them extremely ugly, and yet, alas, that they were not the ugliest ! I said : “ Have not you also overgrown “ anomalous *Dukes* after a sort, appointed *not* by patent ? “ Overgrown Monsters of Wealth, namely ; who have made “ money by dealing in cotton, dealing in bacon, jobbing scrip, “ digging metal in California ; who are become glittering man- “ mountains filled with gold and preciousities ; revered by the “ surrounding flunkies ; invested with the *real* powers of sove- “ reignty ; and placidly admitted by all men, as if Nature and “ Heaven had so appointed it, to be in a sense godlike, to be “ royal, and fit to shine in the firmament, though their real “ worth is—what ? Brick, do you know where human crea- “ tures reach the supreme of ugliness in Idols ? It were hard to “ know ! We can say only, All Idols have to tumble, and the “ hugest of them with the heaviest fall : that is our chief com- “ fort, in America as here.

“ The Idol of Somnauth, a mere mass of coarse crockery “ not worth five shillings of anybody's money, sat like a great “ staring god, with two diamonds for eyes ; worshipped by the “ neighbouring black populations ; a terror and divine mystery “ to all mortals, till its day came. Till at last, victorious in “ the name of Allah, the Commander of the Faithful, riding “ up with grim battle-axe and heart full of Moslem fire, took “ the liberty to smite once, with right force and rage, said ugly “ mass of idolatrous crockery ; which thereupon shivered,

" with unmelodious crash and jingle, into a heap of ugly pot-
 " sherds, yielding from its belly half a wagon-load of gold
 " coins. You can read it in Gibbon,—probably, too, in Lord
 " Ellenborough. The gold coins, the diamond eyes, and other
 " valuable extrinsic parts were carefully picked-up by the
 " Faithful ; confused jingle of intrinsic potsherds was left
 " lying ;—and the Idol of Somnauth once showing what it
 " *was*, had suddenly come to a conclusion ! Thus end all
 " Idols, and intrinsically worthless man-mountains never so
 " illuminated with diamonds, and filled with precious metals,
 " and tremulously worshipped by the neighbouring flunky
 " populations black or white ;—even thus, sooner or later,
 " without fail ; and are shot hastily, as a heap of potsherds,
 " into the highway, to be crunched under wagon-wheels, and
 " do Macadam a little service, being clearly abolished as *gods*,
 " and hidden from man's recognition, in that or other capa-
 " cities, forever and a day !

" You do not sufficiently bethink you, my republican friend.
 " Our ugliest anomalies are done by universal suffrage, not by
 " patent. The express nonsense of old Feudalism, even now,
 " in its dotage, is as nothing to the involuntary nonsense of
 " modern Anarchy called 'Freedom,' 'Republicanism,' and
 " other fine names, which expresses itself by supply and de-
 " mand ! Consider it a little.

" The Bishop of our Diocese is to me an incredible man ;
 " and has, I will grant you, very much more money than you
 " or I would now give him for his work. One does not even
 " read those Charges of his ; much preferring speech which is
 " articulate. In fact, being intent on a quiet life, you gener-
 " ally keep on the other side of the hedge from him, and strictly
 " leave him to his own fate. Not a credible man ;—perhaps
 " not quite a safe man to be concerned with ? But what think
 " you of the 'Bobus of Houndsditch' of our parts ? He, Saus-
 " age-maker on the great scale, knows the art of cutting fat
 " bacon, and exposing it seasoned with gray pepper to advant-
 " age. Better than any other man he knows this art ; and I
 " take the liberty to say it is a poor one. Well, the Bishop has
 " an income of five thousand pounds appointed him for his
 " work ; and Bobus, to such a length has he now pushed the
 " trade in sausages, gains from the universal suffrage of men's
 " souls and stomachs *ten* thousand a year by it.

"A poor art, this of Bobus's, I say ; and worth no such recompense. For it is not even good sausages he makes, but only extremely vendible ones ; the cunning dog ! Judges pronounce his sausages bad, and at the cheap price even dear ; and finer palates, it is whispered, have detected alarming symptoms of horseflesh, or worse, under this cunningly-devised gray-pepper spice of his ; so that for the world I would not eat one of his sausages, nor would you. You perceive he is not an excellent honest sausage-maker, but a dishonest cunning and scandalous sausage-maker ; *worth*, if he could get his deserts, who shall say what ? Probably certain shillings a week, say forty ; possibly (one shudders to think) a long round in the treadmill, and stripes instead of shillings ! And yet what he gets, I tell you, from universal suffrage and the unshackled *ne-plus-ultra* republican justice of mankind, is twice the income of that anomalous Bishop you were talking of !

"The Bishop I, for my part, do much prefer to Bobus. The Bishop has human sense and breeding of various kinds ; considerable knowledge of Greek, if you should ever want the like of that ; knowledge of many things ; and speaks the English language in a grammatical manner. He is bred to courtesy, to dignified composure, as to a second nature ; a gentleman every fibre of him ; which of itself is something very considerable. The Bishop does really diffuse round him an influence of decorum, courteous patience, solid adherence to what is settled ; teaches practically the necessity of 'burning one's own smoke ;' and does practically in his own case burn said smoke, making lambent flame and mild illumination out of it, for the good of men in several particulars. While Bobus, for twice the annual money,—brings sausages, possibly of horseflesh, cheaper to market than another !—Brick, if you will reflect, it is not 'aristocratic England,' it is the united Posterity of Adam who are grown, in some essential respects, stupider than barbers' blocks. Barbers' blocks would at least say nothing, and *not* elevate, by their universal suffrages, an unfortunate Bobus to that bad height !"

Alas, if such, not in their loose tongues, but in their heart of hearts, is men's way of judging about social worth, what kind of 'new Aristocracy' will the inconceivablest perfection

of spoken Suffrage ever yield us? Suffrage, I perceive well, has quite other things in store for us; we need not torment poor Suffrage for this thing! Our *Intermittent* Friend says once:

'Men do not seem to be aware that this their universal ousting of unjust, incapable and in fact imaginary Governors, is to issue in the attainment of Governors who have a right and a capacity to govern. Far different from that is the issue men contemplate in their present revolutionary operations. Their universal notion now is, that we shall henceforth do without Governors; that we have got to a new epoch in human progress, in which Governing is entirely a superfluity, and the attempt at doing it is an offence, think several. By that admirable invention of the Constitutional Parliament, first struck out in England, and now at length hotly striven-for and zealously imitated in all European countries, the task of Government, any task there may still be, is done to our hand. Perfect your Parliament, cry all men: apply the Ballot-box and Universal Suffrage! the admirablest method ever imagined of counting heads and gathering indubitable votes: you will thus gather the vote, *vox* or voice, of all the two-legged animals without feathers in your dominion; what they think is what the gods think,—is it not?—and this you shall go and do.

'Whereby, beyond dispute, your Governor's task is immensely simplified; and indeed the chief thing you can now require of your Governor is that he carefully preserve his good humour, and do in a handsome manner nothing, or some pleasant fogle-motions only. Is not this a "machine;" marking new epochs in the progress of discovery? Machine for doing Government too, as we now do all things by "machinery." Only keep your free-presses, ballot-boxes, upright-shafts and cogwork in an oiled unobstructed condition; motive-power of popular wind will do the rest. Here verily is a mill that beats Birmingham hollow; and marks "new epochs" with a wit-ness. What a hopper this! Reap from all fields whatsoever you find standing, thistledowns, dockseed, hemlockseed, wheat, rye; tumble all into the hopper,—see, in soft blissful, continuous stream, meal shall daily issue for you, and the bread of life to mankind be sure!—

The aim of all reformers, parliamentary and other, is still defined by them as 'just legislation,' just laws; with which de-

finition who can quarrel? They will not have 'class legislation,' which is a dreadfully bad thing; but 'all-classes legislation,' I suppose, which is the right thing. Sure enough, just laws are an excellent attainment, the first condition of all prosperity for human creatures; but few reflect how extremely difficult such attainment is! Alas, could we once get laws which were *just*, that is to say, which were the clear transcript of the Divine Laws of the Universe itself; so that each man were incessantly admonished, under strict penalties, by all men, to walk as the Eternal Maker had prescribed; and he alone received honour whom the Maker had made honourable, and whom the Maker had made disgraceful, disgrace: alas, were not here the very 'Aristocracy' we seek? A new veritable Hierarchy of Heaven,—approximately such in very truth,—bringing Earth nearer and nearer to the blessed Law of Heaven. Heroic men, the Sent of Heaven, once more bore rule: and on the throne of kings there sat splendid, not King Hudson, or King Popinjay, but the Bravest of existing Men; and on the gibbet there swung as a tragic pendulum, admonitory to Earth in the name of Heaven,—not some insignificant, abject, necessitous outcast, who had violently, in his extreme misery and darkness, stolen a leg of mutton,—but veritably the Supreme Scoundrel of the Commonwealth, who in his insatiable greed and bottomless atrocity had long, hoodwinking the poor world, gone himself, and led multitudes to go, in the ways of gilded human baseness; seeking temporary profit (scrip, first-class claret, social honour, and the like small ware), where only eternal loss was possible; and who now, stripped of all his gildings and cunningly-devised speciosities, swung there an ignominious detected scoundrel; testifying aloud to all the earth: "Be not
" scoundrels, not even gilt scoundrels, any one of you; for God,
" and not the Devil, is verily king, and this is where it ends,
" if even this be the end of it!"

O Heaven, O Earth, what an 'attainment' were here, could we but hope to see it! Reformed Parliament, People's League, Hume-Cobden agitation, tremendous cheers, new Battles of Naseby, French Revolution, and Horrors of French Revolution,—all things were cheap and light to the attainment of this. For this were in fact the millennium; and indeed nothing less than this can be it.

But I say it is dreadfully difficult to attain! And though

'class legislation' is not it, yet, alas, neither is 'all-classes legislation' in the least certain to be it. All classes, if they happen not to be wise, heroic classes,—how, by the cunningest jumbling of them together, will you ever get a wisdom or heroism out of them? Once more let me remind you, it is impossible forever. Unwisdom, contradiction to the gods: how, from the mere vamping-together of hostile voracities and opacities, never so dextrously or copiously combined, can or could you expect anything else? Can any man bring a clean thing out of an unclean? No man. Voracities and opacities, blended together in never such cunningly-devised proportions, will not yield noblenesses and illuminations; they cannot do it. Parliamentary reform, extension of the suffrage? Good Heavens, how by the mere enlargement of your circle of ingredients, by the mere flinging-in of new opacities and voracities, will you have a better chance to distil a wisdom from that foul cauldron, which is merely bigger, not by hypothesis better? You will have a better chance to distil *zero* from it; evil elements from all sides, now more completely extinguishing one another, so that mutual destruction, like that of the Kilkenny cats, a Parliament which produces parliamentary eloquence only, and no social guidance *either* bad or good will be the issue,—as we now in these years sorrowfully see.

Universal suffrage: what a scheme to substitute for the revelation of God's eternal Law, the official declaration of the account of heads! It is as if men had abdicated their right to attempt following the abovesaid Law, and with melancholy resignation had agreed to give it up, and take temporary peace and good agreement as a substitute. In all departments of our affairs it is so,—literary, moral, political, social; and in all of them it is and remains eternally wrong. In every department, literary, moral, political, social, the man that pretends to have what is angrily called a choice of his own, which will mean at least some remnant of a feeling in him that Nature and Fact do still claim a choice of their own, and are like to make it good yet,—such man is felt as a kind of interloper and dissocial person, who obstructs the harmony of affairs, and is out of keeping with the universal-suffrage arrangement that has been entered upon. Why not decide it by dice? Universal suffrage for your oracle is equivalent to flat despair of answer. Set up such

oracle, you proclaim to all men: "Friends, there is in Nature
 " no answer to your question; and you don't believe in dice.
 " Try to esteem this oracle a divine one, and be thankful that
 " you can thereby keep the peace, and go with an answer from
 " the shrine of chaotic Chance."

Peace is good; but woe to the cowardly caitiff of a man, or collection of cowardly caitiffs styling themselves Nation, that will have 'peace' on these terms! They will save their ignoble skin at the expense of their eternal loyalty to the highest God. Peace? Better war to the knife, war till we all die, than such a 'peace.' Reject it, my friend, I advise thee; silently swear by God above, that, on earth below, thou for thy part never wilt accept it. Be *it* forever far from us, my poor scattered friends. Let us fly to the rocks rather; and silently appealing to the Eternal Heaven, await an hour which is full surely coming, when we too shall have grown to a respectable 'company of poor men,' authorised to rally, and with celestial lightning, and with terrestrial steel and such good weapons as there may be, spend all our blood upon it!—

After all, why was not the Hudson Testimonial completed? As Moses lifted up the Brazen Serpent in the wilderness, why was not Hudson's Statue lifted up? Once more I say, it might have done us good. Thither too, in a sense, poor poison-stricken mortals might have looked, and found some healing! For many reasons, this alarming populace of British Statues wanted to have its chief. The liveliest type of Choice by Suffrage ever given. The consummate flower of universal Anarchy in the Commonwealth, and in the hearts of men: was not this Statue such a flower; or do we look for one more perfect and consummate?

Of social Hierarchies, and Religions the parent of these, why speak, in presence of social Anarchy such as is here symbolised? The Apotheosis of Hudson beckons to still deeper gulfs on the religious side of our affairs; into which one shudders to look down. For the eye rests only on the blackness of darkness; and, shrunk to hissing whispers, inaudible except to the finer ear, come moanings of the everlasting tempest, and tones of *alti guai*. Nor is a certain vertigo quite absent from the strongest heads; a mad impulse to *take* the leap, then, and dwell with Eternal Death, since it seems to be the rule

at present! One hurried glance or two,—holding well by what parapets there still are;—and then let us hasten to begone.

Worship, what we call human religion, has undergone various phases in the history of mankind. To the primitive man all Forces of Nature were divine: either for propitiation or for admiration, many things, and in a sense all things, demanded worship from him. But especially the Noble Human Soul was divine to him; and announced, as it ever does, with direct impressiveness, the Inspiration of the Highest; demanding worship from the primitive man. Whereby, as has been explained elsewhere, this latter form of worship, *Hero-worship* as we call it, did, among the ancient peoples, attract and subdue to itself all other forms of human worship; irradiating them all with its own perennial worth, which indeed is all the worth they had, or that any worship can have. Human worship everywhere, so far as there lay any worth in it, was of the nature of a Hero-worship; this Universe wholly, this temporary Flame-image of the Eternal, was one beautiful and terrible Energy of Heroisms, presided over by a Divine Nobleness or Infinite Hero. Divine Nobleness forever friendly to the noble, forever hostile to the ignoble: all manner of 'moral rules,' and well 'sanctioned' too, flowed naturally out of this primeval Intuition into Nature;—which, I believe, is still the true fountain of moral rules, though a much-forgotten one at present; and indeed it seems to be the one unchangeable, eternally *indubitable* 'Intuition into Nature' we have yet heard of in these parts.

To the primitive man, whether he looked at moral rule, or even at physical fact, there was nothing not divine. Flame was the God Loki, &c.; this visible Universe was wholly the vesture of an Invisible Infinite; every event that occurred in it a symbol of the immediate presence of God. Which it intrinsically *is*, and forever will be, let poor stupid mortals remember or forget it! The difference is, not that God has withdrawn; but that men's minds have fallen hebetated, stupid, that their hearts are dead, awakening only to some life about meal-time and cookery-time; and their eyes are grown dim, blinkard, a kind of horn-eyes like those of owls, available chiefly for catching mice.

Most excellent Fitzsmithytrough, it is a long time since I have stopped short in admiring your stupendous railway mir-

acles. I was obliged to strike work, and cease admiring in that direction. Very stupendous indeed ; considerable improvement in old roadways and wheel-and-axle carriages ; velocity unexpectedly great, distances attainable ditto ditto : all this is undeniable. But, alas, all this is still small deer for me, my excellent Fitzsmithytrough ; truly nothing more than an unexpected take of mice for the *owlish* part of you and me. Distances, you unfortunate Fitz ? The distances of London to Aberdeen, to Ostend, to Vienna, are still infinitely inadequate to me ! Will you teach me the winged flight through Immensity, up to the Throne dark with excess of bright ? You unfortunate, you grin as an ape would at such a question ; you do not know that unless you *can* reach thither in some effectual, most veritable sense, you are a lost Fitzsmithytrough, doomed to Hela's death-realm and the Abyss where mere brutes are buried. I do not want cheaper cotton, swifter railways ; I want what Novalis calls 'God, Freedom, Immortality : ' will swift railways, and sacrifices to Hudson, help me towards that ?—

As propitiation or as admiration, 'worship' still continues among men, will always continue ; and the phase it has in any given epoch may be taken as the ruling phenomenon which determines all others in that epoch. If Odin, who 'invented runes,' or literatures, and rhythmic logical speech, and taught men to despise death, is worshipped in one epoch ; and if Hudson, who conquered railway directors, and taught men to become suddenly rich by scrip, is worshipped in another,—the characters of these two epochs must differ a good deal ! Nay, the worst of some epochs is, they have along with their real worship an imaginary, and are conscious only of the latter as worship. They keep a set of gods or fetishes, reckoned respectable, to which they mumble prayers, asking themselves and others triumphantly, "Are not these respectable gods ?" and all the while their real worship, or heart's love and admiration, which alone is worship, concentrates itself on quite other gods and fetishes,—on Hudsons and scrips, for instance. Thus is the miserable epoch rendered twice and tenfold miserable, and in a manner lost beyond redemption ; having superadded to its stupid Idolatries, and brutish forgettings of the true God, which are leading it down daily towards ruin, an immense Hypocrisy, which is the quintessence of all idolatries and mis-beliefs and unbeliefs, and taken refuge under that, as under a

thing safe ! Europe generally has lain there a long time ; England I think for about two hundred years, spinning certain cottons notably the while, and thinking it all right,—which it was very far from being. But the time of accounts, slowly advancing, has arrived at last for Europe, and is knocking at the door of England too ; and it will be seen whether universal make-believe can be the rule in English or human things ; whether respectable Hebrew and other fetishes, combined with real worship of Yorkshire and other scrip, will answer the purpose here below or not !

It is certain, whatever gods or fetishes a man may have about him, and pay tithes to, and mumble prayers to, the real 'religion' that is in him is his *practical Hero-worship*. Whom or what do you in your very soul admire, and strive to imitate and emulate ; is it God's servant or the Devil's ? Clearly this is the whole question. There is no other religion in the man which can be of the slightest consequence in comparison. Theologies, doxologies, orthodoxies, heterodoxies, are not of moment except as subsidiary towards a good issue in this ; if they help well in it, they are good ; if not well or at all, they are nothing or bad.

This also is certain, Nations that do their Hero-worship well are blessed and victorious ; Nations that do it ill are accursed, and in all fibres of their business grow daily more so, till their miserable afflictive and offensive situation becomes at last unendurable to Heaven and to Earth, and the so-called Nation, now an unhappy Populace of Misbelievers (*miscreants* was the old name), bursts into revolutionary tumult, and either reforms or else annihilates itself. How otherwise ? Know whom to honour and emulate and follow ; know whom to dishonour and avoid, and coerce under hatches, as a foul rebellious thing : this is all the Law and all the Prophets. All conceivable evangels, bibles, homiletics, liturgies and litanies, and temporal and spiritual lawbooks for a man or a people, issue practically there. Be right in that, essentially you are not wrong in anything ; you read this Universe tolerably aright, and are in the way to interpret well what the will of its Maker is. Be wrong in that, had you liturgies the recommendablest in Nature, and bodies-of-divinity as big as an Indiaman, it helps you not a whit ; you are wrong in all things.

How in anything can you be right? You read this Universe in the inmost meaning of it *wrong*: gross idolatrous Misbelief is what I have to recognise in you; and, super-added, such a faith in the saving virtue of that deadliest of vices, Hypocrisy, as no People ever had before! Beautiful recommendable liturgies? Your liturgies, the recommendablest in Nature, are to me alarming and distressing; a turning of the Calmuck Prayer-mill,—not my way of praying. This immense asthmatic spiritual Hurdygurdy, issuing practically in a set of demigods like Hudson, what is the good of it; why will you keep grinding it under poor men's windows? Since Hudson *is* Vishnu, let the Shasters and Vedas be conformable to him. Why chant divine psalms which belonged to a different Dispensation, and are now become idle and far worse? Not melodious to me, such a chant, in such a time! The sound of it, if you are not yet quite *dead* to spiritual sounds, is frightful and bodeful. I say, this litany of yours, were the wretched populace and population never so unanimous and loud in it, is a thing no God *can* hear; your miserable 'religion,' as you call it, is an idolatry of the nature of Mumbojumbo, and I would advise you to discontinue it rather. You are Infidels, persons without faith; *not* believing what is true but what is untrue; Miscreants, as the old fathers well called you,—appointed too inevitably, unless you can repent and alter soon (of which I see no symptoms), to a fearful doom!

"It was always so," you indolently say? No, Friend Heavyside, it was not always so, and even till lately was never so; and I would much recommend you to sweep that foolish notion, which you often fling at me, and always keep about you as one of your main consolations, quite out of your head. Once the notion was my own too; I know the notion very well! And I will invite you to ask yourself in all ways, Whether it is not possibly a rather torpid and poisonous, and likewise an altogether incorrect and delusive notion? Capable, I assure you, of being quite swept out of a man's head; and greatly needing to be so, if the man would do any 'reform,' or other useful work, in this his day!

Till such notion go about its business, there cannot even be the attempt towards reform. Not so much as the pulling down, and melting into warming-pans, of those poor Brazen

Representatives of Anarchy can be accomplished ; but they will stand there prophesying as now, "*Here* is the 'New Aristocracy' you want ; down on your knees, ye Christian souls !"—O my friend, and *after* Hudson and the other Idols have quite gone to warming-pans, have you computed what agonistic centuries await us, before any 'New Aristocracy' worth calling by the name of 'real,' can by likelihood prove attainable ? From the stormful trampling-down of Sham Human Worth, and casting *it* with wrath and scorn into the meltingpot, onward to the silent sad repentant recognition of Real Human Worth, and the capability of again doing that some pious reverence, some reverence which were *not* practically worse than none : have you measured what an interval is there ? Centuries of desperate wrestle against Earth and Hell, on the part of all the brave men that are born. Too true this, though figuratively spoken ! Perilous tempestuous struggle and pilgrimage, continual marching battle with the mud-serpents of this Earth and the demons of the Pit—centuries of such a marching fight (continually along the edge of Red Republic too, and the Abyss) as brave men were not often called to in History before !—And the brave men will not yet so much as gird-on their harness ? They sit indolently saying, "It is already all as it can be, as it was wont to be ;" and universal suffrage and tremendous cheers will manage "it !"—

Collins's old Peerage-Book, a dreadfully dull production, fills one with unspeakable reflections. Beyond doubt a most dull production, one of the darkest in the book kind ever realised by Chaos and man's brain ; and it is properly all we English have for a Biographical Dictionary ;—nay, if you think farther of it, for a National Bible. Friend Heavyside is much astonished ; but I see what I mean here, and have long seen. Clear away the dust from your eyes, and you will ask this question, What *is* the Bible of a Nation, the practically-credited God's-Message to a Nation ? Is it not, beyond all else, the authentic Biography of its Heroic Souls ? This is the real record of the Appearances of God in the History of a Nation ; this, which all men to the very marrow of their bones can *believe*, and which teaches all men what the nature of the Universe, when you go to work in it, really *is*. What the

Universe was thought to be in Judea and other places, this too may be very interesting to know : but what it is in England here where we live and have our work to do, that is the interesting point.—“The Universe?” M'Croudy answers. “It is a huge dull Cattle-stall and St. Catherine's Wharf; with a few pleasant apartments upstairs for those that can make money. Make money; and don't bother about the Universe!” That is M'Croudy's notion; reckoned a quiet, innocent and rather wholesome notion just now; yet clearly fitter for a reflective pig than for a man;—working continual damnation therefore, however quiet it be; and indeed I perceive it is one of the damnablest notions that ever came into the head of any *two*-legged animal without feathers in this world. That is M'Croudy's Bible; his Apology, poor fellow, for the *Want* of a Bible.

But how, among so many Shakspeares, and thinkers, and heroic singers, our National Bible should be in such a state; and how a poor dull Bookseller should have been left,—not to write in rhythmic coherency, worthy of a Poet and of all our Poets,—but to shovel together, or indicate, in huge rubbish mountains incondite as Chaos, the materials for writing such a Book of Books for England: this is abundantly amazing to me, and I wish much it could duly amaze us all. Literature has no nobler task;—in fact it has that one task, and except it be idle rope-dancing, no other. ‘The highest problem of Literature,’ says Novalis, very justly, ‘is the Writing of a Bible.’

Nevertheless, among these dust-mountains, with their antiquarian excerpts and sepulchral brasses, it is astonishing what strange fragments you do turn up, miraculous talismans to a reader that will think,—windows through which an old sunk world, as yet all built upon veracity, and full of rugged nobleness, becomes visible; to the mute wonder of the modern mind. It struck me much, that of these ancient peerages a very great majority had visibly *had* authentic ‘heroes’ for their founders; noble men, of whose worth no clearsighted King could be in doubt; and that, in their descendants too, there did not cease a strain of heroism for some time,—the peership generally dying out, and disappearing, not long after that ceased. What a world, that old sunk one; Real Governors governing in it; Shams not yet anywhere recognised as toler-

able in it ! A world whose practical president was *not* Chaos with ballot-boxes, whose outcome was not Anarchy *plus* a street-constable. In how high and true a sense, the Almighty with continual enforcement of his Laws still presided there ; and in all things as yet there was some degree of blessedness and nobleness there !

One's heart is sore to think how far, how very far all this has vanished from us ; how the very tradition of it has disappeared ; and it has ceased to be credible, to seem desirable. Till the like of it return,—yes, my constitutional friend, such is the sad fact, till the like of it, in new form, adapted to the new times, be again achieved by us ; we are not properly a society at all ; we are a lost gregarious horde, with Kings of Scrip on this hand, and Famishing Connaughts and Distressed Needlewomen on that—presided over by the Anarch Old. A lost horde,—who, in bitter feeling of the intolerable injustice that presses upon all men, will not long be able to continue even gregarious ; but will have to split into street-barricades, and internecine battle with one another ; and to fight, if wisdom for some new real *Peerage* be not granted us, till we all die, mutually butchered, and *so* rest,—so if not otherwise !

Till the time of James the First, I find that real heroic merit more or less was actually the origin of peerages ; never, till towards the end of that bad reign, were peerages bargained for, or bestowed on men palpably of no worth except their money or connexion. But the evil practice, once begun, spread rapidly ; and now the Peerage-Book is what we see ;—a thing miraculous in the other extreme. A kind of Proteus' flock, very curious to meet upon the lofty mountains, so many of them being natives of the deep !—Our menagerie of live Peers in Parliament is like that of our Brazen Statues in the market-place ; the selection seemingly is made much in the same way, and with the same degree of felicity, and successful accuracy in choice. Our one steady regulated supply is the class definable as Supreme Stump-Orators in the Lawyer department ; the class called Chancellors flows by something like fixed conduits towards the Peerage ; the rest, like our Brazen Statues, come by popular rule-of-thumb.

Stump-Orators, supreme or other, are not beautiful to me in these days : but the immense power of Lawyers among us is sufficiently intelligible. I perceive, it proceeds from two

causes. First, they preside over the management and security of 'Property,' which is our God at present ; they are thus properly our Pontiffs, the highest Priests we have. Then furthermore they possess the talent most valued, that of the Tongue ; and seem to us the most gifted of our intelligences, thereby provoking a spontaneous loyalty and worship.

What think you of a country whose kings go by genealogy, and are the descendants of successful Lawyers ? A poor weather-worn, tanned, curried, wind-dried human creature, called a Chancellor, all or almost all gone to horsehair and officiality ; the whole existence of him tanned, by long maceration, public exposure, tugging and manipulation, to the toughness of Yorkshire leather,—meseems I have seen a beautifuler man ! Not a leather man would I by preference appoint to beget my kings. Not lovely to me is the leather species of men ; to whose tanned soul God's Universe has become a jangling logic-cockpit and little other. If indeed it have not become far less and worse : for the wretched tanned Chancellor, I am told, is usually acquainted with the art of *lying* too,—considerable part of his trade, as I have been informed, is the talent of lying in a way that cannot be laid hold of ; a dreadful trick to learn ! Out of such a man there cannot be expected much 'revelation of the Beautiful,' I should say.—O Bull, were I in your place, I would try either to get other Peers, or else to abolish the concern,—which latter indeed, by your acquiescence in such nominations, and by many other symptoms, I judge to be unconsciously your fixed intention.

You have seen many Chancellors made Peers in these late generations, Mr. Bull. And now tell me, which was the Chancellor you did really love or honour, to any remarkable degree ? Alas, you never within authentic memory loved any of them ; you couldn't, no man could ! You lazily stared with some semblance of admiration at the big wig, huge purse, reputation for divine talent, and sublime proficiency in the art of tongue-fence : but to love him,—that, Mr. Bull, was, once for all, a thing you could not manage. Who of the seed of Adam could ? From the time of Chancellor Bacon downwards (and beyond that your Chancellors are dark to you as the Muftis of Constantinople), I challenge you to show me one Chancellor for whom, had the wigs, purses, reputations &c. been peeled off him, who would have given his weight in Smithfield beef sinking offal. You

unhappy Bull, governed by Kings you have not the smallest regard for ; wandering in an extinct world of wearisome, oppressive and expensive shadows,—nothing real in it but the Smithfield beef, nothing preternatural in it but the Chartisms and threatened street-barricades, and this not celestial but infernal !

Sure enough, I find, O Heavyside, England once was a Hierarchy ; as every Human Society, not either dead or else hastening towards death, always is : but it has long ceased to be so to any tolerable degree of perfection ; and is now, by its Hudson and other Testimonials, testifying in a silent way to the thoughtful, what otherwise, by its thousandfold anarchic depravities, miseries, god-forgettings and open devil-worships, it has long loudly taught them to expect, that we are now wending towards the culmination in this particular. That to the modern English populations, Supreme Hero and Supreme Scoundrel are, perhaps as nearly as is possible to human creatures, indistinguishable. That it is totally uncertain, perhaps even the odds against you, whether the figure whom said population mount to the place of honour, is not in Nature and Fact *dishonourable* ; whether the man to whom they raise a column does not deserve a coalshaft. And in fine, poor devils, that their universal suffrage, as spoken, as acted, meditated, and imagined ; universal suffrage,—I do not say ballot-boxed and cunningly constitutionalised, but boiled, distilled, digested, quintessenced, till you get into the very heart's heart of it,—is, to the rational soul, except for stock-exchange, and the like very humble practical purposes, worth express *zero*, or nearly so. I think probably as near zero as the unassisted human faculties and destinies ever came, or are like to come.

Hierarchy ? O Heaven ! If Chaos himself sat umpire, what better could *he* do ? Here are a set of human demigods, as if chosen to his hand. Hierarchy with a vengeance !—if instead of God, a vulpine beggarly Beelzebub or swollen Mammon were our Supreme *Hieros* or Holy, this would be a Hierarchy ! I say, if you want Chaos for your master, adopt this ;—if you don't, I beg you make haste to adopt some other ; for this is the broad way to him ! The Eternal Anarch, with his old waggling addlehead full of mere windy rumour, and his old insatiable paunch full of mere hunger and indigestion tragically

blended, and the hissing discord of all the Four Elements persuasively pleading to him,—he, set to choose, would be very apt to vote for such a set of demigods to you.

As to the Statues, I know they are but symptoms of Anarchy ; it is not they, it is the Anarchy, that one is anxious to see abated. Remedy for the Statues will be possible ; and, as a small help, undoubtedly it too, in the mean time, is desirable. Every symptom you drive-in being a curtailment of the malady, by all means cure this Statue-building if you can ! It will be one folly and misery less.

Government is loath to interfere with the pursuits of any class of citizens ; and oftenest looks on in silence while follies are committed. But Government does interfere to prevent afflictive accumulations on the streets, malodorous or other unsanitary public procedures of an extensive sort ; regulates gully-drains, cesspools ; prohibits the piling-up of dungheaps ; and is especially strict on the matter of indecent exposures. Wherever the health of the citizens is concerned, much more where their souls' health, and as it were their very salvation, is concerned, all Governments that are not chimerical make haste to interfere.

Now if dungheaps laid on the streets, afflictive to the mere nostrils, are a subject for interference, what, we ask, are high columns, raised by prurient stupidity and public delusion, to blockheads whose memory does in eternal fact deserve the sinking of a coalshaft rather ? Give to every one what he deserves, what really is his : in all scenes and situations thou shalt do that,—or in very truth woe will betide thee, as sure as thou art living, and as thy Maker lives. Blockhead, this big Gambler swollen to the edge of bursting, he is not 'great' and honourable ; he is huge and abominable ! Thou shalt honour the right man, and not honour the wrong, under penalties of an alarming nature. Honour Barabbas the Robber, thou shalt sell old-clothes through the cities of the world ; shalt accumulate sordid moneys, with a curse on every coin of them, and be spit upon for eighteen hundred years. Raise statues to the swollen Gambler as if he were great, sacrifice oblations to the King of Scrip,—unfortunate mortals, you will dearly pay for it yet. Quiet as Na-

ture's countinghouse and scrip-ledgers are, no faintest item is ever blotted out from them, for or against; and to the last doit that account too will have to be settled. Rigorous as Destiny;—she *is* Destiny. Chancery or Fetter-Lane is soft to her, when the day of settlement comes. With her, in the way of abatement, of oblivion, neither gods nor man prevail. "Abatement?" "That is not our way of doing business; the time has run out, the debt it appears is due." Will the law of gravitation 'abate' for you? Gravitation acts at the rate of sixteen feet per second, in spite of all prayers. Were it the crash of a Solar System, or the fall of a Yarmouth Herring, all one to gravitation.

Is the fall of a stone certain; and the fruit of an un wisdom doubtful? You unfortunate beings! Have you forgotten it; in this immense improvement of machinery, cheapening of cotton, and general astonishing progress of the species lately? With such extension of journals, human cultures, universities, periodic and other literatures, mechanics' institutes, reform of prison-discipline, abolition of capital punishment, enfranchisement by ballot, report of parliamentary speeches, and singing for the million? You did not know that the Universe had *laws* of right and wrong; you fancied the Universe was an oblivious greedy blockhead, like one of yourselves; attentive to scrip mainly; and willing, where there was no practical scrip, to forget and forgive? And so, amid such universal blossoming-forth of useful knowledges, miraculous to the thinking editor everywhere,—the soul of all 'knowledge,' not knowing which a man is dark and reduced to the condition of a beaver, has been omitted by you? You have omitted it, and you should have included it! The thinking editor never missed *it*, so busy wondering and worshipping elsewhere; but it is not here.

And alas, apart from editors, are there not men appointed specially to keep you in mind of it; solemnly set apart for that object, thousands of years ago? Crabbe, descanting 'on the so-called Christian *Clerus*,' has this wild passage: 'Legions of them, in their black or other gowns, I still meet in every country; masquerading, in strange costume of body, and still stranger of soul; mumming, primming, grimacing,—poor devils, shamming, and endeavouring not to sham: that is the sad fact. Brave men many of them, after their sort; and in a position which we may admit to be wonderful and dreadful!

' On the outside of their heads some singular headgear, tulip-mitre, felt coalscuttle, purple hat; and in the inside,—I must say, such a Theory of God Almighty's Universe as I, for my share, am right thankful to have no concern with at all! I think, on the whole, as broken-winged, self-strangled, monstrous a mass of incoherent incredibilities, as ever dwelt in the human brain before. O God, giver of Light, hater of Darkness, of Hypocrisy and Cowardice, how long, how long!

' For two centuries now it lasts. The men whom God has made, whole nations and generations of them, are steeped in Hypocrisy from their birth upwards; taught that external varnish is the chief duty of man,—that the vice which is the deepest in Gehenna is the virtue highest in Heaven. Out of which, do you ask what follows? Look round on a world all bristling with insurrectionary pikes; Kings and Papas flying like detected coiners; and in their stead Icaria, Red Republic, new religion of the Anti-Virgin, Literature of Desperation curiously conjoined with Phallus-Worship, too clearly heralding centuries of bottomless Anarchy: hitherto one in the million looking with mournful recognition on it, silently with sad thoughts too unutterable; and to help in healing it not one anywhere hitherto.'

But as to Statues, I really think the Woods-and-Forests ought to interfere. When a company of persons have determined to set-up a Brazen Image, there decidedly arises, besides the question of their own five-pound subscriptions, which men of spirit and money-capital without employment, and with the prospect of seeing their names in the Newspapers at the cheap price of five pounds, are very prompt with,—another question, not nearly so easy of solution. Namely, this quite preliminary question: Will it permanently profit mankind to have such a Hero as this of yours set-up for their admiration, for their imitation and emulation; or will it, so far as they do not reject and with success disregard it altogether, unspeakably tend to damage and disprofit them? In a word, does this Hero's memory deserve a high column; are you sure it does not deserve a deep coalshaft rather? This is an entirely fundamental question! Till this question be answered well in the affirmative, there ought to be a total stop of progress; the misguided citizens ought to be admonished, and even gently constrained, to

take back their five-pound notes; to desist from their rash deleterious enterprise, and retire to their affairs, a repentant body of misguided citizens.

But farther still, and supposing the first question perfectly disposed of, there comes a second, grave too, though much less peremptory: Is this Statue of yours a worthy commemoration of a sacred man? Is it so excellent in point of Art that we can, with credit, set it up in our market-places as a respectable approach to the Ideal? Or, alas, is it not such an amorphous brazen sooterkin, bred of prurient heat and darkness, as falls, if well seen into, far below the Real? The Real, if you will stand by it, is respectable. The coarsest hob-nailed pair of shoes, if honestly made according to the laws of fact and leather, are not ugly; they are honest, and fit for their object; the highest eye may look on them without displeasure, nay with a kind of satisfaction. This rude packing-case, it is faithfully made; square to the rule, and formed with rough-and-ready strength against injury;—fit for its use; not a pretentious *hypocrisy*, but a modest serviceable *fact*; whoever pleases to look upon it, will find the image of a humble manfulness in it, and will pass on with some infinitesimal impulse to thank the gods.

But this your 'Ideal,' my misguided fellow-citizens? Good Heavens, are you in the least aware what damage, in the very sources of their existence, men get from Cockney Sooterkins saluting them publicly as models of Beauty? I charitably feel you have not the smallest notion of it, or you would shriek at the proposal! Can you, my misguided friends, think it humane to set-up, in its present uncomfortable form, this blotch of mis-molten copper and zinc, out of which good warming-pans might be made? That all men should see this; innocent young creatures, still in arms, be taught to think this beautiful;—and perhaps women in an interesting situation look up to it as they pass? I put it to your religious feeling, to your principles as men and fathers of families!

These questions the Woods-and-Forests, or some other Public Tribunal constituted for the purpose, really ought to ask, in a deliberate speaking manner, on the part of the speechless suffering Populations: it is the preliminary of all useful Statue-building. Till both these questions are well answered, the Woods-and-Forests should refuse permission; advise the misguided citizens to go home and repent. Really, if this

Statue-humour go on, and grow as it has lately done, there will be such a Public-Statue Board requisite ; or the Woods-and-Forests will have to interfere, with such imperfect law as now is.

The Woods-and-Forests, or if not they, then the Commissioners of Sewers, Sanitary Board, Scavenger Board, Cleansing Committee, or whoever holds or can usurp a little of the ædile authority,—cannot some of them, in the name of sense and common decency, interfere at least thus far? Namely, to admonish the misguided citizens, subscribers to the next Brazen Monster, or sad sculptural solecism, the emblem of far sadder moral ones ; and exhort them, three successive times, to make warming-pans of it and repent ;—or failing that, finding them obstinate, to say with authority: “ Well then, persist ; set-up your “ Brazen Calf, ye misguided citizens, and worship it, you, since “ you will and can. But observe, let it be done in secret : not “ in public ; we say, in secret, at your peril ! You have pleased “ to create a new Monster into this world ; but to make him “ patent to public view, we, for our part, beg not to please. “ Observe, therefore. Build a high-enough brick case or joss- “ house for your Brazen Calf ; with undiaphanous walls, and “ lighted by sky-windows only : put your Monster into that, and “ keep him there. Thither go at your pleasure, there assemble “ yourselves, and worship your bellyful, you absurd idolaters ; “ ruin your own souls only, and leave the poor Population “ alone ; the poor speechless unconscious Population, whom we “ are bound to protect, and will !” To this extent, I think the Woods-and-Forests might reasonably interfere.

NO. VIII. JESUITISM.

[1st August 1850.]

As in the history of human things, which needs above all to abridge itself, it happens usually that the chief actors in great events and great epochs give their name to the series, and are loosely reputed the causers and authors of them ; as a German Reformation is called of Luther, and a French Reign of Terror passes for the work of Robespierre, and from the *Æneid* and earlier this has been the wont : so it may be said these current, and now happily moribund, times of ours are worthy to be called, in loose language, the Age of Jesuitism,—an epoch whose Pali-nurus is the wretched mortal known among men as Ignatius Loyola. For some two centuries the genius of mankind has been dominated by the gospel of Ignatius, perhaps the strangest and certainly among the fatalest ever preached hitherto under the sun. Some acquaintance, out of *Bartoli* and others, I have made with that individual, and from old years have studied the workings of him ; and to me he seems historically definable, he more than another, as the poison-fountain from which these rivers of bitterness that now submerge the world have flowed.

Counting from the ‘ever-blessed Restoration,’ or the advent of that singular new Defender of the Faith called Charles Second, it is about two hundred years since we ourselves commenced that bad course ; and deeply detesting the *name* of St. Ignatius, did nevertheless gradually adopt his gospel as the real revelation of God’s will, and the solid rule of living in this world ; rule long since grown perfectly accredited, complete in all its parts, and reigning supreme among us in all spiritual and social matters whatsoever. The singular gospel, or revelation of God’s will ! That to please the supreme Fountain of Truth your readiest method, now and then, was to persist in believing what your whole soul found to be doubtful or incredible. That poor human symbols were higher than the God Almighty’s facts

they symbolised ; that formulas, with or without the facts symbolised by them, were sacred and salutary ; that formulas, well persisted in, could still save us when the facts were all fled ! A new revelation to mankind ; not heard of in human experience, till Ignatius revealed it to us. That, in substance, was the contribution of Ignatius to the wellbeing of mankind. Under that thrice-stygian gospel we have all of us, Papist and at length Protestant too, this long while sat ; a ‘doctrine of devils,’ I do think, if there ever was one ;—and are now, ever since 1789, with endless misery and astonishment, confusedly awakening out of the same, uncertain whether towards swift agony of social death, or towards slow martyrdom of recovery into spiritual and social life.

Not that poor Loyola did all the feat himself,—any more than Luther, Robespierre, and other such did in the parallel cases. By no means. Not in his poor person shall the wretched Loyola bear the guilt of poisoning the world : the world was, as it were, in quest of poison ; in the sure course of being poisoned ; and would have got it done by some one : Loyola is the historical symbol to us of its being done. The most conspicuous and ostentatious of the world’s poisoners ; who, solemnly consecrating all the rest in the name of holiness or spiritual *Health*, has got the work of poisoning to go on with never-imagined completeness and acceleration in all quarters ; and is worthy to have it called after him a *Jesuitism*, and be blamed by men (how judged by God, we know not) for doing it. That it is done, there is the sad fact for us ; which infinitely concerns every living soul of us ; what Ignatius got or is to get for doing it,—this shall not concern us at all.

And so, before dismissing busy English readers to their autumnal grouse-shooting,—the *ramadhan*, sacred fast, or month of meditative solitude and devout prayer, now in use among the English,—I have one sad thing to do : lead them a little to the survey of Ignatius and our universal Jesuitism ; and ask them, in Heaven’s name, if they will answer such a question, What they think of it, and of their share in it ? For this is the central and parent phenomenon ; the great Tartarean Deep, this, whence all our miseries, fatuities, futilities spring ; the accursed Hela’s realm, tenanted by foul creatures, ministers of Death Eternal, out of which poor mortals, each for himself, are called to escape

if they can ! Who is there that can escape ; that can become alive to the terrible necessity of escaping ? By way of finish to this offensive and alarming set of Pamphlets, I have still one crowning offence and alarm to try if I can give. The message, namely, That under all those Cannibal Connaughts, Distressed Needlewomen, and other woes nigh grown intolerable, there lies a still deeper Infinite of woe and guilt, chargeable on every one of us ; and that till this abate, essentially those never will or can.

That our English solitaires, any noticeable number of them, in their grouse *ramadhan*, or elsewhere, will accept the message, and see this thing for my poor showing, is more than I expect. Not willingly or joyfully do men become conscious that they are afloat, they and their affairs, upon the Pool of Erebus, now nameless in polite speech ; and that all their miseries, social and private, are fountains springing out of that, and like to spring perennially with ever more copiousness, till once you get away from that !——And yet who knows ? Here and there a thinking English soul, the reflection, the devotion, not yet quite deafened out of him by perpetual noise and babble ; such a soul,—left silent in the solitude of some Highland corry, waiting perhaps till the gillies drive his deer up to him,—may catch a glimpse of it, take a thought of it ; may prosecute his thought ; fling down, with terror, his Joe-Manton and percussion-caps, and fly to a better kind of *ramadhan*, towards another kind of life ! Sure enough, if one in the thousand see at all, in this sad matter, what I see and have long seen in it, his life either suddenly or gradually will alter in several particulars ; and his sorrow, apprehension and amazement will probably grow upon him, the longer he considers this affair ; and his life, I think, will alter ever farther ;—and he, this one in a thousand, will forgive me, and be thankful to the Heavens and me, while he continues in this world or in any world !——

The Spiritual, it is still often said, but is not now sufficiently considered, is the parent and first-cause of the Practical. The Spiritual everywhere originates the Practical, models it, makes it : so that the saddest external condition of affairs, among men, is but evidence of a still sadder internal one. For as thought is the life-fountain and motive-soul of action, so, in all regions of this human world, whatever outward thing offers itself to the eye, is merely the garment or body of a thing which already

existed invisibly within ; which, striving to give itself expression, has found, in the given circumstances, that it could and would express itself—so. This is everywhere true ; and in these times when men's attention is directed outward rather, this deserves far more attention than it will receive.

Do you ask why misery abounds among us ? I bid you look into the notion we have formed for ourselves of this Universe, and of our duties and destinies there. If it is a true notion, we shall strenuously reduce it to practice,—for who dare or can contradict his *faith*, whatever it may be, in the Eternal Fact that is around him ?—and thereby blessings and success will attend us in said Universe, or Eternal Fact we live amidst : of that surely there is no doubt. All revelations and intimations, heavenly and earthly, assure us of that ; only a Philosophy of Bedlam could throw a doubt on that ! Blessings and success, most surely, if our notion of this Universe, and our battle in it be a true one ; not curses and futilities, except it be not true. For battle, in any case, I think we shall not want ; harsh wounds, and the heat of the day, we shall have to stand ; but it will be a noble godlike and human battle, not an ignoble devil-like and brutal one ; and our wounds, and sore toils (what we in our impatience call ‘ miseries ’), will themselves be blessed to us.

But if, on the other hand, it were a false notion which we believed ; alas, if it were even a false notion which we only pretended to believe ? What battle can there be, in that latter fatal case ! Our faith, or notion of this Universe, is not false only, but it is the father of falsity ; a thing that destroys itself, and is equivalent to the death of all notion, all belief or motive to action, except what the appetites and the astucities may yield. We have then the thrice-baleful Universe of Cant, prophesied for these Latter Days ; and no ‘ battle,’ but a kind of bigger Donnybrook one, is possible for hapless mortals till that alter. Faith, Fact, Performance, in all high and gradually in all low departments, go about their business ; Inanity well tailored and upholstered, mild-spoken Ambiguity, decorous Hypocrisy which is astonished you should think it hypocritical, taking their room and drawing their wages : from zenith to nadir, you have Cant, Cant,—a Universe of Incredibilities which are not even credited, which each man at best only tries to persuade himself that he credits. Do you expect a divine

battle, with noble victories, out of this? I expect a Hudson's Statue from it, brisk trade in scrip, with Distressed Needlewomen, Cannibal Connaughts, and other the like phenomena, such as we now everywhere see!

Indisputably enough, what notion each forms of the Universe is the all-regulating fact with regard to him. The Universe makes no immediate objection to be conceived in any way; pictures itself as plainly in the seeing faculty of Newton's Dog Diamond, as of Newton; and yields to each a result accurately corresponding. To the Dog Diamond dogs'-meat, with its adjuncts, better or worse; to Newton discovery of the System of the Stars.—Not the Universe's affair at all; but the seeing party's affair very much, for the results to each correspond, with exact proportion, to his notion of it.

The saddest condition of human affairs, what ancient Prophets denounced as 'the Throne of Iniquity,' where men 'decree injustice by a law:' all this, with its thousandfold outer miseries, is still but a symptom; all this points to a far sadder disease which lies invisible within! In new dialect, whatever modified interpretation we may put upon it, the same must be said as in old: 'God's judgments are abroad in the world;' and it would much behove many of us to know well that the essential fact lies there and not elsewhere. If we 'sin against God,' it is most certain 'God's judgments' will overtake us; and whether we recognise them as God's message like men, or merely rage and writhe under them like dogs, and in our blind agony, each imputing it to his neighbour, tear one another in pieces under them, it is certain they will continue upon us, till we either cease 'sinning,' or are all torn in pieces and annihilated.

Wide-spread suffering, mutiny and delirium; the hot rage of sansculottic Insurrections, the cold rage of resuscitated Tyrannies; the brutal degradation of the millions, the pampered frivolity of the units; that awful unheeded spectacle, 'the Throne of Iniquity decreeing injustice by a law,' as the just eye can see it everywhere doing:—certainly something must be wrong in the inner man of the world, since its outer man is so terribly out of square! The deliverer of the world, therefore, were not he who headed sansculottic insurrections never so successful, but he who pointed out to the world what nightmares were resting over its soul. Ignatius Loyola, and the innumerable company, Papist, Protestant, Sham-christian, Anti-

christian, that have believed *his* revelation ; universal prevalence, from pole to pole, of such a 'doctrine of devils ;' reverent or quasi-reverent faith in the dead human formulas, and somnolent contempt of the divine ever-living facts, such as reigns now, consecrated and supreme, in all commonwealths and countries, and hearts of men ; the Human Species, as it were, unconsciously or consciously, gone all to one Sodality of Jesuitism : who will deliver us from the body of this death ! It is in truth like death-in-life ; a living-criminal (as in the old Roman days) with a *corpse* lashed fast to him. What wretch could have deserved such a doom ?

As to this Ignatius, I am aware he is admired, and even transcendently admired, or what we call worshipped, by multitudes of human creatures, who to this day expect, or endeavour to expect, some kind of salvation from him ;—whom it is so painful to enrage against me, if I could avoid it ! Undoubtedly Ignatius, centuries ago, gave satisfaction to the Devil's Advocate, the Pope and other parties interested ; was canonised, named Saint, and raised duly into Heaven officially so-called ; whereupon, with many, he passes, ever since, for a kind of God, or person who has much influence with the gods.—Alas, the admiration, and transcendent admiration, of mankind, goes a strange road in these times ! Hudson too had his canonisation : and by *Vox Populi*, if not by Pope and Devil's Advocate, was raised to a kind of brass Olympus by mankind ; and rode there for a year or two ;—though he is already gone to warming-pans again. A poor man, in our day, has many gods foisted on him ; and big voices bid him, "Worship, or be —— !" in a menacing and confusing manner. What shall he do ? By far the greater part of said gods, current in the public, whether canonised by Pope or Populus, are mere dumb Apises and beatified Prize-oxen ;—nay some of them, who have articulate faculty, are devils instead of gods. A poor man that would save his soul alive is reduced to the sad necessity of sharply trying his gods whether they are divine or not ; which is a terrible pass for mankind, and lays an awful problem upon each man. The man must do it, however. At his own peril he will have to do this problem too, which is one of the awfulest ; and his neighbours, all but a most select portion of them, portion generally *not* clad in official tiaras, can

be of next to no help to him in it, nay rather will infinitely hinder him in it, as matters go. If Ignatius, worshipped by millions as a kind of god, is, in eternal fact, a kind of devil, or enemy of whatsoever is godlike in man's existence, surely it is pressingly expedient that men were made aware of it; that men, with whatever earnestness is yet in them, laid it awfully to heart!

Prim friend with the black serge gown, with the rosary, scapulary, and I know not what other spiritual block-and-tackle,—scowl not on me. If in thy poor heart, under its rosaries, there dwell any human piety, awestruck reverence towards the Supreme Maker, devout compassion towards this poor Earth and her sons,—scowl not anathema on me, listen to me; for I swear thou art my brother, in spite of rosaries and scapularies; and I recognise thee, though thou canst not me; and with love and pity know thee for a brother, though enchanted into the condition of a spiritual mummy. Hapless creature, curse me not; listen to me, and consider;—perhaps even thou wilt escape from mummyhood, and become once more a living soul!

Of Ignatius, then, I must take leave to say, there can this be recorded, that probably he has done more mischief in the Earth than any man born since. A scandalous mortal, O brethren of mankind who live by truth and not by falsity, I must call this man. Altogether,—here where I stand, looking on millions of poor pious brothers reduced to spiritual mummyhood, who curse me because I try to speak the truth to them, and on a whole world canting and grimacing from birth to death, and finding in their life two serious indubitabilities, Cookery and Scrip,—how, if he is the representative and chief fountain of all this, can I call him other than the superlative of scandals? A bad man, I think; not good by nature; and by destiny swollen into a very Ahriman of badness. Not good by nature, I perceive. A man born greedy; whose greatness in the beginning, and even in the end if we will look well, is indicated chiefly by the depth of his appetite: not the recommendable kind of man! A man full of prurient elements from the first; which at the last, through his long course, have developed themselves over the family of mankind into an expression altogether tremendous.

A young Spanish soldier and hidalgo with hot Biscayan blood, distinguished, as I understand, by his fierce appetites chiefly, by his audacities and sensualities, and loud unreasonable decision, That this Universe, in spite of rumours to the contrary, was a Cookery-shop and Bordel, wherein garlic, Jamaica-pepper, unfortunate-females and other spicery and garnishing awaited the bold human appetite, and the rest of it was mere rumour and moonshine: with this life-theory and practice had Ignatius lived some thirty years, a hot human Papin's-digester and little other; when, on the walls of Pampeluna, the destined cannon-shot shattered both his legs,—leaving his head, hitting only his legs, so the Destinies would have it,—and he fell at once totally prostrate, a wrecked Papin's-digester; lay many weeks horizontal, and had in that tedious posture to commence a new series of reflections. He began to perceive now that 'the rest of it' was not mere rumour and moonshine; that the rest was, in fact, the whole secret of the matter. That the Cookery-shop and Bordel was a magical delusion, a sleight-of-hand of Satan, to lead Ignatius down, by garlic and finer temporal spiceries, to eternal Hell;—and that in short he, Ignatius, had lived hitherto as a degraded ferocious Human Pig, one of the most perfect scoundrels; and was, at that date, no other than a blot on Creation, and a scandal to mankind.

With which set of reflections who could quarrel? The reflections were true, were salutary; nay there was something of sacred in them,—as in the repentance of man, in the discovery by erring man that wrong is not right, that wrong differs from right as deep Hell from high Heaven, there ever is. Ignatius's soul was in convulsions, in agonies of new birth; for which I honour Ignatius. Human sincerity could not but have told him: "Yes, in several respects, thou art a detestable Human Pig, and disgrace to the family of man; for which it behoves thee to be in nameless remorse, till thy life either mend or end. Consider, there as thou liest with thy two legs smashed, the peccant element that is in thee; discover it, rigorously tear it out; reflect what farther thou wilt do. A life yet remains; to be led, clearly, in some new manner: how wilt thou lead it? Sit silent for the rest of thy days? In some most modest seclusion, hide thyself from a humankind which has been dishonoured by thee? Thy sin being pruriency of

“appetite, give that at least no farther scope under any old
“or new form?”

I admit, the question was not easy. Think, in this his wrecked horizontal position, what could or should the poor individual called Inigo, Ignatius, or whatever the first name of him was, have done? Truly for Ignatius the question was very complicated. But, had he asked from Nature and the Eternal Oracles a remedy for wrecked sensualism, here surely was one thing that would have suggested itself: To annihilate his pruriency. To cower, silent and ashamed, into some dim corner; and resolve to make henceforth as little noise as possible. That would have been modest, salutary; that might have led to many other virtues, and gradually to all. That, I think, is what the small still voices would have told Ignatius, could he have heard them amid the loud bullyings and liturgyings; but he couldn't, perhaps he never tried;—and *that*, accordingly, was not what Ignatius resolved upon.

In fact, Christian doctrine, backed by all the human wisdom I could ever hear of, inclines me to think that Ignatius, had he been a good and brave man, should have consented, at this point, to be damned,—as was clear to him that he deserved to be. Here would have been a healing solace to his conscience; one transcendent act of virtue which it still lay with him, the worst of sinners, to do. “To die forever, as I
“have deserved; let Eternal Justice triumph *so*, by means
“of me and my foul scandals, since otherwise it may not!” *Selbsttödtung*, Annihilation of Self, justly reckoned the beginning of all virtue: here is the highest form of it, still possible to the lowest man. The voice of Nature this, to a repentant outcast sinner turning again towards the realms of manhood;—and I understand it is the precept of all right Christianity too. But no, Ignatius could not, in his lowest abasement, consent to have justice done on him, not on *him*, ah no;—and there lay his crime and his misfortune, which has brought such penalty on him and us.

The truth is, it was not of Eternal Nature and her Oracles that Ignatius inquired, poor man; it was of Temporary Art and *hers*, and these sang not of self-annihilation, or Ignatius would not hear that part of their song. Not so did Ignatius read the omens. “My pruriency being terribly forbidden on
“one side, let it,” thought Ignatius, deeply unconscious of such

a thought, "have terrible course on another. Garlic-cookery " and suchlike excitations are accursed to me forever ; but can- " not I achieve something that shall still assert my *Ego* I in " a highly gratifying manner?" Alas, human sincerity, hard as his scourging had been, was not quite attainable by him. In his frantic just agonies, he flung himself before the shrine of Virgin Marys, Saints of the Romish Calendar, three-hatted Holy Fathers, and uncertain Thaumaturgic Entities ; praying that he might be healed by miracle, not by course of nature ; and that, for one most fatal item, his pruriency of appetite might, under new inverse forms,—continue with him. Which prayer, we may say, was granted.

In the depths of his despair, all Nature glooming veritable reprobation on him, and Eternal Justice whispering, "*Accept* what thou hast merited," there rose this altogether turbid semi-artificial glare of hope upon Ignatius, "The Virgin will save me, the Virgin has saved me :"—Well and good, I say ; then be quiet, and let us see some temperance and modesty in you. Far otherwise did Ignatius resolve : temperance and true modesty were not among the gifts of this precious individual the Virgin had been at the pains to save. Many plans Ignatius tried to make his *Ego* I still available on Earth, and still keep Heaven open for him. His pilgrimings and battlings, his silent sufferings and wrestlings for that object, are enormous, and reach the highest pitch of the prurient-heroic. At length, after various failures and unsatisfactory half-successes, it struck him : "Has not there lately been a sort of revolt against the Virgin, " and the Holy Father who takes care of her ? Certain infernal " Heresiarchs in Germany and elsewhere, I am told, have " risen up against the Holy Father, arguing with terrible " plausibility that he is an Unholy Phantasm : he ;—and if so, " what am I and my outlooks ! A new light, presumably of " Hell, has risen to that effect ; which new light—why cannot " I vow here, and consecrate myself, to battle against, and " with my whole strength endeavour to extinguish ?" That was the task Ignatius fixed upon as his ; and at that he has been busy, he and an immense and ever-increasing sodality of mortals, these three hundred years ; and, through various fortune, they have brought it thus far. Truly to one of the most singular predicaments the affairs of mankind ever stood in before.

If the new light is of Hell, O Ignatius, right : but if of

Heaven, there is not, that I know of, any equally damnable sin as thine ! No ; thy late Pighood itself is trivial in comparison. Frantic mortal, wilt thou, at the bidding of any Papa, war against Almighty God ? Is there no 'inspiration,' then, but an ancient Jewish, Greekish, Romish one, with big revenues, loud liturgies and red stockings ? The Pope is old ; but Eternity, thou shalt observe, is older. High-treason against all the Universe is dangerous to do. Quench not among us, I advise thee, the monitions of that thrice-sacred gospel, holier than all gospels, which dwells in each man direct from the Maker of him ! Frightfully will it be avenged on thee, and on all that follow thee ; to the sixth generation and farther, all men shall lie under this gigantic Upas-tree thou hast been planting ; terribly will the gods avenge it on thee, and on all thy Father Adam's house !

Ignatius's black militia, armed with this precious message of salvation, have now been campaigning over all the world for about three hundred years ; and openly or secretly have done a mighty work over all the world. Who can count what a work ! Where you meet a man believing in the salutary nature of falsehoods, or the divine authority of things doubtful, and fancying that to serve the Good Cause he must call the Devil to his aid, there is a follower of Unsaint Ignatius ; not till the last of these men has vanished from the Earth will our account with Ignatius be quite settled, and his black militia have got their mittimus to Chaos again. They have given a new substantive to modern languages. The word 'Jesuitism' now, in all countries, expresses an idea for which there was in Nature no prototype before. Not till these late centuries had the human soul generated that abomination, or needed to name it. Truly they have achieved great things in the world ; and a general result which we may call stupendous. Not victory for Ignatius and the black militia,—no, till the Universe itself become a cunningly devised Fable, and God the Maker abdicate in favour of Beelzebub, I do not see how 'victory' can fall on that side ! But they have done such deadly execution on the general soul of man ; and have wrought such havoc on the terrestrial and supernal interests of this world, as insure to Jesuitism a long memory in human annals.

How many three-hatted Papas, and scandalous Consecrated

Phantasms, cleric and laic, convicted or not yet suspected to be Phantasms and servants of the Devil and not of God, does it still retain in existence in all corners of this afflicted world! Germany had its War of Thirty Years, among other wars, on this subject; and had there not been elsewhere a nobler loyalty to God's Cause than was to be found in Germany at that date, Ignatius with his rosaries and gibbet-ropes, with his honey-mouthed Fathers Lämmerlein in black serge, and heavyfisted Fathers Wallenstein in chain armour, must have carried it; and that alarming Lutheran new-light would have been got extinguished again. The Continent once well quenched out, it was calculated England might soon be made to follow, and then the whole world were blessed with orthodoxy. So it had been computed. But Gustavus, a man prepared to die if needful, Gustavus with his Swedes appeared upon the scene; nay shortly Oliver Cromwell with his Puritans appeared upon it; and the computation quite broke down. Beyond seas and within seas, the Wallensteins and Lämmerleins, the Hyacinths and Andreas Habernfelds, the Lauds and Charleses,—in fine, Ignatius and all that held of him,—had to cower into their holes again, and try it by new methods. Many were their methods, their fortune various; and ever and anon, to the hope or the terror of this and the other man of weak judgment, it has seemed that victory was just about to crown Ignatius. True, too true, the execution done upon the soul of mankind has been enormous and tremendous; but victory to Ignatius there has been none,—and will and can be none.

Nay at last, ever since 1789 and '93, the figure of the quarrel has much altered; and the hope for Ignatius (except to here and there a man of weak judgment) has become a flat impossibility. For Luther and Protestantism Proper having, so to speak, withdrawn from the battle-field, as entities whose work was done, there then appeared on it Jean Jacques and French Sansculottism; to which all creatures have gradually joined themselves. Whereby now we have Protestantism *Improper*,—a Protestantism universal and illimitable on the part of all men; the whole world risen into anarchic mutiny, with pike and paving-stone; swearing by Heaven above and also by Hell beneath, by the Eternal Yea and the Eternal No, that Ignatius and Imposture shall not rule them any more, neither in soul nor in body nor in breeches-pocket any more; but that

they will go unrulèd rather,—as they hope it will be possible for them to do. This is Ignatius's 'destruction' of Protestantism : he has destroyed it into Sansculottism, such a form of all-embracing Protestantism as was never dreamt of by the human soul before. So that now, at last, there is hope of final death and rest to Ignatius and his labours. Ignatius, I perceive, is now sure to die, and be abolished before long ; nay is already dead, and will not even *galvanise* much farther ; but, in fine, is hourly sinking towards the Abyss,—dragging much along with him thither. Whole worlds along with him : such continents of things, once living and beautiful, now dead and horrible ; things once sacred, now not even commonly profane :—fearful and wonderful, to every thinking heart and seeing eye, in these days ! That is the answer, slowly enunciated, but irrevocable and indubitable, which Ignatius gets in Heaven's High Court, when he appeals there, asking, "Am I a *Sanctus* " or not, as the Papa and his Devil's-Advocate told me I was ?"

The 'vivaciousness' of Jesuitism is much spoken of, as a thing creditable. And truly it is remarkable, though I think in the way of wonder even more than of admiration, what a quantity of killing it does require. To say nothing of the Cromwells and Gustavuses, and what they did, they and theirs,—it is near a century now since Pombal and Aranda, secular and not divine men, yet useful antiseptic products of their generation, felt called, if not consciously by Heaven, then by Earth which is unconsciously a bit of Heaven, to cut-down this scandal from the world, and make the earth rid of Jesuitism for one thing. What a wide-sweeping shear they gave it, as with the sudden scythe of universal death, is well known ; and how, mown down from side to side of the world in one day, it had to lie sorrowfully slain and withering under the sun. After all which, nay after 1793 itself, does not Jesuitism still pretend to be alive, and in this year 1850, still (by dint of steady galvanism) shows some quivering in its fingers and toes ? Vivacious, sure enough ; and I suppose there must be reasons for it, which it is well to note withal. But what if such vivaciousness were, in good part, like that of evil weeds ; if the 'strength' of Jesuitism were like that of typhus-fever, not a recommendable kind of strength !

I hear much also of 'obedience,' how that and the kindred

virtues are prescribed and exemplified by Jesuitism ; the truth of which, and the merit of which, far be it from me to deny. Obedience, a virtue universally forgotten in these days, will have to become universally known again. Obedience is good, and indispensable : but if it be obedience to what is wrong and false,—good Heavens, there is no name for such a depth of human cowardice and calamity ; spurned everlastingly by the gods. Loyalty ? Will you be loyal to Beelzebub ? Will you ‘make a covenant with Death and Hell’ ? I will not be loyal to Beelzebub ; I will become a nomadic Chactaw rather, a barricading Sansculotte, a Conciliation-Hall repealer ; anything and everything is venial to that.

The virtues of Jesuitism, seasoned with that fatal condiment, are other than quite virtuous ! To cherish pious thoughts, and assiduously keep your eye directed to a Heaven that is not real : will that yield divine life to you, or hideous galvanic life-in-death ? To cherish many quasi-human virtues, really many possibilities of virtue ; and wed them all to the principle that God can be served by believing what is not true : to put-out the sacred lamp of Intellect within you ; to decide on maiming yourself of that higher godlike gift, which God himself has given you with a silent but awful charge in regard to it ; to be bullied and bowowed out of your loyalty to the God of Light by big Phantasms and three-hatted Chimeras : can I call that by the name of nobleness or human courage ?—“Could not help it,” say you ? If ‘a man cannot help it,’ a man must allow me to say he has unfortunately given the most conspicuous proof of caitiffhood that lay within his human possibility, and he must cease to brag to me about his ‘virtues,’ in that sad case !

But, in fact, the character of the poor creature named Ignatius, whether it be good or bad and worst, concerns us little ; not even that of the specific Jesuit Body concerns us much. The Jesuits proper have long since got their final mittimus from England. Nor, in the seventeenth century,—with an ubiquitous alarming Toby Mathews, Andreas Habernfeld and Company ; with there a Father Hyacinth, and here a William Laud and Charles First,—was this by any means so light a business as we now fancy. But it has been got accomplished. Long now have the English People understood that Jesuits proper, in so far as they are not Nothing (which is the commonest case),

are servants of the Prince of Darkness : by Puritan Cromweliads on the great scale, and on the small by diligent hunting, confinement in the Clink Prison, and judicial tribulation,—let us say, by earnest pious thought and fight, and the labours of the valiant born to us,—this country has been tolerably cleared of Jesuits proper ; nor is there danger of their ever coming to a head here again. But, alas, the expulsion of the Jesuit Body avails us little, when the Jesuit *Soul* has so nestled itself in the life of mankind everywhere. What we have to complain of is, that all men are become Jesuits ! That no man speaks the truth to you or to himself, but that every man lies,—with blasphemous audacity, and does not know that he is lying,—before God and man, in regard to almost all manner of things. This is the fell heritage bequeathed us by Ignatius ; to this sad stage has our battle with him come.

Consider it, good reader ;—and yet alas, if thou be not one of a thousand, what is the use of bidding thee consider it ! The deadliest essence of the curse we now labour under is that the light of our inner eyesight is gone out ; that such things are not discernible by considering. ‘Cant and even sincere Cant :’ O Heaven, when a man doing his sincerest is still but canting ! For this is the sad condition of the insincere man : he is doomed all his days to deal with insincerities ; to live, move, and have his being in traditions and conventionalities. If the traditions have grown old, the conventionalities will be mostly false ; true in no sense can they be for him : never shall he behold the truth of any matter ; formulas, theologic, economic and other, certain superficial readings of truth, required in the marketplace, these he will take with him, these he will apply dextrously, and with these he will have to satisfy himself. Sincerity shall not exist for him ; he shall think that he has found it, while it is yet far away. The deep, awful and indeed divine quality of truth that lies in every object, and in virtue of which the object exists,—from his poor eyes this is forever hidden. Not with austere divine realities which belong to the Universe and to Eternity, but with paltry ambiguous phantasms, comfortable and uncomfortable, which belong to his own parish, and to the current week or generation, shall he pass his days.

There had been liars in the world ; alas, never since the Old Serpent tempted Eve, had the world been free of liars, neither will it be : but there was in this of Jesuit Ignatius an apo-

theosis of falsity, a kind of subtle quintessence and deadly virus of lying, the like of which had never been seen before. Measure it, if you can ; prussic-acid and chloroform are poor to it ! Men had served the Devil, and men had very imperfectly served God ; but to think that God could be served more perfectly by taking the Devil into partnership,—this was a novelty of St. Ignatius. And this is now no novelty ; to such extent has the Jesuit chloroform stupefied us all. This is the universal faith and practice, for several generations past, of the class called good men in this world. They are in general mutineers, sansculottes, angry disorderly persons, and a class rather worthy to be called bad, who hitherto assert the contrary of this. “ Be careful how you believe truth,” cries the good man everywhere : “ Composure and a whole skin are very valuable. Truth, —who knows ?—many things are not true ; most things are uncertainties, very prosperous things are even open falsities that have been agreed upon. There is little certain truth going. If it isn’t orthodox truth, it will play the very devil with you !”

Did the Human Species ever lie in such a soak of horrors, —sunk like steeping flax under the wide-spread fetid Hell-waters,—in all spiritual respects dead, dead ; voiceless towards Heaven for centuries back ; merely sending up, in the form of mute prayer, such an odour as the angels never smelt before ! It has to lie there, till the worthless part has been rotted out ; till much has been rotted out, I do perceive ;—and perhaps the time has come when the precious *lint fibre* itself is in danger ; and men, if they are not delivered, will cease to be men, or to be at all ! O Heavens, with divine Hudson on this hand, and divine Ignatius on that, and the Gorham Controversy going on, and the Irish Tenant Agitation (which will soon become a Scotch and an English ditto) just about beginning, is not the hour now nearly come ? Words fail us when we would speak of what Ignatius has done for men. Probably the most virulent form of sin which the Old Serpent has yet rejoiced in on our poor Earth. For me it is the deadliest high treason against God our Maker which the soul of man could commit.

And this, then, is the horrible conclusion we have arrived at, in England as in all countries ; and with *less* protest against it hitherto, and not with more, in England than in other coun-

tries? That the great body of orderly considerate men ; men affecting the name of good and pious, and who, in fact, excluding certain silent exceptionary individuals one to the million, such as the Almighty Beneficence never quite withholds, are accounted our best men,—have unconsciously abnegated the sacred privilege and duty of acting or speaking the truth ; and fancy that it is not truth that is to be acted, but that an amalgam of truth and falsity is the safe thing. In parliament and pulpit, in book and speech, in whatever spiritual thing men have to commune of, or to do together, this is the rule they have lapsed into, this is the pass they have arrived at. We have to report that Human Speech is not true ! That it is false to a degree never witnessed in this world till lately. Such a subtle virus of falsity in the very essence of it, as far excels all open lying, or prior kinds of falsity ; false with consciousness of being sincere ! The heart of the world is corrupted to the core ; a detestable devil's-poison circulates in the life-blood of mankind ; taints with abominable deadly malady all that mankind do. Such a curse never fell on men before.

For the falsity of speech rests on a far deeper falsity. False speech, as is inevitable when men long practise it, falsifies all things ; the very thoughts, or fountains of speech and action become false. Ere long, by the appointed curse of Heaven, a man's intellect ceases to be capable of distinguishing truth, when he permits himself to deal in speaking or acting what is false. Watch well the tongue, for out of it are the issues of life ! O, the foul leprosy that heaps itself in monstrous accumulation over Human Life, and obliterates all the divine features of it into one hideous mountain of purulent disease, when Human Life parts company with truth ; and fancies, taught by Ignatius or another, that lies will be the salvation of it ! We of these late centuries have suffered as the sons of Adam never did before ; hebetated, sunk under mountains of torpid leprosy ; and studying to persuade ourselves that this is health.

And if we have awakened from the sleep of death into the Sorcerer's Sabbath of Anarchy, is it not the chief of blessings that we are awake at all ? Thanks to Transcendent Sansculottism and the long-memorable French Revolution, the one veritable and tremendous Gospel of these bad ages, divine Gospel such as we deserved, and merciful too, though preached

in thunder and terror ! Napoleon Campaignings, September Massacres, Reigns of Terror, Anacharsis Clootz and Pontiff Robespierre, and still more beggarly tragicalities that we have since seen, and are still to see : what frightful thing were not a little less frightful than the thing we had ? Peremptory was our necessity of putting Jesuitism away, of awakening to the consciousness of Jesuitism. 'Horrible,' yes : how could it be other than horrible ? Like the valley of Jehosaphat, it lies round us, one nightmare wilderness, and wreck of dead-men's bones, this false modern world ; and no rapt Ezechiel in prophetic vision imaged to himself things sadder, more horrible and terrible, than the eyes of men, if they *are* awake, may now deliberately see. Many yet sleep ; but the sleep of all, as we judge by their maundering and jargonings, their Gorham Controversies, street-barricadings, and uneasy tossings and somnambulisms, is not far from ending. Novalis says, 'We are near awakening when we *dream that we are dreaming.*'

A man's 'religion' consists not of the many things he is in doubt of and tries to believe, but of the few he is assured of, and has no need of effort for believing. His religion, whatever it may be, is a discerned fact, and coherent system of discerned facts to him ; he stands fronting the worlds and the eternities upon it : to *doubt* of it is not permissible at all ! He must verify or expel his doubts, convert them into certainty of Yes or No ; or they will be the death of his religion.—But, on the other hand, convert them into certainty of Yes *and* No ; or even of Yes *though* No, as the Ignatian method is, what will become of your religion ? Let us glance a little at this strange aspect of our affairs.

What a man's or nation's available religion at any time is, may sometimes, especially if he abound in Bishops, Gorham Controversies, and richly endowed Churches and Church-practices, be difficult to say. For a Nation which, under very peculiar circumstances, closed its Bible about two hundred years ago, hanged the dead body of its Cromwell, and accepted one Charles Second for Defender of its *Faith* so-called ; for such a Nation, which has closed its Bible, and decided that the sufficient and much handier practice would be to kiss the

outside of said Bible, and in all senses swear zealously by the same without opening it again,—the question what its ‘religion’ is, may naturally be involved in obscurities ! Such dramaturgic fogle-worship going on everywhere, and kissing of the closed Bible, what real worship, *religion*, or recognition of a Divine Necessity in Nature and Life, there may be—Or, in fact, is there any left at all ? Very little, I should say.

The religion of a man in these strange circumstances, what living conviction he has about his Destiny in this Universe, falls into a most strange condition ;—and, in truth, I have observed, is apt to take refuge in the stomach mainly. The man goes through his prescribed fogle-motions at church and elsewhere, keeping his conscience and sense of decency at ease thereby ; and in some empty part of his brain, if he have fancy left, or brain other than a beaver’s, there goes on occasionally some dance of dreamy hypotheses, sentimental echoes, shadows, and other inane make-believes,—which I think are quite the contrary of a possession to him ; leading to no clear Faith, or divine life-and-death Certainty of any kind ; but to a torpid species of *delirium somnians* and *delirium stertens* rather. In his head or in his heart this man has of available religion none. But descend into his stomach, purse and the adjacent regions, you then do awaken, even in the very last extremity, a set of divine beliefs, were it only belief in the multiplication-table, and certain coarser outward forms of *meum* and *tuum*. He believes in the inalienable nature of purchased beef, in the duty of the British citizen to fight for himself when injured, and other similar faiths :—an actual ‘religion’ of its sort, or revelation of what the Almighty Maker means with him in this Earth, and has irrefragably, as by direct inspiration, charged him to do. This is the man’s religion ; *this* poor scantling of ‘divine convictions’ which you find lying, mostly inarticulate, in deep sleep at the bottom of his stomach, and have such difficulty in raising into any kind of elocution or conscious wakefulness.

Alas, so much of him, his soul almost wholly, is not only asleep there, but gone drowned and dead. The ‘religion’ you awaken in him is often of a very singular quality ; enough to make the observer pause in silence. Such a religion, issuing practically in Hudson Statues, and, alas, also in Distressed Needlewomen, Cannibal Connaughts, and ‘remedial measures

suited to the occasion,' was never seen among Adam's Posterity before. But it is this modern man's religion; all the religion you will get of him. And if you can winnow-out the fogle-motions, fantasies, sentimentalisms, make-believes, and other multitudinous chaff, so that his religion stands before you in its net condition, you may contemplate it with scientific astonishment, with innumerable reflections, and may perhaps draw wise inferences from it.

A singular piece of scribble, in Sauerteig's hand, bearing marks of haste and almost of rage (for the words, abbreviated to the bone, tumble about as if in battle on the paper), occurs to me at this moment, entitled *Schwein'sche Weltansicht*; and I will try to decipher and translate it.

'Pig Philosophy.

'If the inestimable talent of Literature should, in these ' swift days of progress, be extended to the brute creation, ' having fairly taken-in all the human, so that swine and oxen ' could communicate to us on paper what they thought of the ' Universe, there might curious results, not uninteresting to ' some of us, ensue. Supposing swine (I mean fourfooted swine), ' of sensibility and superior logical parts, had attained such ' culture; and could, after survey and reflection, jot-down for ' us their notion of the Universe, and of their interests and ' duties there,—might it not well interest a discerning public, ' perhaps in unexpected ways, and give a stimulus to the languishing book-trade? The votes of all creatures, it is understood at present, ought to be had; that you may "legislate" ' for them with better insight. "How can you govern a thing," ' say many, "without first asking its vote?" Unless, indeed, ' you already chance to know its vote,—and even something ' more, namely, what you are to think of its vote; what *it* wants ' by its vote; and still more important, what Nature wants, ' which latter, at the end of the account, is the only thing that ' will be got!—Pig Propositions, in a rough form, are somewhat as follows:

'1. The Universe, so far as sane conjecture can go, is an ' immeasurable Swine's-trough, consisting of solid and liquid, and of other contrasts and kinds;—especially consisting of

‘attainable and unattainable, the latter in immensely greater quantities for most pigs.

‘2. Moral evil is unattainability of Pig’s-wash; moral good, attainability of ditto.

‘3. “What is Paradise, or the State of Innocence?” Paradise, called also State of Innocence, Age of Gold, and other names, *was* (according to Pigs of weak judgment) unlimited attainability of Pig’s-wash; perfect fulfilment of one’s wishes, so that the Pig’s imagination could not outrun reality: a fable and an impossibility, as Pigs of sense now see.

‘4. “Define the Whole Duty of Pigs.” It is the mission of universal Pighood, and the duty of all Pigs, at all times, to diminish the quantity of unattainable and increase that of attainable. All knowledge and device and effort ought to be directed thither and thither only; Pig Science, Pig Enthusiasm and Devotion have this one aim. It is the Whole Duty of Pigs.

‘5. Pig Poetry ought to consist of universal recognition of the excellence of Pig’s-wash and ground barley, and the felicity of Pigs whose trough is in order, and who have had enough: Hrumph!

‘6. The Pig knows the weather; he ought to look out what kind of weather it will be.

‘7. “Who made the Pig?” Unknown;—perhaps the Pork-butcher?

‘8. “Have you Law and Justice in Pigdom?” Pigs of observation have discerned that there is, or was once supposed to be, a thing called justice. Undeniably at least there is a sentiment in Pig-nature called indignation, revenge, &c., which, if one Pig provoke another, comes out in a more or less destructive manner: hence laws are necessary, amazing quantities of laws. For quarrelling is attended with loss of blood, of life, at any rate with frightful effusion of the general stock of Hog’s-wash, and ruin (temporary ruin) to large sections of the universal Swine’s-trough: wherefore let justice be observed, that so quarrelling be avoided.

‘9. “What is justice?” Your own share of the general Swine’s-trough, not any portion of my share.

‘10. “But what is ‘my’ share?” Ah! there in fact lies the grand difficulty; upon which Pig science, meditating this long while, can settle absolutely nothing. My share—hrumph!

'—my share is, on the whole, whatever I can contrive to get
' without being hanged or sent to the hulks. For there are gib-
' bets, treadmills, I need not tell you, and rules which Lawyers
' have prescribed.

' 11. "Who are Lawyers?" Servants of God, appointed
' revealers of the oracles of God, who read-off to us from day
' to day what is the eternal Commandment of God in reference
' to the mutual claims of his creatures in this world.

' 12. "Where do they find that written?" In Coke upon
' Lyttelton.

' 13. "Who made Coke?" Unknown: the maker of Coke's
' wig is discoverable.—"What became of Coke?" Died.—
' "And then?" Went to the undertaker; went to the'— —But
we must pull up: Sauerteig's fierce humour, confounding ever
farther in his haste the fourfooted with the twofooted animal,
rushes into wilder and wilder forms of satirical torch-dancing,
and threatens to end in a universal Rape of the Wigs, which in
a person of his character looks ominous and dangerous. Here,
for example, is his fifty-first 'Proposition,' as he calls it:

' 51. "What are Bishops?" Overseers of souls.—"What
' is a soul?" The thing that keeps the body alive.—"How do
' they oversee that?" They tie on a kind of aprons, publish
' charges; I believe they pray dreadfully; macerate themselves
' nearly dead with continual grief that they cannot in the least
' oversee it.—"And are much honoured?" By the wise very
' much.

' 52. "Define the Church." I had rather not.—"Do you
' believe in a Future state?" Yes, surely.—"What is it?"
' Heaven, so-called.—"To everybody?" I understand so; hope
' so!—"What is it thought to be?" Hrumph!—"No Hell
' then, at all?"—Hrumph!

The Fine Arts are by some thought to be a kind of religion;
the chief religion this poor Europe is to have in time coming:
and undoubtedly it is in Literature, Poetry and the other kind-
red Arts, where at least a certain manliness of temper, and
liberty to follow truth, prevails or might prevail, that the world's
chosen souls do now chiefly take refuge, and attempt what
'Worship of the Beautiful' may still be possible for them. The
Poet in the Fine Arts, especially the Poet in Speech, what

Fichte calls the 'Scholar' or the 'Literary Man,' is defined by Fichte as the 'Priest' of these Modern Epochs,—all the Priest they have. And indeed Nature herself will teach us that the man born with what we call 'genius,' which will mean, born with better and larger understanding than others; the man in whom 'the inspiration of the Almighty,' given to all men, has a higher potentiality;—that he, and properly he only, is the perpetual Priest of Men; ordained to the office by God himself, whether men can be so lucky as to get him ordained to it or not: nay, he does the office, too, after a sort, in this and in all epochs. Ever must the Fine Arts be if not religion, yet indissolubly united to it, dependent on it, vitally blended with it as body is with soul.

Why should I say, Ignatius Loyola ruined our Fine Arts? Ignatius thought not of the Fine Arts; nor is the guilt all his. Ignatius, intent on the heart of the matter, did but consecrate in the name of Heaven, and religiously welcome as life in God, the universal death in the Devil which of itself was preparing to come,—on the Fine Arts as on all things. The Fine Arts are not what I most regret in the catastrophe so frightfully accelerated and consummated by him! If men's practical faith have become a Pig Philosophy, and their divine worship have become a Mumbojumboism, soliciting in dumb agony either change to the very heart or else extinction and abolition, it matters little what their fine or other arts may be. All arts, industries and pursuits they have, are tainted to the heart with foul poison; carry not in them the inspiration of God, but (frightful to think of!) that of the Devil calling and thinking himself God; and are smitten with a curse forevermore. What judgment the Academy of Cognoscenti may pronounce on them, is unimportant to me; what splendour of upholstery and French cookery, and temporary bullion at the Bank, may be realised from them, is important to M'Croudy, not to me.

Such bullion, I perceive well, can but be temporary;—and if it were to be eternal, would bullion reconcile me to them? No, M'Croudy, never. Bullion, temporary bullion itself, awakens the hallelujah of flunkies; but even eternal bullion ought to make small impression upon men. To men I count it a human blessedness, and stern benignity of Heaven, that when their course is false and ignoble, their bullion begins to leave them; that ultimate bankruptcy, and flat universal ruin, pub-

lished in the gazette, and palpable even to flunkies, follows step by step, at a longer or shorter interval, all solecisms under this sun. Certain as shadow follows substance; it is the oldest law of Fate :—and one good day, open ruin, bankruptcy and foul destruction, does overtake them all. Let us bless God for it. Were it otherwise, what end could there be of solecisms? The temporary paradise of quacks and flunkies were now an eternal paradise; how could the noble soul find harbour or patience in this world at all? This world were the inheritance of the ignoble;—a very Bedlam, as some sceptics have fancied it; made by malignant gods in their sport.

But as to Jesuitism in the Fine Arts, and how its unsuspected thrice-unblessed presence here too smites the genius of mankind with paralysis, there were much to be said. Sorrowful reflections lie in that, far beyond what a discerning public fancies in these days; reflections which cannot be entered upon, which can hardly be indicated afar off, at present. Here too, as elsewhere, the consummate flower of Consecrated Unveracity reigns supreme; and here as elsewhere peaceably presides over an enormous Life-in-Death!

“May the Devil fly away with the Fine Arts!” exclaimed confidentially once, in my hearing, one of our most distinguished public men; a sentiment that often recurs to me. I perceive too well how true it is, in our case. A public man, intent on any real business, does, I suppose, find the Fine Arts rather imaginary. The Fine Arts, wherever they turn-up as business, whatever Committee sit upon them, are sure to be the parent of much empty talk, laborious hypocrisy, dilettantism, futility; involving huge trouble and expense and babble, which end in no result, if not in worse than none. The practical man, in his moments of sincerity, feels them to be a pretentious nothingness; a confused superfluity and nuisance, purchased with cost,—what he in brief language denominates a *bore*. It is truly so, in these degraded days :—and the Fine Arts, among other fine interests of ours, are really called to recognise it, and see what they will do in it. For they are become the Throne of Hypocrisy, I think the highest of her many thrones, these said Arts; which is very sad to consider! Nowhere, not even on a gala-day in the Pope’s Church of St. Peter, is there such an explosion or intolerable hypocrisy, on

the part of poor mankind, as when you admit them into their Royal Picture-gallery, Glyptothek, Museum, or other divine Temple of the Fine Arts. Hypocrisy doubly intolerable; because it is not here, as in St. Peter's and some other Churches, an obliged hypocrisy but a voluntary one. Nothing but your own vanity prompts you here to pretend worshipping; you are not bound to worship, and twaddle pretended raptures, criticisms and poetic recognitions, unless you like it;—and you do not the least know what a damnable practice it is, or you wouldn't! I make a rule, these many years back, to speak almost nothing, and encourage no speech in Picture-galleries; to avoid company, even that of familiar friends, in such situations; and perambulate the place in silence. You can thus worship or not worship, precisely as the gods bid you; and are at least under no obligation to do hypocrisies, if you cannot conveniently worship.

The fact is, though men are not in the least aware of it, the Fine Arts, divorced entirely from Truth this long while, and wedded almost professedly to Falsehood, Fiction and such-like, are got into what we must call an insane condition: they walk abroad without keepers, nobody suspecting their sad state, and do fantastic tricks equal to any in Bedlam,—especially when admitted to work 'regardless of expense,' as we sometimes see them! What earnest soul passes that new St. Stephen's, and its wilderness of stone pepperboxes with their tin flags atop, worth two millions I am told, without mentally exclaiming *Apage*, and cutting some pious cross in the air! If that be 'ideal beauty,' except for sugarwork, and the more elaborate kinds of gingerbread, what is real ugliness? To say merely (with an architectonic trumpet-blast that cost two-millions), "Good Christians, you observe well I am regardless of expense, and also of veracity, in every form?" Too truly these poor Fine Arts have fallen mad!

The Fine Arts once divorcing themselves from *truth*, are quite certain to fall mad, if they do not die, and get flown away with by the Devil, which latter is only the second-worst result for us. Truth, fact, is the life of all things; falsity, 'fiction' or whatever it may call itself, is certain to be death, and is already insanity, to whatever thing takes up with it. Fiction, even to the Fine Arts, is not a quite permissible thing. Sparingly permissible, within iron limits; or if you will reckon

strictly, not permissible at all! The Fine Arts too, like the coarse and every art of Man's god-given Faculty, are to understand that they are sent hither not to fib and dance, but to speak and work; and, on the whole, that God Almighty's *Facts*, such as given us, are the one pabulum which will yield them any nourishment in this world. O Heavens, had they always well remembered that, what a world were it now!

This seems strange doctrine: but it is to me, this long while, too sorrowfully certain; and I invite all my artist friends, of the painting, sculpturing, speaking, writing, especially of the singing and rhyming department, to meditate upon it, till, with amazement, remorse, and determination to amend, they get to see what lies in it! Homer's Iliad, if you examine, is no Fiction but a Ballad *History*; the heart of it burning with enthusiastic ill-informed *belief*. It 'sings' itself, because its rude heart, rapt into transcendency of zeal and admiration, is too full for speaking. The 'valour of Tydides,' 'wrath of the divine Achilles:' in old Greece, in Phthiotis and Ætolia, to earnest souls that could *believe* them, these things were likely to be interesting! Human speech was once wholly true; as transcendent human speech still is. The Hebrew Bible, is it not, before all things, *true*, as no other Book ever was or will be? All great Poems, all great Books, if you search the first foundation of their greatness, have been *veridical*, the truest they could get to be. Never will there be a great Poem more that is not *veridical*, that does not ground itself on the Interpreting of Fact; to the rigorous exclusion of all falsity, fiction, idle dross of every kind: never can a Poem truly interest human souls, except by, in the first place, taking with it the *belief* of said souls. Their belief; that is the whole basis, essence, and practical outcome, of human souls: leave that behind you, as 'Poets' everywhere have for a long time done, what is there left the Poets and you!

The early Nations of the world, all Nations so long as they continued simple and in earnest, knew without teaching that their History was an Epic and Bible, the clouded struggling Image of a God's Presence, the action of heroes and god-inspired men. The noble intellect that could disenthral such divine image, and present it to them clear, unclouded, in visible coherency comprehensible to human thought, was felt to be a

Vates and the chief of intellects. No need to bid him sing it, make a Poem of it. Nature herself compelled him; except in Song or in Psalm, such an insight by human eyes into the divine was not utterable. These are the Bibles of Nations; to each its Believed History is its Bible. Not in Judea alone, or Hellas and Latium alone; but in all lands and all times. Nor, deeply as the fact is now forgotten, has it essentially in the smallest degree ceased to be the fact, nor will it cease. With every Nation it is so, and with every man;—for every Nation, I suppose, was made by God, and every man too? Only there are some Nations, like some men, who know it; and some who do not. The great Nations are they that have known it well; the small and contemptible, both of men and Nations, are they that have either never known it, or soon forgotten it and never laid it to heart. Of these comes nothing. The measure of a Nation's greatness, of its worth under this sky to God and to men, is not the quantity of cotton it can spin, the quantity of bullion it has realised; but the quantity of heroisms it has achieved, of noble pieties and valiant wisdoms that were in it,—that still are in it.

Beyond doubt the Almighty Maker made this England too; and has been and forever is miraculously present here. The more is the pity for us if our eyes are grown owlsh, and cannot see this fact of facts when it is before us! Once it was known that the Highest did of a surety dwell in this Nation, divinely avenging, and divinely saving and rewarding; leading, by steep and flaming paths, by heroisms, pieties and noble acts and thoughts, this Nation heavenward, if it would and dared. Known or not, this (or else the terrible *inverse* of this) is forevermore the fact! The History of England too, had the Fine or other Arts taught us to read it right, is the record of the Divine Appearances among us; of the brightnesses out of Heaven that have irradiated our terrestrial struggle; and spanned our wild deluges, and weltering seas of trouble, as with celestial rainbows, and symbols of eternal covenants. It is the *Bible* of the Nation: what part of it they have laid to heart, and do practically know for truth, is the available Bible they have.

Ask yourselves, What are the eternal covenants which you can believe, and dare not for your life's sake but go and observe? These are your Bible, *your* God's Word such as it may be: these you will continually struggle to obey; other than

these, not continually, or authentically at all. Did the Maker of this Universe reveal himself, to your believing Intellect, in scrip mainly, in Cotton Trades, and profitable industries and gamblings? Here too you will see 'miracles:' tubular bridges, gutta-percha telegraphs; not to speak of sudden Hudson cornucopias, scrip manna-showers, and pillar-of-cloud for all the flunkies,—miracles after a sort. Your Bible will be a Political Economy; your psalmist and evangelist will be M'Croudy; your practical worship the insatiable desire, and continual sacred effort, to make money. Bible, of one or the other sort, bible, evangelist, and worship you infallibly will have:—and some are God-worships, fruitful in human heroisms, in blessed arts, and deeds long-memorable, shining with a sacred splendour of the empyrean across all earthly darknesses and contradictions: and some again are, to a terrible extent, Devil-worships, fruitful in temporary bullion, in upholstery, gluttony and universal varnish and gold-leaf; and issuing, alas, at length in street-barricades, and a confused *return* of them to the Devil whose they are!—My friend, I have to speak in crude language, the wretched times being dumb and deaf: and if thou find no truth under this but the phantom of an extinct Hebrew one, I at present cannot help it.

Hengst Invasions, Norman Conquests, Battles of Brunanburg, Battles of Evesham, Towton; Plantagenets, Wars of Roses, Wars of Roundheads: does the fool in his heart believe that all this was a Donnybrook Bedlam, originating nowhere, proceeding nowhither? His beautifully cultivated intellect has given him such interpretation, and no better, of the Universe we live in? He discerns it to be an enormous sooty Weaving-shop, and turbid Manufactory of eatables and drinkables and wearables; sparingly supplied with provender by the industrious individuals, and much infested by the mad and idle. And he can consent to live here; he does not continually think of suicide as a remedy? The unhappy mortal: if a soul ever awaken in him again, his first thought will be of prussic-acid, I should say!—

All History, whether M'Croudy and his Fine Arts know the fact or not, is an inarticulate Bible; and in a dim intricate manner reveals the Divine Appearances in this lower world. For God did make this world, and does forever govern it; the loud-roaring Loom of Time, with all its French revolutions,

Jewish revelations, 'weaves the vesture thou seest Him by.' There is no Biography of a man, much less any History, or Biography of a Nation, but wraps in it a message out of Heaven, addressed to the hearing ear or to the not hearing. What this Universe is, what the Laws of God are, the Life of every man will a little teach it you; the Life of All Men and of All Things, only this could wholly teach it you,—and you are to be open to learn.

Who are they, gifted from above, that will convert voluminous Dryasdust into an Epic and even a Bible? Who will smelt, in the all-victorious fire of his soul, these scandalous bewildering rubbish-mountains of sleepy Dryasdust, till they give-up the golden ingot that lies imprisoned in them? The veritable 'revelation,' this, of the ways of God to England; how the Almighty Power, and his mysterious Providences, dealt heretofore with England; more and more what the Almighty's judgments with us, his chastisements and his beneficences, were; what the Supreme Will, since ushering this English People on the stage of things, has guided them to do and to become. Fine Arts, Literatures, Poetries? If they are Human Arts at all, where have they been wool-gathering, these centuries long;—wandering literally like creatures fallen mad!

It awakens graver thoughts than were in Marlborough, that saying of his, That he knew no English History but what he had learned from Shakspeare. In Shakspeare's grand intelligence the History of England, cursory as was his study of it, does model itself, for the first time, into something of rhythmic and poetic; there are scattered traits and tones of a National Epos in those Historical Plays of his. In Shakspeare, more than in another, lay that high *vates* talent of interpreting confused human Actualities, and unfolding what divine melodious Ideals, or Thoughts of the Supreme, were embodied in them: he, more than any other, might have done somewhat towards making History a Bible. But, alas, it was not in the Temple of the Nations, with all intelligences ministering to him and coöperating with him, that his workshop was laid; it was in the Bankside Playhouse that Shakspeare was set to work, and the sovereign populace had ware for their sixpence from him there!—

After all, I do not blame the poor Fine Arts for taking into

fiction, and into all the deeper kinds of falsity which grow from that. Ignatius, and a world too ready to follow him, had discovered the divine virtues of *fiction* in far higher provinces : the road to fiction lay wide-open for all things ! But Nature's eternal voice, inaudible at present or faintly audible, proclaims the contrary nevertheless ; and will make it known again one day. Fiction, I think, or idle falsity of any kind, was never tolerable, except in a world which did itself abound in practical lies and solemn shams ; and which had gradually impressed on its inhabitants the inane form of character tolerant of that kind of ware. A serious soul, can it wish, even in hours of relaxation, that you should fiddle empty nonsense to it ? A serious soul would desire to be entertained, either with absolute silence, or with what was truth, and had fruit in it, and was made by the Maker of us all. With the idle soul I can fancy it far otherwise ; but only with the idle.

Given an idle potentate, monster of opulence, gluttonous bloated Nawaub, of black colour or of white,—naturally he will have prating story-tellers to amuse his half-sleepy hours of rumination ; if from his deep gross stomach, sinking overloaded as if towards its last torpor, they can elicit any transient glow of interest, tragic or comic, especially any wrinkle of momentary laughter, however idle, great shall be their reward. Wits, story-tellers, ballad-singers, especially dancing-girls who understand their trade, are in much request with such gluttonous half-sleeping, black or white Monster of Opulence. A bevy of supple dancing-girls who with the due mixture (mixture settled by custom), and with not more than the due mixture, of lascivious fire, will represent to him, brandishing their daggers, and rhythmically chanting and posturing, the Loves of Vishnu, Loves of Adonis, Death of Psyche, Barber of Seville, or whatever nonsense there may be, according to time or country : these are the kind of artists fit for such unfortunate stuffed stupefied Nawaub, in his hours of rumination ; upon these his hot heavy-laden eye may rest without abhorrence ; if with perceptible momentary satisfaction emerging from his bottomless ennui,—then victory and gold-purses to the artist ; be such artist crowned with laurel or with parsley, and declared divine in presence of all men.

Luxurious Europe, in its reading publics, dilettanti, cognoscenti and other publics, is wholly one big ugly Nawaub of

that kind ; who has converted all the Fine Arts into after-dinner amusements ; slave adjuncts to his cookeries, upholsteries, tailories, and other palpably Coarse Arts. The brutish monster has turned all the Nine Muses, who by birth are sacred Priestesses of Heaven, into scandalous Bayaderes ; and they dance with supple motions, to enlighten the vile darkness of his ennui for him. Too truly *mad*, these poor Fine Arts ! The Coarse Arts too, if he had not an authentic stomach and skin, which always bring him a little right again in those departments, would go mad.

How all things hang together ! Universal Jesuitism having once lodged itself in the heart, you will see it in the very finger-nails by and by. Calculate how far it is from Sophocles and Æschylus to Knowles and Scribe ; how Homer has gradually changed into Sir Harris Nicolas ; or what roads the human species must have travelled before a *Psalm of David* could become an *Opera at the Haymarket*, and men, with their divine gift of Music, instead of solemnly celebrating the highest fact, or ‘singing to the praise of God,’ consented to celebrate the lowest nonsense, and sing to the praise of Jenny Lind and the Gazza Ladra,—perhaps the step from Oliver Cromwell to Lord John Russell will not seem so unconscionable ! I find it within, and not without, the order of Nature ; and that all things, like all men, are blood-relations to one another.

This accursed nightmare, which we name Jesuitism, will have to vanish ; our comfort is, that life itself is not much longer possible otherwise. But I say, have you computed what a distance forwards it may be towards some *new Psalm of David* done with our new appliances, and much improved wind-instruments, grammatical and other ? That is the distance of the new Golden Age, my friend ; not less than that, I lament to say ! And the centuries that intervene are a foul agonistic welter through the Stygian seas of mud : a long *Savage Age*, inevitable where the Mother of Abominations has long dwelt.

It is to be hoped one is not blind withal to the celebrated virtues that are in Jesuitism ; to its missionary zeal, its contempt of danger, its scientific, heroic and other prowesses, of

which there is such celebrating. I do not doubt that there are virtues in it ; that we and it, along with this immeasurable sea of miseries which it has brought upon us, shall ultimately get the benefit of its virtues too. Peruvian bark, of use in human agues ; tidings from the fabulous East by D'Herbelot, Du Halde, and others ; examples of what human energy and faculty are equal to, even under the inspiration of Ignatius : nothing of this small residue of pearls from such a continent of putrid shellfish, shall be lost to the world. Nay, I see, across this black deluge of Consecrated Falsity, the world ripening towards glorious new developments, unimagined hitherto,—of which this abominable mud-deluge itself, threatening to submerge us all, was the inevitable precursor, and the means decreed by the Eternal. If it please Heaven, we shall all yet make our *Exodus* from Houndsditch, and bid the sordid continents, of once rich apparel now grown poisonous *Ou'-clo'*, a mild farewell ! *Exodus* into wider horizons, into God's daylight once more ; where eternal skies, measuring *more* than three ells, shall again overarch us ; and men, immeasurably richer for having dwelt among the Hebrews, shall pursue their *human* pilgrimage, St. Ignatius and much other saintship, and superstitious terror and lumber, lying safe behind us, like the nightmares of a sleep that is past !—

I said the virtue of obedience was not to be found except among the Jesuits : how, in fact, among the *Anti-Jesuits*, still in a revolutionary posture in this world, can you expect it ? Sansculottism is a rebel ; has its birth, and being, in open mutiny ; and cannot give you examples of obedience. It is so with several other virtues and cardinal virtues ; they seem to have vanished from the world ;—and I often say to myself, Jesuitism and other Superstitious Scandals cannot go, till we have read and appropriated from them the tradition of these lost noblenesses, and once more under the new conditions made them ours. Jesuitism, the Papa with his three hats, and whole continents of chimerical lumber will then go ; their errand being wholly done. We cannot make our *Exodus* from Houndsditch till we have got our own along with us ! The Jew old-clothes having now grown fairly pestilential, a poisonous incumbrance in the path of men, burn them up with revolutionary fire, as you like and can : even so,—but you shall not quit the place till you have gathered from their ashes what

of gold or other enduring metal was sewed upon them, or woven in the tissue of them. That is the appointed course of human things.

Here are two excerpts from the celebrated Gathercoal, a Yankee friend of mine; which flash strangely a kind of torchgleam into the hidden depths; and indicate to us the grave and womb of Jesuitism, and of several other things:

‘Moses and the Jews did not *make* God’s Laws,’ exclaims he; ‘no, by no means; they did not even read them in a way that has been final, or is satisfactory to me! In several important respects I find said reading decidedly bad; and will not, in any wise, think of adopting it. How dare I, think you?—And yet, alas, if we forget to read these Laws at all; if we go along as if they were not there!’

‘My enlightened friends of this present supreme age, what shall I say to you? That Time does rest on Eternity; that he who has no vision of Eternity will never get a true hold of Time, or its affairs. Time is so constructed; that is the *fact* of the construction of this world. And no class of mortals who have not,—through Nazareth or otherwise,—come to get heartily acquainted with such fact, perpetually familiar with it in all the outs and ins of their existence, have ever found this Universe habitable long. Alas, no; their fraternities, equalities, free-trade philosophies, greatest-happiness principles, soon came to a conclusion; and the poor creatures had to go,—to the Devil, I fear! Generations such as ours play a curious part in World-History.

‘They sit as Apes do round a fire in the woods, but know not how to feed it with fresh sticks. They have to quit it soon, and march—into Chaos, as I conjecture; into that land of which Bedlam is the Mount Zion. The world turns out *not* to be made of mere eatables and drinkables, of newspaper puffs, gilt carriages, conspicuous flunkies; no, but of something other than these! Old Suetonius Romans, corrupt babbling Greeks of the Lower Empire, examples more than one: consider them; be taught by them, add not to the number of them. Heroism, not the apery and traditions of Heroism; the feeling, spoken or silent, that in man’s life there did lie a Godlike, and that his Time-history was verily but an emblem of some Eternal: without this there had been no Rome either; it was this that had made old Rome, old

' Greece, and old Judea. Apes, with their wretched blinking eyes, squatted round a fire which they cannot feed with new wood; which they say will last forever without new wood,—or, alas, which they say is going out forever: it is a sad sight!'

Elsewhere my eccentric friend, as some call him,—whose *centre*, however, I think I have got into,—has this passage:

' Church, do you say? Look eighteen hundred years ago, in the stable at Bethlehem: an infant laid in a manger! Look, thou ass, and behold it; it is a fact,—the most indubitable of facts: thou wilt thereby learn innumerable things. Jesus of Nazareth and the life he led, and the death he died, does it teach thee nothing? Through this, as through a miraculous window, the heaven of Martyr Heroism, the "divine depths of Sorrow," of noble Labour, and the unspeakable silent expanses of Eternity, first in man's history disclose themselves. The admiration of all nobleness, divine *worship* of godlike nobleness, how universal it is in the history of man!

' But mankind, that singular entity mankind, is like the fertilest, fluidest, most wondrous element, an element in which the strangest things crystallise themselves, and spread out in the most astounding growths. The event at Bethlehem was of the Year One; but all years since that, eighteen hundred of them now, have been contributing new growth to it,—and see, there it stands: the Church! Touching the earth with one small point; springing out of one small seedgrain, rising out therefrom, ever higher, ever broader, high as the Heaven itself, broad till it overshadow the whole visible Heaven and Earth, and no star can be seen but through *it*. From such a seedgrain so has it grown; planted in the reverences and sacred opulences of the soul of mankind; fed continually by all the noblenesses of some forty generations of men. The world-tree of the Nations for so long!

' Alas, if its roots are now dead, and it have lost hold of the firm earth, or clear belief of mankind,—what, great as it is, can by possibility become of it? Shaken to and fro, in Jesuitisms, Gorham Controversies, and the storms of inevitable Fate, it must sway hither and thither; nod ever farther from the perpendicular; nod at last too far; and,—sweeping the Eternal Heavens clear of its old brown foliage and multitudinous rooks'-nests,—come to the ground with

'much confused crashing, and *disclose* the diurnal and nocturnal Upper Lights again! The dead world-tree will have declared itself dead. It will lie there an imbroglio of torn boughs and ruined fragments, of bewildered splittings and wide-spread shivers: out of which the poor inhabitants must make what they can!'—Enough now of Gathercoal and his torch-gleams.

Simple souls still clamour occasionally for what they call 'a new religion.' My friends, you will not get this new religion of yours;—I perceive, you already have it, have always had it! All that is *true* is your 'religion,'—is it not? Commanded by the Eternal God to be *performed*, I should think, if it is true! Do you not already, in your dim heads, know truths by the thousand; and yet, in your dead hearts, will you perform them by the ten, by the unit? New religion! One last word with you on this rather contemptible subject.

You say, The old ages had a noble belief about the world, and *therefore* were capable of a noble activity in the world. My friends, it is partly true: your Scepticism and Jesuitism, your ignoble no-belief, except what belief a beaver or judicious pig were capable of, is too undeniable: observe, however, that in this your fatal misery, there is action and reaction; and do not confound the one with the other. Put the thing in its right posture; cart not *before* horse, if you would make an effort to stir from this fatal spot! It is your own falsity that makes the Universe incredible. I affirm to you, this Universe, in all times, and in your own poor time as well, is the express image and direct counterpart of the human souls, and their thoughts and activities, who dwell there. It is a true adage, 'As the fool thinks, the bell clinks.' 'This mad Universe,' says Novalis, 'is the waste picture of your own dream.' Be noble of mind, all Nature gives response to your heroic struggle for recognition by her; with her awful eternal voices answers to every mind, "Yea, I am divine; be thou." From the cloud-whirlwind speaks a God yet, my friend, to every man who has a human soul. To the inhuman brute-soul, indeed, she answers, "Yea, I am brutal; a big cattle-stall, rag-fair and St. Catherine's wharf: enter thou, and fat victual, if thou be "faithful, shall not fail."

Not because Heaven existed, did men know Good from

Evil; the 'because,' I invite you to consider, lay quite the other way. It was *because* men, having hearts as well as stomachs, felt there, and knew through all their being, the difference between Good and Evil, that Heaven and Hell first came to exist. That is the sequence; that and not the contrary. If you have now no Heaven to look to; if you now sprawl, lamed and lost, sunk to the chin in the pathless sloughs of this lower world without guidance from above, know that the fault is not Heaven's at all; but your own! Our poor friends 'the Apes by the Dead Sea' have now no Heaven either; they look into this Universe now, and find it tragically grown to *be* the Humbug they insisted on its being. Moses went his ways, and this enchantment fell upon them! Such 'enchantments' rhadamanthine Nature does yet daily execute on the rebellious; he that has eyes may still daily see them,—fearful and wonderful ever as of old.

How can you believe in a Heaven,—the like of you? What struggle in your mean existence ever pointed thitherward? None. The first heroic soul sent down into this world, he, looking up into the sea of stars, around into the moaning forests and big oceans, into life and death, love and hate, and joy and sorrow, and the illimitable loud-thundering Loom of Time,—was struck dumb by it (as the thought of every earnest soul still is); and fell on his face, and with his heart cried for salvation in the world-whirlpool: to him the 'open secret of this Universe' was no longer quite a secret, but he had caught a glimpse of it,—much hidden from the like of us in these times: "Do nobly, thou shalt resemble the Maker of all this; do ignobly, the Enemy of the Maker." This is the 'divine sense of Right and Wrong in man;' true reading of his position in this Universe forevermore; the indisputable God's-message still legible in every created heart,—though speedily erased and painted over, under 'articles,' and cants and empty ceremonials, in so many hearts; making the 'open secret' a very shut one indeed!—

My friends, across these fogs of murky twaddle and philanthropism, in spite of sad decadent 'world-trees,' with their rookeries of foul creatures,—the silent stars, and all the eternal luminaries of the world, shine even now to him that has an eye. In this day as in all days, around and in every man, are voices from the gods, imperative to all, if obeyed by even none, which

say audibly, "Arise, thou son of Adam, son of Time; make " this thing more divine, and that thing,—and thyself, of all " things; and work, and sleep not; for the Night cometh, " wherein no man can work!" He that has an ear may still hear.

Surely, surely this ignoble sluggishness, sceptical torpor, indifference to all that does not bear on Mammon and his interests is not the natural state of human creatures; and is not doomed to be their final one! Other states once were, or there had never been a Society, or any noble thing, among us at all. Under this brutal stagnancy there lies painfully imprisoned some tendency which could become heroic.

The restless gnawing ennui which, like a dark dim ocean-flood, communicating with the Phlegethons and Stygian deeps, begirdles every human life so guided,—is it not the painful cry even of that imprisoned heroism? Imprisoned it will never rest; set forth at present, on these sad terms, it cannot be. You unfortunates, what is the use of your money-bags, of your territories, funded properties, your mountains of possessions, equipments and mechanic inventions, which the flunky pauses over, awestruck, and almost rises into epos and prophecy at sight of? No use, or less than none. Your skin is covered, and your digestive and other bodily apparatus is supplied; and you have but to wish in these respects, and more is ready; and—the Devils, I think, are quizzing you. You ask for 'happiness,' "O give me happiness!"—and they hand you ever new varieties of covering for the skin, ever new kinds of supply for the digestive apparatus, new and ever new, worse or not a whit better than the old; and—and—this is your 'happiness'? As if you were sick children; as if you were not men, but a kind of apes!

I rather say, be thankful for your ennui; it is your last mark of manhood; this at least is a perpetual admonition, and true sermon preached to you. From the chair of verity this, whatever chairs be chairs of *cant*ity. Happiness is *not* come, nor like to come; ennui, with its great waste ocean-voice, moans answer, Never, never. That ocean-voice, I tell you, is a great fact, it comes from Phlegethon and the gates of the Abyss; its bodeful never-resting inexorable moan is the voice of primeval Fate, and of the eternal necessity of things. Will

you shake away your nightmare and arise ; or must you lie writhing under it, till death relieve you ? Unfortunate creatures ! You are fed, clothed, lodged as men never were before ; every day in new variety of magnificence are you equipped and attended to ; such wealth of material means as is now yours was never dreamed of by man before :—and to do any noble thing, with all this mountain of implements, is forever denied you. Only ignoble, expensive and unfruitful things can you now do ; nobleness has vanished from the sphere where you live. The way of it is lost, lost ; the possibility of it has become incredible. We must try to do without it, I am told.—Well ; rejoice in your upholsteries and cookeries, then, if so be they will make you ‘happy.’ Let the varieties of them be continual and innumerable. In all things let perpetual change, if that is a perpetual blessing to you, be your portion instead of mine ; incur that Prophet’s curse, and in all things in this sub-lunary world ‘make yourselves like unto a wheel.’ Mount into your railways ; whirl from place to place, at the rate of fifty, or if you like of five hundred miles an hour : you cannot escape from that inexorable all-encircling ocean-moan of ennui. No : if you would mount to the stars, and do yacht-voyages under the belts of Jupiter, or stalk deer on the ring of Saturn, it would still begirdle you. You cannot escape from it, you can but change your place in it, without solacement except one moment’s. That prophetic Sermon from the Deeps will continue with you, till you wisely interpret it and do it, or else till the Crack of Doom swallow it and you. *Adieu : Au revoir.*

SUMMARY.

NO. I. THE PRESENT TIME.

THE Present ever a 'New Era' to the thinking man : To know *it*, and what it bids us do, the sum of knowledge for us all. Judicial blindness. Our own days : If not days of endless hope too, then are they days of utter despair. (p. 1.)—A Reforming Pope, and the huge *unreformable* Poppedom. The Sicilians first to follow the poor Pope's example. French exasperation and emulation. European explosion, boundless, uncontrollable : All Kings conscious they are but Playactors. A weltering mob, presided over by M. de Lamartine. A changed time since the word *Senior* was first devised to signify Superior. (2.) -Universal *Democracy*, an inevitable fact of the days we live in : Whence comes it? whither goes it? What is the meaning of it?—High shouts of exultation from the universal foolish human throat; drowning for the moment all reflection whatsoever. Bankruptcy of Imposture : At all costs, it is to be prayed by all men that Shams may *cease*. Heavyside, and his quiet blasphemy. Democracy not a Government; nor Parliament a practical substitute for a King. Unanimity of 'voting' will do nothing for us, if the voting happen to be *wrong*. A divine message, or eternal regulation of the Universe, there verily is, in regard to every conceivable procedure of man. Universal Suffrage, and the Ballot-box. (7.)—The ancient Republics, now pretty well admitted to be nothing to our purpose. One modern instance of Democracy, 'nearly perfect' : The Republic of the United States. America too will have to strain her energies, in quite other fashion than this : America's battle is yet to fight. Mere Democracy forever impossible : The Universe itself a Monarchy and Hierarchy. God Almighty's Noble in the supreme place,—under penalties. Everlasting privilege of the Foolish, to be governed and guided by the Wise : Intrinsically, the hardest duty a wise man, if he be indeed wise, has laid to his hand. (16.)—The new Sacrament of *Divorce*, called 'enfranchisement,' 'emancipation.' West-Indian Blacks and Irish Whites : Horses and *half*-brothers : The fate of all emancipated Helplessness, sooner or later, tragically inevitable. British industrial existence fast becoming one huge poison-swamp of reeking pestilence : Thirty-thousand outcast, ungoverned, unguided Needlewomen. Constituted Anarchy : 'British Liberty,' and what it is doing for us. (21.) -England and her Constitution, the model of the world : At once unattainable by the world, and not worth attaining. Called a 'second time' to show the Nations how to live. England's one hope : Many *Kings*, not needing 'election' to command : Poor England never so needed them as now. The true 'commander' and King : Not quite discoverable by riddling of the popular clamour. The fateful Hebrew Prophecy, sounding daily through our streets. In regard to choice of men, next to no capability on the part of universal suffrage. The few Wise will have, by one method or another, to take, and to keep, com-

mand of the innumerable Foolish. (26.)—Captains of Industry: Organisation of Labour, the new strange task which no Government can much longer escape. Speech of the British Prime Minister to his Pauper Populations and the Respectable Professors of the Dismal Science. Alas, there are things that should be *done*, not spoken; that till the doing of them is begun, *cannot* be spoken. (30.)

NO. II. MODEL PRISONS.

The deranged condition of our affairs: Two ways of proceeding in regard to them: Selfish indifference, and self-lauding philanthropy. Indiscriminate mashing-up of Right and Wrong, ending in a Fraternity like Cain's. (p. 41.)—A London Prison of the exemplary or model kind. Certain Chartist Notabilities undergoing their term. The Captain of the place, a true *aristos* and commander of men. His problem, to drill twelve-hundred scoundrels to do nothing, by 'the method of kindness.' Happy Devil's regiments of the line, what soldier to any earthly or celestial Power has such lodging and attendance as you here! Certainly it should not be the Devil's regiments of the line, that a servant of God would first of all concentrate his attention on. Precisely the *worst* investment for Benevolence that human ingenuity could select. The highest and *best* investment: Solemn Shams and Supreme Quacks, riding prosperously in every thoroughfare. (44.)—Howard the Philanthropist, a sort of beatified individual: A dull practical solid man, full of English accuracy and veracity. Not the only benefactor that has worked without money for us: The Destinies opulent. Milton, Kepler, Dante. Cholera Doctors; Soldiers: Human virtue, if we went down to the roots of it, not so rare. Woe to us, it is so seldom elaborated, and built into a result! The Benevolent-Platform Fever, and general morbid sympathy, instead of hearty hatred, for scoundrels. Brotherhood? Be the thought far from me. Beautiful Black Peasantry, fallen idle: Interesting White Felonry, *not* idle. What a reflection, that we cannot bestow on an unworthy man any particle of our 'benevolence,' without withdrawing it from one to whom it of right belongs! One thing needful for the world; but that one indispensable: Give us Justice, and we live; give us only counterfeits or succedanea, and we die. Modern ghastly Phantasm of Christianity, which they sing litanies to at Exeter Hall and elsewhere. Poor old Genius of Reform, and his Program of a new Era. (53.)—Christian Religion, and its healthy hatred of Scoundrels: From the Christianity of Oliver Cromwell to that of Mr. Hesperus Fiddlestring, what a road have we travelled! Gospel according to the Platform; *Exeunt* Fiddlestring. Poor creatures, making and unmaking 'Laws,' in whose souls is no image or thought of Heaven's Law: Human Statute-books, growing horrible to think of. (59.)—What to do with our criminals?—An official Law-dignitary's bland perplexity, and placid discomfiture. Wonderful to hear what account we give of the punishment of our criminals: No 'revenge;' O Heavens, no!—Cant moral, Cant religious, Cant political. Hunger-stricken asphyxied hearts, calling themselves 'Christian.' Woe to the People that no longer venerate, as the emblem of God himself, the aspect of Human Worth! The true ground on which to deliberately slay a disarmed fellow-man: 'Revenge,' and the ineradicable tendency to *revancher* oneself on the wrong-doer, to *pay* him what he has merited. How it shall be done? a vast question, involving immense considerations. Terrible penalties of neglecting to treat hero as hero, and scoundrel as scoundrel: Dim oblivion of Right and Wrong: World-wide maddening Misery: New astonishing Phallus-Worship, and universal Sacrament of Divorce. (61.)—The Ancient Germans, and their grim public executions. Scoundrel is scoundrel; and no soft blubbery and litanying

over him can make him a friend of this Universe. A 'didactic sermon,' as no spoken sermon could be. Except upon a basis of just rigour, sorrowful, silent, inexorable, no true Pity possible. (70.)—A *worst* man in England,—curious to think of,—whom it would be inexpressibly advantageous to lay hold of, and hang, first of all: Alas, our supreme scoundrel, alike with our supreme hero, very far from being known. Parliament, in its lawmakings, must really try to obtain some vision again. Let us to the wellheads, to the Chief Fountains of these waters of bitterness; and there strike home and dig! (71.)

NO. III. DOWNING STREET.

Ineffectuality of our Redtape Establishments. The Colonial Office, a world-wide jungle, inhabited by doleful creatures, deaf or nearly so to human reason and entreaty. Foreign Office and Home Office perhaps even more impracticable: Hercules-Harlequin, the Attorney Triumphant, the World's Busybody,—these not the parts this Nation has a turn for. Proposed curtailments, rectifications and reformations. (p. 74.)—England's forlorn hope in Sir Robert Peel: The one likely or possible man. A Reformed Executive in Downing Street: Not a better Talking-Apparatus, but an infinitely better Acting-Apparatus the thing wanted. The Irish Giant advancing unheeded upon London itself. (78.)—Two kinds of fundamental error in our Government Offices: The work *ill-done*; and, what is still fataler, the *wrong kind* of work. For such elaborated Idleness a stupid subaltern better than a gifted one. O for an eye that could see in those hideous mazes, and a heart that could dare and do! (80.)—What the British Nation at this time really wants. If our Government is to be a No-Government, what matter *who* administers it? The *real* Nimrod of this era the rat-catcher. The mighty question, Who is to be our Premier, and take in hand the 'spigot of taxation'? Right Honourable Zero, on his Sleswick thunder-horse. Who made those Downing-Street Offices? No edifice of State that stands long, but has had the wise and brave contributing their lives to it. William Conqueror's Home Office. An English Seventy-four, and the old Seakings and Saxon Pirates. (84.)—'Human Stupidity' the accursed parent of all our sorrows. Practical reverence for Human Worth the outcome and essence of all true 'religions' whatsoever. Human Intellect, the exact summary of Human *Worth*. Abler Men in Downing Street; that, sure enough, would gradually remedy whatsoever has gone wrong amongst us. The divinest, most Herculean Ten Men to be found among the English Twenty-seven Millions. Courage; let us strive all thitherward as towards a door of hope! One Intellect still really human, not to be dispensed with anywhere in the affairs of men: Only Wisdom, that can recognise wisdom, and attract it, as with divine magnetism, from the modest corners where it lies hid. (89.)—To increase the supply of human Intellect in Downing Street, what 'method' alas! One small Project of Improvement: Government Servants to be selected *without* reference to their power of getting into Parliament: The Crown to have power to elect a few members. Beneficent germs, which one truly wise man as Chief Minister might ripen into living practices, invaluable to us all. A population counting by Millions from which to choose, were a seat in Parliament not primary: Robert Burns. All true 'Democracy' in this, that the able man be chosen, in whatever rank he be found: A truer and truer 'Aristocracy,' or Government of the *Best*. (96.)—One true Reforming Statesman; he the preliminary of all good. A strange feeling, to be at the apex of English affairs. This world, solid as it looks, made all of aerial and even of spiritual stuff. This and the other Premier seems to take it with perfect coolness: Reflections, sufficient to annihilate any man,

almost before starting! Ask well, who is your Chief Governor, for around him men like to him will infallibly gather. Time was when an incompetent Governor could not be permitted among men. (103.)

NO. IV. THE NEW DOWNING STREET.

How the European Governments came to wreck for want of Intellect. No evil, or solecism against Nature, ever yet wrought its own cure. Intellect *has* to govern, and will do it; if not in alliance, then in hostility: Every Government absolves or convicts itself, before God and man, according as it determines which. (p. 108.)—The old Catholic Church, in its terrestrial relations to the State: Everywhere a road upwards for human nobleness lay wide open to all men. Over Europe generally the State has died; incapable in these years of any but *galvanic* life. The kind of heroes that come mounted on the shoulders of universal suffrage. England called as no Nation ever was, to summon out its *Kings*, and set them to their work: A New Downing Street, inhabited by the gifted; directing all its energies upon real and living interests. (111.)—The notion that Government can do nothing but 'keep the peace.' To be governed by small men, profess subjection to phantasms, not only a misfortune, but a curse and sin. Indigent Millionaires, and their owl-dreams of Political Economy. Only the man of worth can recognise worth in men. How a New Downing Street might gradually come. (116.)—The Foreign Office, in its reformed state: Insignificance of recent European Wars. Our War-soldiers *Industrial*; doing nobler than Roman works, when fighting is not wanted of them. Ministers of Works, of Justice, of Education: Tomorrow morning they might all begin to be! (122.)—Constitutions for the Colonies, now on the anvil: 'So many as are for rebelling, hold up your hands!' Our brave fathers, by valiant blood and sweat, gained for us rich possessions in all zones; and we, wretched imbeciles, cannot do the function of administering them. Miserabler theory than that of money on the ledger for the primary rule of Empires, cannot well be propounded: England will not readily admit that her own children are worth nothing but to be flung out of doors. Canadian Parliaments, and Lumber-log Governors. Choose well your Governor; and having found him, keep him. (126.)—The Home Office, undoubtedly our grand primary concern. Were all men doing their duty, or even seriously trying to do it, there would be no Pauper: Pauperism, our Social Sin grown manifest. Our Public Life and our Private, our State and our Religion, a tissue of half-truths and whole-lies: Cicero's Roman Augurs and their divine chicken-bowels: Despicable amalgam of true and false. A complete course of *scavengerism*, the thing needed. The State, as it gets into the track of its real work, will find it expand into whole continents of new activity: The want of wants, more indispensable than any jewel in the crown, that of men *able to command men* in the ways of welldoing. (133.)—Waste-land Industrials succeeding, other kinds of Industry will be found capable of regimenting. He is a good man that can command and obey; he that cannot is a bad. Etons and Oxfords, with their broken crumbs of mere *speech*: Our next set of Souls' Overseers, perhaps *silent* very mainly. Who of living statesmen will begin the long steep journey of Reform? Sir Robert Peel at his 'eleventh hour.' Still fataler omens. (141.)

NO. V. STUMP-ORATOR.

Our deep-rooted habit of considering human talent as best of all evincing itself in eloquent speech: Such a test liable to become the very worst ever devised. Hard sayings for many a British reader: The talker established in

the place of honour; and the Doer lost and lamed in the obscure crowd. Eloquence, and the part it now plays in our affairs, one of the gravest phenomena. (p. 146.)—Universities and Schools in the old healthy Ages: The Working Man; Priest; young Noble: The one sure method of learning anything, practical apprenticeship to it. Not that he may speak, but that he may have something to speak of, the first need of a man. Every word, either a note or a forged-note. Do you want a man *not* to practise what he believes, then encourage him to speak it often in words: The serviceable thing,—to *clip-off* a bit of his eloquent tongue. What the art of speech *should* be, and should *not* be. (150.)—Vital *lungs* of Society: Methods by which men rise; and the kind of men. The country that can offer no career, a doomed country; nay already dead. Our English careers to born genius twofold: Silent or unlearned career of Industrialisms: Articulate or learned career of the three Professions. To the gifted soul, not of taciturn, *beaver* nature, the field in England narrow and surprising to an extreme: The solitary proof-seat of talk, getting rather monotonous. Medicine, and its frightful medusa-heads of quackery: The profession of Human Healer radically a sacred one. Law and Church: Ingenious souls just now shudder at the threshold of both these careers. Parliament, and its unquestioned eligibility, if attainable. Crowded portal of Literature: Haven of expatriated spiritualisms, vanities and prurient imbecilities. Talk with tongue or pen; there is in our England of the Nineteenth Century, that one method of emergence and no other. (155.)—Not even in Parliament should the essential function by any means be talk. Wisdom intrinsically of silent nature. Politeness, and breeding to business: How politeness was *invented*: Johnson, Burns. Parliament, as a school of manners: Seeking salvation in ‘appearances.’ A parliamentary bagpipe, and your living man fled away without return. (164.)—Nature admits no *lie*: Most men profess to be aware of this, but few in any manner lay it to heart. Diagnosis of a Lie, and Liar. Pail, by any sin or misfortune, to discover what the truth of a fact is, you are lost so far as that fact goes: Unfortunate British Parliament. Nature’s silent exact Savings-bank, and official register, correct to the most evanescent item: Creditor, by the quantity of veracities we have done; Debtor, by the quantity of falsities and errors. The practice of modern Parliaments, with Reporters sitting among them. (170.)—A benevolent plan of reform for our benighted world: At least one generation to pass its life in silence. Good Heavens, if such a plan were practicable, how the chaff might be winnowed-out of every man and thing!—Eye-service, our saddest woe of all. ‘Public-speaking,’ ‘parliamentary eloquence,’ a Moloch before whom young souls are made to pass through the fire,—to come out spiritually *dead*. Be not a Public Orator, thou brave young British man; not a Stump-Orator, if thou canst help it: To speak, or to write, Nature did not peremptorily order thee; but to work she did. (178.)

NO. VI. PARLIAMENTS.

The present Editor not one of those who expect to see the Country saved by farther ‘reforming’ the reformed Parliament we have got. If the captains of the ship are of that scandalous class who refuse to be warned, what are the miserable crew to do? (p. 182.)—The English Parliament, windy and empty as it has grown to be, at one time a quite solid serious actuality: King Rufus and his Barons: The time of the Edwards, when Parliament gradually split itself into Two Houses. The Long Parliament the first that declared itself Sovereign in the Nation. A sad gradual falling-off in modern Parliaments: A solemn Convocation of all the Stump-Orators in the Nation, to come and govern us, not seen in the earth until recently. (184.)—Two

grand modern facts, which have altered from top to bottom the function and position of all Parliaments. An Unfettered Press: Not the discussion of questions, only the ultimate voting of them, requires to go on, or can veritably go on, in St. Stephen's now. Still more important the question, King present there, or no King? Not as a Sovereign Ruler of the Twenty-seven million British souls has the reformed Parliament distinguished itself as yet. Another most unfortunate condition, that your Parliamentary Assembly is *not* much in earnest to do even the best it can. Parliaments, admirable only as Advising Bodies. United States. Only Two Parliaments of any actual Sovereignty: The English Long Parliament, and the French Convention. The horoscope of Parliaments by no means cheering at present: The thing we vitally need, not a more and more perfectly elected Parliament, but some reality of a Ruling Sovereign to preside over Parliament. (187.)—Poor human beings, whose practical belief is, that if we 'vote' this or that, so this or that will thenceforth *be*. Blundering, impious, pretended 'laws': Is arithmetic a thing more fixed by the Eternal than the laws of justice are? Eternal Law, silently present everywhere and everywhen. 'Voting' a thing of little value at any time: If of ten men, nine are recognisable as fools, how will you ever get a ballot-box to grind-out a wisdom from their 'votes'? (199.)—Under whatever Reformed Downing Street England be governed, its Parliament too will continue indispensable: We must set it to its real function; and, at our peril and its, restrict it to that. Necessary to the King or Governor to know what the mass of men think upon public questions: He may thus choose his path with prudence; and reach his aim surely, if more slowly. The Leming-rat, and its rigidly straight course nowhither. The mass of men consulted at the hustings upon any high matter, as ugly an exhibition of human stupidity as this world sees. The vulgarest vulgar, not those in ragged coats at this day; the more the pity. Of what use towards the finding-out what it is wise to do can the 'fool's vote' be? You have to apprise the unwise man of his road, even as you do the unwiser horse. Memorable minorities, and even small ones: Cromwell and his Puritans: Tancred of Hauteville's sons. Unit of that class, against as many zeros as you like. (203.)—What is to become of Parliament, less a question than what is to become of Downing Street. Who is *slave*, and eternally appointed to be governed; who *free*, and eternally appointed to govern. Could we entirely exclude the slave's vote, and admit only the heroic free man's vote, the ultimate New Era, and best possible condition of human affairs, had actually come. New definitions of slavery, and of freedom. To the Free Man belongs eternally the government of the world. (210.)

NO. VII. HUDSON'S STATUE.

The question 'Shall Cromwell have a Statue?' A People worthy to build Statues to Cromwell; or worthy only of doing it to Hudson. Show the man you honour; and you show what your Ideal of Manhood is, what kind of man you long inexpressibly to be. Pity Hudson's Statue was not completed and set up, so that all the world might see it: The practical English mind has its own notions of the Supreme Excellence; and in this of Hudson there was more of real worship than is usual. (p.216.)—If the world were not properly *anarchic*, this question of a Statue would be one of the greatest and most solemn for it: Not lightly will a man give his 'reverence,' if he be still a man. A Hierarchy of Beneficences; the noblest man at the summit of affairs, and in every place the due gradation of the fittest for the place: All hangs upon giving our approval *aright*. How Statues are now got up. (219.)—Dismal, symbolic population of British Statues: The kind of Aristocracy Popular Suffrage would choose for us. Hudson a King, 'elected by the people,' as

none other is or was: His *value* as a demigod; as a maker of railways. Answer to Jefferson Brick, the American Editor, touching overgrown worthless Dukes, and undergrown incredible Bishops: Our ugliest anomalies, done by universal suffrage, not by patent: Bobus of Houndsditch. This universal ousting of imaginary Governors, to issue in the attainment of Governors who have a right and a capacity to govern. Ballot-box and suffrage 'machine.' Alas, could we once get Laws which were *just*: The Bravest of existing Men on the throne; and on the gibbet the veritable Supreme Scoundrel of the Commonwealth. Universal suffrage, equivalent to abject helplessness and flat despair. Peace? Better war to the knife, war till we all die, than such a 'peace'! (224.)—Hero-worship: This Universe wholly, this temporary Flame-image of the Eternal, one beautiful and terrible Energy of Heroisms; presided over by a Divine Nobleness, or Infinite Hero. Hypocritical Idolatries: Sets of gods or fetishes, to which prayers are mumbled; while the real *worship*, or heart's love and admiration, is elsewhere. Whom do you in your very soul admire, and strive to imitate and emulate; is it God's servant, or the Devil's? There is no other 'religion' in the man, of the slightest moment compared with this: Immense asthmatic spiritual Hurdygurdy. It was *not* 'always so,' and even till lately was never so. (235.)—Collins's dull old Peerage-Book, properly all we English have for a National Bible: Of these ancient peerages, a very great majority visibly *had* authentic 'heroes' for their founders. One's heart is sore to think how far, how very far all this has vanished from us. Our one steady regulated supply, the class definable as Supreme Stump-Orators in the Lawyer department. England once a Hierarchy: To the English modern populations, Supreme Hero and Supreme Scoundrel, perhaps as nearly as is possible to human creatures, indistinguishable. (239.)—High columns, raised by prurient stupidity and public delusion to gamblers and blockheads. The so-called Christian *Clerus*: Brave men many of them, after their sort; and in a position which we may admit to be wonderful and dreadful. But as to Statues, and the mischief *they* are doing, the Woods-and-Forests really ought to interfere. (244.)

NO. VIII. JESUITISM.

For some two centuries past, the genius of mankind dominated by the gospel of Ignatius. What the English reader may think of it, and of his share in it. The Spiritual, the parent and first-cause of the Practical. Thrice-baleful Universe of Cant, prophesied for these Latter Days: The Universe makes no immediate objection to be conceived in *any* way. The saddest condition of human affairs, where men 'decree injustice by a law.' (p. 249.)—A poor man, in our days, has many gods foisted on him: If Ignatius, worshipped by millions as a kind of god, is in eternal fact a kind of devil, surely it is pressingly expedient that men laid it awfully to heart. Ignatius Loyola, a man born greedy; full of prurient elements from the first. On the walls of Pampeuna: A wrecked Papin's-digester. Reflections, true, salutary, and even somewhat of sacred: Agonies of newbirth. The true remedy for wrecked sensualism,—to annihilate one's prurency. Let Eternal Justice triumph *on* me, since it cannot triumph *by* me: The voice of Nature to a repentant outcast sinner turning again towards the realms of manhood; and the precept of all right Christianity too. Not so did Ignatius read the omens: The Task he fixed upon as his. Wilt thou then, at the bidding of any Pope, war against Almighty God? Frantic mortal, thy late Pighood itself is trivial in comparison! (254.)—Precious message of salvation: Salutory nature of falsehoods, and divine authority of things doubtful. Not 'victory' for Ignatius and his black militia. Luther and Protestantism Proper: Jean Jacques

and Protestantism *Improper*. 'Vivaciousness' of Jesuitism. Obedience good and indispensable: Loyalty to Beelzebub; most conspicuous proof of caitiff-hood within a man's possibility. This country tolerably cleared of Jesuits: Expulsion of the Jesuit Body of little avail, with the Jesuit *Soul* so nestled in the life of mankind everywhere. 'Cant, and even sincere Cant:' O Heaven, when a man doing his sincerest is still but canting! The coward solacement of composure and a whole skin. Deadly virus of lying; and such an odour as the angels never smelt before. Awakening from the sleep of death into the Sorcerer's Sabbath of Anarchy. (259.)—A man's 'religion,' not the many things he tries to believe, but the few things he cannot doubt. The modern man's 'religion;' what poor scantling of 'divine convictions' he has. A singular piece of scribble, in Sauerteig's hand, on Pig Philosophy: Pigs of sensibility and superior logical parts: Their 'religion,'—notion of the Universe, and of their interests and duties there. (266.)—The Fine Arts, by some thought to be a kind of religion: Here too the consummate flower of Consecrated Unveracity reigns supreme. The new St. Stephen's, with its wilderness of stone pepperboxes. The Fine Arts, like the coarse and every art of Man's god-given Faculty, sent hither not to fib and dance, but to speak and work. Homer's Iliad, no Fiction but a Ballad *History*: The Hebrew Bible, before all things, *true*, as no other Book ever was or will be. The History of every Nation an Epic and Bible, the clouded struggling image of a God's Presence. Beyond doubt the Almighty Maker made this England too; and has been and forever is miraculously present here. What are the eternal covenants we can believe, and dare not for our life's sake but go and observe? *These* are our Bible, *our* God's Word, such as it may be. 'Miracles,' 'worships,' after their kind. No rhythmic History of England, but what we find in Shakspeare. Luxurious Europe; with its wits, story-tellers, ballad-singers, dancing-girls: All the Fine Arts converted into after-dinner Amusements. How all things hang together! Universal Jesuitism once lodged in the heart, you will see it in the very finger-nails by and by. (272.)—Our *Exodus* from Houndsditch: Yankee Gathercoal, and his strange-flashing torch-gleams. How simple souls clamour occasionally for what they call 'a new religion.' This Universe, in all times, the express image of the human souls, and their thoughts and activities, who dwell there. The 'open secret,' in these dark days a very shut one indeed. Surely this ignoble sluggishness, sceptical torpor, is not doomed to be our final condition: Under this brutal stagnancy there does lie painfully imprisoned some tendency which could become heroic. (279.)

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